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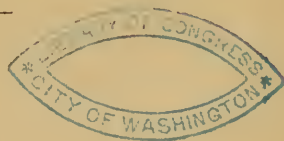
OR

## A SUMMER IN EUROPE.

BY

MARGARET J. M. SWEAT,

AUTHOR OF "ETHEL'S LOVE LIFE."



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## PREFACE.

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THE following pages embody the experience of a four months' journey over the beaten track of pleasure travellers in Europe. To most travelled Americans, every step of the way must of course be familiar. Not on that account, however, will it necessarily be tedious, for it is the prerogative of the Old World to command exhaustless interest from the inhabitants of the New. There is something fresh in every description of its famous places, and some new link in the chain of associations may be added by the chance words of the most rapid traveller. A prospect varies with the angle from which it is regarded, and the light beneath which it is

viewed. No two persons will describe it in precisely the same terms, or bring away from it the same impression. Only from the accumulation of several descriptions can one who has not beheld it obtain a just conception of it as a whole.

It is hoped that the present volume may be of some value to those who, having visited the scenes of which it treats, have yet neglected to set down their impressions, and that for those who have not seen them it may help to make more distinct the mental pictures they possess of foreign countries.

PORTLAND, October, 1859.

# HIGHWAYS OF TRAVEL.

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## CHAPTER I.

Generalities and Particularities of Travelling. — Commotion of Departure. — Passage from New York to Havre. — Experiences on board Ship. — English Channel. — Return of Land Influences, and Preparations for Active Exertion.

A VOYAGE to Europe is, in these days, so common an occurrence, that its mention slips into conversation almost unnoticed. Travelling seems to be the rule of life, — for Americans especially, — and staying at home the exception. We stare at the man who has never been out of his native town; but he who has been over half the world has, to most young observers, only accomplished what they themselves meditate doing when they shall have more time and more money. Now that the ends of the earth are familiar to so many, Europe seems almost like our neighbor's garden which we overlook from our chamber-window every morning. Crossing the Atlantic is a thing requiring, to one

who does it, only half a day of preparation and five minutes for leave-takings ; to those who remain at home, the traveller seems hardly out of sight before his name appears in the list of " Arrivals by the last Steamer." His own life in the mean time, however, has doubtless been crowded with exciting incidents. For after all allowance has been made for the ease and frequency of the operation, and for the outside similarities of the journey, there remain numerous differences which cause it to be an individual matter to the traveller himself, and supply for him an element of freshness and of zest even in passing over the best known routes. Most travellers, too, can say something of what they have seen, which interests others. To those who have been over the same ground, the story suggests a thousand pleasant reminiscences ; to those who have not, it brings a welcome addition to the pictures with which their minds are stored, or at least deepens their impression and freshens the colors with which they are painted.

In visiting the cities of Europe, this is especially true ; for although their galleries of painting and sculpture, their cathedrals and their monuments, their climate and their people, their gayeties and their glooms, have all been described and re-described so long, they never are and never can be quite exhausted. One who goes among their be-



wildering and endless attractions is tempted to set down the impressions which they make upon him, and, finding that much remains untold by others, feels that he has at least a chance to say a few fresh words upon topics, which, before he was brought in personal contact with them, he would have declared already worn out. The very best thing any one who intends to enjoy a journey himself can do, is to read all that he can find in regard to the places he is to visit, and the simplest and most unpretending relation of an eyewitness possesses some value in building up the general amount of knowledge of places and events, which is to prepare him to look about him with appreciative interest. Do what he will in this way, he must always find much in regard to which he has remained ignorant, and which obliges him to take a portion of his travelling time to brighten up or to increase his knowledge of circumstances and of histories, in order thoroughly to enjoy what he has seen to-day or is to look at to-morrow.

The more minute and the more extensive his reading and study have been, the more delightful will his personal experience be. The more pictures he has examined at home, whether they be of scenery or events, the more ready will he be to detect the beauties of the spot from which the view was taken, or to reproduce in his imagination

the historical incident which makes the ground on which he stands famous. Familiarity with copies of celebrated paintings prepares us to measure more accurately the height to which genius has attained in the original, and even the statistical and geographical information which, it may be, was as dry bones in the acquiring, becomes instinct with life when we can localize its figures and fill up its outlines. Even the knowledge of the names of streets in a city becomes a source of increased satisfaction, and the recognition of a tradesman's name, which we have seen upon our scissors or our letter-paper, gives a pleasant motion to our thought.

And so we hold it excusable for those who will take the trouble to prepare an account of their greater or lesser wanderings over the earth, to add what they can to the already immeasurable quantity of information in regard to what they have seen in their journeyings. With no farther preface therefore, or explanation, we enter on the pleasant labor of drawing from a journal kept with some care during the summer of 1855, which was spent in a rapid tour over a few of the countries of Europe, the details of an experience full of enjoyment in the passing and of satisfaction in the retrospect.

The time allotted for our absence, being limited by uncontrollable circumstances, obliged us to determine beforehand what we would attempt to see and

do, and to lay aside all vague wishes and tantalizing possibilities in the matter. The Continent holding out attractions of wider and more pressing significance than England, we determined on losing no time on our way thither, and therefore took passage in the steamer "North Star" direct from New York to Havre. This precluded the necessity of crossing the English Channel more than once, and to those who have enjoyed that privilege, our arrangement cannot well fail to recommend itself.

On Saturday, the 9th of June, we find ourselves on board the stanch little steamer, and become part and parcel of the hubbub and confusion which attend the hour of departure. Standing upon deck, we look with amused dismay upon the apparently inextricable perplexity of the arrangements. Will order ever be brought out of this chaos? Will all these men and horses retain their lives and limbs through this warfare,—and will not all those that ought to be on shore when the steamer leaves be on board, and those that should be on board be left disconsolate upon the land? Are they not bringing up from the vessel's depths the very articles that they have just now, with infinite trouble and labor, carried down?

But we grow accustomed to the commotion, and having peeped into our state-room, and ascertained beyond a reasonable doubt that our own luggage has found a resting-place, we begin to have faith in

the processes before us, and to believe that something will come of it after all. We watch the groups upon the shore and on the steamer, and strive to guess at the little story that belongs to each, and which the stress of the occasion brings out into more than usual visibility. Our own partings were chiefly over two or three days ago, and we have a somewhat sorrowful leisure to look upon those of strangers. There is enough to see and enough to hear, and the mixture of the ludicrous with the pathetic prevents us from becoming seriously affected. Some of the people that are to stay at home are crying because they cannot go, and some who go are doing the same thing because they wish to stay at home. Some are laughing because others laugh, and some really seem to smile only because their companions weep. Some look business-like, as if they had matters of importance to attend to when they reach their destination, and others look careless, as if, with Toots, it was all "of no consequence." Then there are the loud witticisms or the louder oaths of the porters, the by-play of the lounging, mischievous boys, the hags with oranges and lemons stretching out their arms with their golden wares, the creaking of ropes, the rumbling of the suppressed steam, all which sounds unite in one vast discord till the air is weary of the clamor.

Just as the plank is lifting from its place, and the last loiterer has been sent on shore, a carriage drives

furiously down the wharf, a series of telegraphic signals is gone through with by the occupant, and before the horses have stopped in their career, a man pushes open the carriage-door with eager hurry and frantic gestures. Thrusting the crowd aside, he with a short run and quick leap clears the space between him and the deck, and lands amid the astonished passengers, leaving his trunks to follow with more care and circumspection. He evidently considers himself a person of importance, and it is apparent that in his own judgment grave consequences are involved in his going to Europe at this precise juncture. He presently retires, in close consultation with the clerk.

The last bell is rung, the last rope coiled, the orange-women draw in their reluctant arms, the pale faces grow paler and the tears fall faster from the eyes that grieve, the heavy booming of the signal-gun breaks harshly on the noonday air, the steamer swings slowly round, and the opportunity for retracing our steps is over. Something like a temptation to do so hovered around us as the possibility and propriety of it grew less and less, but henceforth there are no more backward glances for us, — only a firm and steady gaze into the future, a keen and ready perception of the present.

When we have left the noise of the city behind us, we watch the receding shore till it melts in the



distance, and look abroad over the waters as they gleam in the glorious sunshine. The summer noon is beautiful, the air is soft and warm, the clouds dare not show their faces, and the gentle breeze utters only a pleasant prophecy for our voyage. The passengers, now winnowed from all outsiders, assemble upon the deck to luxuriate in the few hours of smooth sailing and to speculate upon each other preparatory to making mutual acquaintance. We amuse ourselves in this way for a little while, and are surprised at the variety of nations represented in the little community in which for the present our lot is cast. Yonder stands a group of dark-browed Spaniards, — the slight girlish figure with the downcast eyes must be a bride, and the pale man, with the coal-black beard, the bridegroom. It is said to be matter of historic fact, that no European steamer ever makes a summer voyage without at least one bride on board, — the philosophic meaning of which circumstance let him who can, expound. It may be taken as a pleasant symbol of the fair hopes and bright anticipations which accompany us mortals when we set out on most of our voyages over the sea of life. The fat old lady — fat and ugly, as most Spanish women are when youth is past — is the bride's mother; and there are two or three other persons hovering about them whose precise position is to us undefinable. We cannot learn more of this

group than our eyes tell us, for we do not understand Spanish, and they may be at this moment commenting upon our inquisitive glances. As we are none the wiser for their remarks, we let them pass, whatever tone they may take. At a little distance, a couple of Frenchwomen, whose manners and elaborate toilettes suggest millinery as their probable profession, are sputtering vehemently; the intervals in which their high treble voices pause for want of breath, are filled up by the heavy bass of several yellow-haired Germans close behind them. An intelligent-looking young man sitting meditatively in an arm-chair is a Norwegian. Some English ladies farther off are recognizable by their florid complexions, flounced dresses, and by the enormous brooches with which they shield their bosoms from the blast. Fine, healthy-looking women they are too, and make strong contrast to their poor little cousins this side of the Atlantic. The rest of the passengers are probably Americans, having lost the peculiar characteristics by which their country may be safely guessed at. There are no people so difficult to locate nationally as Americans who move about the world, and catch with facility a little from each country's coloring. We feel decidedly pleased, however, to find that the only beautiful woman on board is unmistakably an American.

Dinner being ready before we are out of smooth

water, the attendance at table is large, and the opening of the performance gay ; but as the meal proceeds, the merriment subsides, many faces grow pale, and the owners thereof leave their seats with precipitation. To our astonishment we retain our own equilibrium undisturbed ; probably because we had humbly acknowledged our liability to and dread of that contemptible malady, sea-sickness, and had meekly and gratefully accepted all the suggestions of our acquaintance in regard to precautions and remedies. We were enabled to give of our abundance to those who were in need, and who of course were like the foolish virgins, without oil in their lamps.

The impression which a voyage makes upon the mind must vary with the temperaments of individuals, and, above all, must receive decided coloring from the sea-sick or non-sea-sick experiences which accompany it. To those who are victims of the distressing malady, all becomes annoying and irritating ; the days and nights pass by in weary longing for the far-off land, and the nausea of the physical nature tinges all the mental emotions. But to those who are free from this affliction, a voyage, in spite of the vague tedium of which you are always more or less conscious, may be a very pleasant affair. There is a delicious repose about the life on board ship, that contrasts agreeably with the busy



life on land. The quiet monotony is soothing, after the rush of preparation and the hurry of departure. It is an involuntary pause in the flow of life's noisy current, which enables a thoughtful person to discover which way the stream is tending, and by what it is passing, with a certainty almost unattainable amid the distractions of ordinary life. It is enjoyed by us all the more lingeringly because we know that it can last but a little while, and must be followed by whirling movement and varying excitement. Responsibility is laid aside; there are no active duties claiming fulfilment, no engagements to be met with exact punctuality, no visitors to intrude upon our lounging privacy when we choose to shut the door of our state-room, and no solitude can be more complete than that within our reach. If one only knows how to bear with equanimity certain minor discomforts inseparable from a sea-voyage, and to seize the many peculiar pleasures it affords, the time it occupies will seem neither too long nor too idle.

In twenty-four hours we are fairly at sea, and the realities of the voyage assert themselves in many ways. The smooth waters are exchanged for a plunging sea, and the Atlantic is lively enough to prove a bad joke for most of the passengers. The table is deserted, and we meet a most unhappy-looking set of beings painfully promenading the upper deck, besides beholding an involuntary surrender to

circumstances on the part of some who were brave sailors yesterday. We see signs in the sky of an approaching storm, and congratulate ourselves on the good reputation of our ship, and the waves get higher and higher, and the wind pipes louder and louder, till we are tossed about in a most undignified manner ; and, concluding that “discretion is the better part of valor,” we retire to our state-room, where our evolutions may at least be conducted on a more private and circumscribed scale. Nobody remains in the public portions of the steamer, and the crew have undisputed possession of the decks and stairways. For many hours the gale was terrible, and we were knocked about in our berths like so many shuttlecocks.

The peril during a portion of this time was imminent, and we had ample opportunity to divest ourselves of the picturesque charm supposed to characterize a storm at sea, and to contemplate its more practical tendencies. Darkness and gloom, cold and discomfort, danger and helplessness, were the prevailing ideas of that time, and though we were free from the added agony of physical torments, which a wail of woe occasionally informed us was making matters worse in the neighboring rooms, the recollection is most unsavory unto us. The servants who brought us our meals — for, to the shame of our romance be it confessed, we did eat, and in a moment of delirium actually amused ourselves with nuts and

raisins — wore a most lugubrious expression, and one of them finally took down our life-preservers, and, finding one out of order, brought us another, blown up and ready for use. It did not appear to much advantage by the light of the circumstances, and if it were all one had to depend on in those dreadful ocean-waves, the quicker one abandoned it, and resigned himself to the cold and wrathful waters, the better. Fortunately for us, the decision was not necessary, for after a day and two nights the storm abated, and we were still in safety in our berths. Another morning saw us joyfully wending our way once more to the open air, and a sunny heaven bade us forget that it was ever otherwise than serene.

The days wear on, and the voyage draws to a close. It has been a pleasant though uneventful one. We have an established routine, into which all on board have fallen. We alternate our seasons of retirement with others of pleasant intercourse. We sit upon the deck in dreamy communion with the sea, we read or talk as the mood prompts, or we assemble in the ladies' cabin for general merry-making. The weather is delightful, the ocean like a lake over which the vessel floats as a swan. There are sunsets to gaze at till the whole soul is steeped in poetic languor; there are stars to watch for, as they come out one by one into the evening sky, and a young moon, that steps timidly forth to gaze over the wide waters and

make them fair beneath her tender rays ; there are phosphorescent gleams, which blaze at our side as the night grows dark ; and there are bright and glorious dawns, which, alas for our indolence ! we seldom come forth to see. There are games on deck at the hour of twilight, and songs from those who can sing as the evening wears on. And there grows up among the passengers a courteous daily life, and pleasant words pass from mouth to mouth.

There is a general independence of action too, quite refreshing and convenient ; the strict etiquette of conventional rules is dispensed with ; we speak to those we are attracted by, and keep silence with those to whom we are indifferent ; when we are tired of reading or talking, we stop and take a nap, without any rudeness intended or received. We go and come as we please, wear whatever makes us comfortable, and form, on the whole, a somewhat amusing little community. Industrious young ladies bring out purses and slippers in process of construction, and work thereon in an abstracted manner, as if to suggest that they have "a male friend" somewhere in the distance. Others make use of the limited flirting accommodations which the circumstances allow, under the impression, perhaps, that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." The old ladies sit in the rocking-chairs and talk over their present ailments and their past afflictions,

—the latter seeming to be the favorite subject,—and those passengers who still remain sea-sick creep out and lie upon the sofas without motion or speech. Little children rush merrily and noisily about,—they are rarely sea-sick,—and have astonishing appetites. Men pace the deck every day, some with the energy of complete self-possession, others with pale faces and compressed lips, striving to subdue the malady they despise. Then we have some fearfully foggy nights, when you cannot trace the outline of your hand held before your face,—when the captain does not go to bed, and all the lady passengers become nervous. On one of these nights we escape almost by miracle from being injured by a vessel which crosses our path, and for a moment the recollection of the poor Arctic, lost in these very waters, looms up into ghastly proportions. There are rough, windy times too, when people fall backwards out of their seats, or measure their length on the floor, and the dishes and bottles dance jigs upon the tables, and the ultimate destination of soup and vegetables becomes matter of great uncertainty. And so the days and the nights go by, and a crystallizing process is gone through, by which the affinities of the passengers are developed; coteries begin to be formed, and it looks as if the prolonging of the voyage would establish a very pretty specimen of aristocratic and democratic antagonisms.



*Wednesday.*—This morning the intelligence greets us that we are in the English Channel, and soon we see a long, low, cloudy line, which those who know call land. The Channel is calm as a summer morn : heaven and earth are in a beneficent mood, and the calm blue of the sky above is only equalled by that of the waves below. Sails flit across the horizon like white doves : and vessels grow numerous about us. To-night the beacons of La Hève will be in sight ; to-morrow the shore of France will be beneath our feet. The voyage is ending, land influences steal over us, and energy, unknown of late, circulates in our veins. Talking grows louder, as plans of immediate movement are discussed on all sides ; maps and hand-books are consulted, advice asked, and opinions given. Partisans for particular routes grow eloquent in praise of their favorite localities, and listeners get bewildered among so many contradictory accounts. All the merry bets are decided, the wine-bills are settled, the empty bottles flung into the sea with bursts of merriment as empty as themselves, and a sort of carnival prevails on board, as testimony of the general exhilaration. We can hardly help regretting the delicious indolence of this last decade, and wish it might have continued longer, with its nameless charms. We have grown into this way of life with delightful facility, and the sweet inertia has permeated our very souls.

## CHAPTER II.

Port of Havre. — Hôtel de l'Europe. — Walks about the City. — First Sleep on Terra Firma. — Railway to Rouen. — Arrival there, and Exploration of its Churches and Antiquities. — Mount St. Catharine, and View of the City and the Seine. — St. Ouen by Moonlight. — Departure for Paris.

ONCE more on land, the memories connected with our floating home grow vague and unsubstantial. We look back on our sea experiences with quiet pleasure, however, and somewhat unwillingly grant them the comparative oblivion they demand, now that the present is crowded with activities utterly uncongenial to the dreamy indolence of the voyage. We have bidden good-by to nearly all the passengers with whom we made acquaintance, and who are now wending their way over widely different routes to their various destinations. A few linger, like ourselves, to look about the city of Havre, and to rest from the fatigues of the voyage; but most of them are soon far away, with the exception of the Spanish party, which has probably gone to bed, for the voyage was very trying to them, and on their last appearance in public they made a sorry show.

Heaven send them all a good nap and better tempers ! The whole tableau of the last eleven days is dissolved : the actors in the brief drama have played their several parts, and are now dispersed to the four winds of heaven, never to meet together again. The sweet season of indolence is over, the monotony of the sea must give place to the variety of the land, and we slide into new circumstances with more or less regret for the old.

But our present comfortable quarters at the Hôtel de l'Europe were not attained merely by turning over the leaf which separates Chapter I. from Chapter II. On the contrary, many movements and counter-movements intervened, and we must go back to the evening when, though close by the inviting shores, we were obliged for many hours to be content with only the sight thereof. To ourselves this delay was matter of small moment, but to many on board it was vexatious in the extreme. This delay was caused by the peculiar character and strict regulations of the port of Havre, which is, by the way, decidedly the most interesting feature of the place. Walled in and fortified, narrow and tortuous, the three basins through which entrance is obtained to the inner port resemble a huge canal divided by massive gates. The variations of the tide are so great, that only for about four hours in the twenty-four — two at each turning of the tide — can large



vessels enter the inner port. The regulations are extremely arbitrary. The gates are closed at night, as if a hostile fleet might steal in under cover of the darkness, and though we reached the outer harbor at eleven in the evening, we found the gates shut, and were obliged to remain at anchor till noon next day. The more impatient passengers took advantage of the little sail-boats that hovered around us to go on shore without luggage, but we, being of a more indolent turn, remained by the good old steamer.

The getting into port is quite an undertaking, — is superintended by a number of uniformed officials, and accompanied by much French chatter and gesticulation. But the tiresomeness of the process is alleviated for a stranger by the novelty of it, and the time passes not unpleasantly — if one is willing to be amiable when impatience is useless — in looking at and commenting upon the many odd sights. We found ample amusement in searching out everything that was worth notice to our untravelled eyes. The tall warehouses that line the quays rear their lofty fronts as if the wealth of the whole Indies were piled within; the massive stone walls, that form the shore line, are in harmony with the threatening forts which frown upon us close at hand; the narrow gateways open upon us like mouths which would fain swallow us, and crowds of queerly-dressed people stand upon the shore, and gaze at us as if we were a band of

cannibals fresh from the Fiji Islands. A black-robed priest, with enormous shoe-buckles and cocked hat, moves across the scene, followed by a little band of neophytes, who strive to appear superior to all idle curiosity. A few soldiers, with dirty uniforms and faded epaulettes, swagger along, and knots of women, with tall white caps and dainty little aprons, stand laughing and chatting together in the cool air. The wind is keen and the sky gray, and though it is the middle of June, many a shiver creeps over us as we land in "sunny France." At length we touch the landing-place, deliver our passports to the authorities, and shake ourselves into the conviction that we are again on *terra firma*. It takes us many hours to become accustomed to having matters about us at rest, and to walk without seizing hold of anything to steady ourselves by.

We find, by reference to our Hand-book, that Havre was the birthplace of Bernardin St. Pierre, of Mdlle. de Scuderi, and of Madame de Lafayette, — all, as we are aware, famous novelists. We look in vain for anything which could have ministered to the imagination or romantic faculty in this busy, but not very picturesque town. It is from the sea alone that they could have drunk inspiration. The houses of the city itself are tall, and without variety or beauty of architecture; the streets are narrow and badly paved. The environs, however, are pretty,

and the houses outside of the town have charming gardens about them. The ancient walls of the city have been levelled by Louis Napoleon, and are converted into Boulevards.

Probably few who dined at the Café Guichard that day were better prepared than we to appreciate the *materiel* of the dinner, and the style in which it was served. To those just wearied out by the *fade* viands of a steamer, where the bill of fare is stereotyped upon one's memory till one sickens at thought of it, the fresh soup, the fried sole, the dainty oysters, and the delicate chicken appear a banquet for the gods. The thin wines sharpen the appetite at the moment it begins to flag, and one is insensibly beguiled into eating an amount and a variety, which, if prophesied but a day before, would have been declared impossible. The crowning attraction of the dinner, however, is in the delicious vegetables. The snowy potatoes, the delicate *haricots verts*, the luscious pease, and the melting cauliflower, follow each other, and demand each a taste, while the dessert of dainty French impossibilities and indescribabilities asserts its claims successfully. In fact, the whole affair is got up so prettily, that there is no excuse for grumbling at the bill, which, by the way, is large enough to prove that even in France, where taste is supposed to be the spontaneous production of the soil, one cannot have prettinesses for nothing.

Our large and gloomy apartment at the hotel furnished us with infinite amusement, as we examined all its antiquities. Its atmosphere, however, was highly conducive to sleep, and the relief after the tossing uncomfortableness of the voyage was very refreshing.

In the morning, after a delicious cup of coffee and a breakfast altogether a fit *pendant* to the dinner of the day before, we took a farewell stroll about the streets, and then returned to prepare for the continuance of our journey. Before starting, we of course obtained from the magnificent young lady at the *comptoir* the "little account," which amused our inexperience not a little, as we pondered over the intricacies of our first French bill. Every one who has travelled is aware that foreign charges are made on totally different principles from those involved in our American process of boarding and lodging an individual. Items are divided and subdivided into a minuteness of separate existence, charges, which to the uninitiated might seem to include each other, start up into isolated distinctness, till you wonder how it was possible that you could have made use of so many things in so short a time, and almost regret having been the cause of so much trouble to so many obliging attendants. All these matters are set forth in wandering hieroglyphics upon a long and narrow strip of paper, nothing on

which is fairly legible but the sum total. This, however, is always made distinct to your perceptions, no matter how slight your knowledge of the language may be, or how little conversant with the precise value of the coinage of that portion of country you may have become.

This important matter being finally settled to the satisfaction of one party and the amusement of the other, we mounted into the high omnibus, and rattled over the old pavements to the Débarcadère of the Havre and Rouen railway. After going through all the hubbub and chatter incident to such an occasion, we found ourselves luxuriously accommodated in softly cushioned and padded cars, the only objection to which was, that we were locked in, and had that feeling so objectionable to an American, that our "area of freedom" was, for the time being, decidedly circumscribed. We forgot all this, however, as we rolled along through the fertile and smiling country. The little farms and gardens were in their holiday dress, and flowers seemed to fill every nook, and to smile upon us out of every hiding-place. The little cottages, with thatched or red-tiled roofs, had their windows and doors open, their gardens gay with flowers, and their little children—or at least their hens and chickens—moving about and giving life to the scene. Each looked as if arranged with a view to form a pretty picture, not



as if merely for the prosaic uses of every-day life. Even the weeds were in gala costume, and I have seldom seen anything more brilliant than a large patch of scarlet poppies, striving to outnumber and outstare a mass of mustard-blossoms amid which they grew, close by the railway track. And always among the fields of waving grain might be seen these blood-red poppies, quivering in the breeze like tremulous darting flames, and lighting up the distance with their vivid glow. The sun shone with an unclouded splendor, and blazed upon the rapidly changing scene till hill and valley, river and forest, were revealed and illumined.

We glided along, past cottages and chateaux, running streams and quiet valleys. Now we saw a shepherd sitting idly in the sunshine, while his watchful dog ran round the compact little flock and drove back all that would have wandered ; — now the picture was a woman and child sitting in a cottage doorway, with the sunlight touching up the roses and carnations by the window ; — and again the beautiful grounds and high walls about them prepared us for the glimpse we caught of some lordly chateau, whose very name was redolent of romance and suggestive of all chivalrous remembrances. At times we hurried over lofty bridges, and had a bird's-eye view of the scenes far beneath, or we rushed into long tunnels, where we had no

view at all excepting of each other's faces by the sickly light of the lamp above our heads. There are so many of these long tunnels upon this road, that a large lamp is built into the roof of each car and kept lighted, else the traveller would be in Egyptian darkness much of his time. These tunnels and viaducts add much to the picturesqueness and variety of the way; the former are of enormous length, and the latter of great beauty; the labor and expense of their construction have been almost incredible. The viaduct of Barentin, for instance, is 100 feet in height and numbers 27 arches, its length being 1500 feet,—while several of the tunnels are more than a mile in length. The masonry of all these portions of the road is of the most elaborate and substantial kind, and seems prepared to stand against the shock of ages. The little way-stations are excessively pretty, always having some pretension to picturesqueness or at least peculiarity of architecture, and are almost always surrounded with garden-grounds, in which roses, pinks, and geraniums form refreshing oases for the eye to rest upon. This fondness for flowers is a pleasant element in French daily life; it is taken for granted that every one possesses it, and the taste is ministered unto with the same care that the more physical requirements of food and drink are supplied. For two sous one can get a bouquet of rosebuds

and violets that gladden the eyes through a day's journey and send up refreshing fragrance to the last. Before our journey was half over we had our hands full of flowers, purchased from men, women, and children in all directions, and were possessed of a stock in trade which any *marchande de fleurs* might have envied.

At last we reached the Débarcadère at Rouen. This is a large and admirably arranged building, or rather a couple of buildings standing side by side and between which the track is laid, the whole united and protected by a lofty glass roof. The order and discipline visible in all the arrangements of the railways in France are owing to their being under the control of the government, and present a marked contrast to the noisy tumult of "the sovereign people" so freely haunting our stations at home. The number also and distinctive dress of the *employés*, the minute arrangements in regard to tickets and luggage, and the strictness with which all outsiders are excluded, give the whole thing an appearance of military exactness, and also suggest the idea of a central power somewhere, from which a sufficient degree of authority emanates to enforce all its regulations.

In the Grand Hôtel d'Angleterre we find very comfortable rooms in the fourth story front, from which altitude we command a charming view of the



river and the opposite shore. Beneath our windows is a row of trees, clipped in such compact fashion, as to have lost all semblance to any denizen of the forest, and presenting to our downward gaze so smooth a bank of greenery, that we are tempted to jump down upon it as upon the most inviting turf. This bank conceals from us the passers-by beneath, but beyond the sidewalk we have the Quai de la Bourse, on which our hotel fronts, busy with its wayfarers and gay with various costumes. Across the gleaming river stretch the bridges which unite the two portions of the city. Upon the Pont Neuf we see the dark outlines of the fine statue of Pierre Corneille, the glory of Rouen. Beyond the bridge, upon the other side of the Seine, is the Faubourg Saint-Sever and the beautiful Promenade du Cours, with its long lines of magnificent trees. After a long look from our windows, we turn to examine our more immediate neighborhood, and find continual amusement in the queer, old-fashioned details of the house. We seem to be transported into one of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and are in momentary expectation of hearing fearful sounds from the hollow walls, and of seeing a sliding panel in the high oaken wainscoting give ingress to a knight in armor, at the very least. And in truth there is some contrast between the Grand Hôtel d'Angleterre and the St. Nicholas Hotel or the Astor. The inlaid

oaken floors, highly waxed, and visible everywhere save in the centre, where a small square of carpeting is laid ; the many doors of all sizes, from those which look like what they are, and give entrance to the room, to others, at first invisible, which open into useless cupboards and blind closets ; the ancient furniture, which has served so many travellers in their turn ;—all are queer and unlike our modern travelling accommodations. The venerable old doors hang upon clumsy hinges, and are adorned with antediluvian locks which have no handle upon the outside, so that, if you leave your room without the key thereof in your hand, you are in the predicament of those who put their keys in their trunk for safe-keeping, and then close it with a spring-lock. This shutting of the door is remedied by such awkward contrivances for reopening, that when we saw it done, we acknowledged that the locks were quite as much “up to the times” as the people. We spent some time in searching out the concealed doors in the rooms, a small key, nearly hidden by some friendly pattern in the paper-hangings, being usually the only indication of their existence.

Our first visit was made to the beautiful church of St. Ouen ; and were there nothing else in this rich old city to reward a traveller, this glorious church would be worthy of a long pilgrimage. It has been said of it, “*Le moyen âge n’a rien révé ni créé de*

plus beau," and that it is "le miracle de l'architecture gothique." And indeed he must be a rare dreamer whose visions would furnish anything more perfect. From the beautiful outlines and immense proportions of the exterior, to the exquisite finish and graceful arrangement of the interior, where length and breadth and height are harmoniously adapted with most delicate detail and profuse ornamentation, all is alike grand and beautiful. Its interior is about four hundred and fifty feet in length and one hundred in height, and the magnificent arches follow each other, and the masses of pillared shade are relieved by the streams of light which fall from the gorgeously stained windows, till the eye is filled with beauty and the imagination satisfied with grandeur. Those stained windows seem the creation of genii, and not of mortal hands; and surely fairy wings were needed to place those graceful mouldings far up in their aerial heights. We stood below the beautiful rose window immortalized by the sad legend of its maker, lost in admiration of its beauty, and almost able to imagine and excuse the despairing envy of the master. What was that instinct of beauty and that success of creation which those mediæval artists possessed so fully? Has it died with them, that modern art in vain essays to match them, and can but faintly imitate? We lingered long within the church, and then as long

in looking at the glorious exterior, — the front with its elaborate portal, recently cleansed and restored, the tower rising two hundred and sixty feet in air, and the rear view obtained to so great advantage from the pretty gardens of the Hôtel de Ville. One can never forget St. Ouen, nor have its loveliness obscured in the recollection, by seeing any or all of the churches which the world calls famous. The charm which it exercises upon the imagination is unique, and arises from the exceeding harmony of outline and of detail, of proportion and of graceful minutiae; not from its possessing any one attribute of architectural beauty in greater abundance than others, but because all are mingled and fused into the complete and finished expression of one thought. Standing before it, we remember that St. Peter's can dwarf its size without an effort, that Strasburg Minster can look down from a double height, that Milan Cathedral can outnumber by hundreds its rosettes and cornices, its statues and its windows; but these things do not matter to us, for the eye can find in none of them a more delicious enjoyment or a more complete satisfaction for its critical examination. Though the first stone was laid in the far-off year 1318, yet it speaks to us on this day with an ever fresh voice and an ever unrivalled charm.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is the next in in-

terest to St. Ouen. The interior is filled with interesting monuments. A small lozenge-shaped tablet marks the spot where the lion heart of Richard was interred. Diana of Poitiers weeps over her husband's remains in marble more pure than her own fame. The magnificent monument of the Cardinal d'Amboise, in black and white marble, is a marvel of workmanship. Each tablet and each monument, each chapel and each painting, awakens its own reminiscences, and calls up in the mind the brilliant or the sad passages of history connected with it. The Tour de Beurre is there to tell its story, which is corroborated by the time-worn walls. The spire of cast iron, which is more curious than beautiful, still lacks its apex, but when finished will rise to the height of four hundred and thirty-six feet, and form a fitting finish to the great mass below.

The church of St. Maelou, though small, is full of beauty, and boasts a triple portal and some rich carving of rare merit. But it is useless to endeavor to do more than enumerate the objects of interest which delight a stranger in Rouen, and beguile him into a longer and yet longer stay among its relics. The Place de la Pucelle demands its pilgrimage; the Hôtel Bourgtherode repeats the name of the Maid of Orleans; the Museum of Antiquities cries out to us to behold yet another and another of its rare books,



its carved cabinets, its shrines and relics, and its innumerable specimens of richly stained glass. Not a step can be taken in the city without something to arrest the attention starting up at every turn.

The spacious Boulevards wear an air of repose and elegance which makes the houses there appear very homelike and attractive. The Flower-Market in front of the Cathedral is gorgeous as a fallen rainbow, in the morning hours; the fruit-stalls overflow with their tempting wares, the windows of the jewellers' numerous shops sparkle with diamonds true and false, and even the toy-shops display a variety and beauty that a grown man need not feel ashamed to find interesting. Of course the moment you stop before a *boutique*, the occupant begins to explain to you the superior excellence of her wares, and French volubility reaches its highest point of perfection when she imagines she is making an impression on your purse.

A walk in the soft twilight over the Pont Neuf, a view of the valley and the river in all the golden glory of sunset, and a stroll beneath the quiet shade of the "Cours," supplied ample materials for our dreams. But to o'ertop our riches in this way we had a moonlight view of beautiful St. Ouen, and its stone traceries silvered into more than fairy lightness and delicacy. We wandered through the narrow streets, stopping at each new object, sometimes



a church, sometimes a dilapidated fountain with its group of busy water-carriers, sometimes an old dwelling whose weather-stained and weary look told of a long struggle with Father Time, or of still worse treatment from battle and from siege.

In the morning we took a charming drive up Mont St. Catharine, from which is seen one of the fairest of fair prospects. The whole city lies beneath, the silver Seine winds through the valley, the bridges span it with a graceful leap, the spires point heavenward, and the whole scene is full of beauty.

On the summit of Mont St. Catharine stands the gorgeous little church of Notre Dame de bon Secours. It is, in reality, a modern edifice, but is so perfect an imitation of the style of the Middle Ages, that it is not easy to believe it a new-comer on the earth. The interior is literally blazing with crimson and gold and blue, and the many-hued windows shed rays of gorgeous light upon the floor and ceiling. The glass is all from the manufactory at Sèvres.

We spent the morning in our visit to the mountain and in driving about the city, and at noon found ourselves once more in the grand Débarcadère waiting for the train to take us up to Paris. We had time to lunch satisfactorily, and to admire the comfortable and elegant refreshment-rooms connect-

ed. with the station, where every delicacy of the season may be obtained. One may have breakfast, dinner, or supper at any hour his fancy may suggest, or he may content himself with the whitest of bread and the freshest of butter.

Before long the train arrived, and the luggage and passengers were disposed of with the usual military exactness and celerity; and, obeying the pointed finger of the magnificent official, we took our seats, and were soon rattling over the road at top-speed.

## CHAPTER III.

Route from Rouen to Paris. — Arrival at the Station. — A Parisian Dinner. — First Walk in Paris. — Trip to Versailles and “Les Grandes Eaux.”

ON our way to Paris we pass several points of historic interest. There is the town of Mantes, upon whose walls William the Conqueror was thrown from his horse ; the Chateau of Rosny, the birth-place of Sully ; and the village of Poissy, where St. Louis was born, and which is now the greatest cattle-market in France. But Paris, the end of our journey for the present, absorbs more of our thoughts, and awakens more of expectant interest in our minds, than anything that we pass by the way. When we reach the station, the immense crowd of passengers disperses as gently and with as little confusion as if it were a party of friends separating from each other when that which brought them together was at an end. No noise, no crowding and scolding, no shouting of hackmen or quarrelling of porters, but all moves on and moves off with the precision of mechanism, and there is just enough sound and variety to assure you that you are not specta-

tors of mere phantoms going through unsubstantial and objectless evolutions. We found our heavy luggage, which had been forwarded from Havre, patiently awaiting us in the safe seclusion of a small room, and under the guidance of a friend, who came to the cars to meet us, and had engaged rooms for us, we drove directly to our hotel. The city is already filling up with visitors to the Exposition Universelle, and landlords and landladies smile at the prospect for the summer.

But first, after the renovations consequent upon our travel-stained condition, came that performance so important and interesting to all right-minded (*mens sana in corpore sano*) travellers, the dinner. Now a Parisian dinner, being, as every one knows, quite unapproachable in its excellence, one may expatiate upon it at length, both in the eating and in the describing process. To appreciate and to delight in French cooking, by no means implies a gluttonous disposition. The articles of food, though retaining many of the names by which mortals know them, are, in their progress through the hands of a first-rate *cuisinier*, so spiritualized and etherealized that the grosser particles disappear, and only a residue remains of which neither sylphs nor angels need scorn to partake. One becomes a gourmand easily, and with little appearance of sensuality, when the eye is as much gratified as the palate, and when

the measured dignity of every movement connected with the repast removes all idea of rushing after "something to eat." The ingenious arrangement and provocative succession of dishes, by which the great variety is prevented from becoming oppressive, lead on from daintiness to daintiness; the appetite is gently stimulated by delicate wines, renewed by spicy sauces, and finally gently "eased off" by tiny bon-bons and preserved fruit, to be smothered into a not disagreeable exhaustion by a fig, a raisin or two, and a couple of almonds. We rise at length from the table, satisfied but not heavy, wishing for nothing more, yet not nauseated by the remembrance of what "has been," nor tormented by anticipations of what will be in the approaching night hours.

After dinner we started forth upon a walk which was to certify to us the fact of our actual presence in Paris. In order to unite as many striking images as the time would allow, we went first to the Place de la Concorde, where the soft plashing of the fountains is ever making music, and the tall Egyptian obelisk cutting the serene air with its clear gray line. Then to the Madeleine, the marvellous realization of all Greek beauty and grace, where we stood, silent in admiration. Returning through the Garden of the Tuileries, we paused before the quaint old palace which has seen so much of splendor and of sorrow, of rejoicing and of bloodshed. There is

little architectural beauty in the long, irregular building, and yet, as a whole, it impresses wonderfully. It is, if such a word may be ascribed to an edifice, very *suggestive* in appearance, and would of itself indicate that it had a history worth knowing. The little dormer windows scattered here and there in the huge slated roofs, have an air of indulged inquisitiveness about them, as if they had established their right to peer into everything that is going on within their range. Every one knows of the beautiful gardens which stretch away from the vast front of the palace to the Place de la Concorde, filled with ancient trees and glowing flowers and gleaming statues and silvery fountains, alive with people walking about or sitting in the pleasant shade upon the wooden chairs which are always at your service in the open air in Paris.

Emerging from the archway of the palace, we gave a hurried glance at the Place Carrousel and the new front of the Louvre, and then wandered over to the fascinations of the Palais Royal, where the brilliant kaleidoscope of its ever-changing scenes kept even our tired eyes open and our tired limbs in motion. Crowds of people ever wandering beneath those arcades, whence do ye come, and whither do ye go? Jewels that gleam in the windows, whom will ye adorn, and whom will ye tempt to crime? Incredible luxuries brought from all climes



to fill the windows of these restaurants, how long will ye tantalize the poor artisan returning from his almost dinnerless labor? Do ye not remember that, when governments change in your facile country, plate-glass is powerless to protect your wares? How many of all this throng, who seem to be so completely absorbed in the present moment, ever pause to look back upon the storms and changes of the past, or forward to the clouds which loom in the horizon? We too soon lose the desire or the power of doing so, and find our eyes and ears and imagination all absorbed in the ceaseless variety and movement of the hour.

Wandering on still farther, we took another hasty and bewildering glance at the Boulevards, in all the busy gayety of the delicious summer evening, speculated upon the supposed origin and destination of the claret-sipping and sherbet-eating crowd, and then strolled into the Théâtre des Variétés, where we found, of course, excellent comic acting, and where, for the first time of late, our environments seemed familiar. Theatres, like churches, have an atmosphere of their own, which they retain wherever they may chance to be; and the union of sentiment and object among the people present opens a possible communion, for the time being, between persons otherwise very wide apart. A hearty laugh runs through a crowd with magnetic

speed, and eyes meet almost in recognition over a really irresistible joke, which never met before and may never meet again. The house was very full and the audience very enthusiastic, thus affording us a double amusement, first from the scenes upon the stage, and then from those in the boxes. At midnight we returned to our hotel quite satisfied with our day's performance.

Next morning we went with the crowd to see the great fountains play at Versailles. We are reminded that we are in France by the circumstance that this grand display only takes place on Sunday, and that he who will not look upon it then may not look upon it at all. "Les grandes Eaux" therefore exhibit themselves on alternate Sundays at Versailles and at St. Cloud, and a magnificent sight they are too, to which a hundred thousand people are sure to flock, and fill the palaces and the gardens thus gratuitously thrown open to them. Two railroads run from Paris to Versailles, a distance of about thirteen miles, and bring you within the town; a few minutes' walk through the old streets—in which you see much to remind you of historical events and prepare you for your day's interview with the palace and its memories—brings you to the enormous pile, which stands as a fitting monument of the pompous magnificence of its founder. The trains to and from the city

leave at intervals of ten minutes, chasing and passing each other in a way very suggestive of collisions and other accidents; but the admirable management of the road makes them of really very infrequent occurrence.

One hardly knows where to begin in describing Versailles; and yet so many and so interesting are the images it suggests, that the impulse to set down some of them, and give the authority for our astonishment, by a recapitulation of the figures which signify its birth, and growth, and accumulation, is almost insurmountable. We can defend our wonder best by saying, in set terms, "This incredible splendor was purchased by the labor of thirty thousand men, and at the cost of forty millions sterling. For nearly two centuries monarchs have loved to adorn these halls and galleries, these parks and gardens. There is room for magnificence, for we can walk seven miles in-doors." A day spent among the gardens, and in the vast palace, produces at first merely a confused image; but a quiet hour at home afterwards allows one to arrange the different memories, and to bring order out of chaos. When first the tired eyes close upon the picture, we see only countless saloons, furnished with gorgeous hangings and rich paintings; endless galleries, with polished floors and superbly-frescoed ceilings; innumerable pictures of battles and historical events; portraits and

allegories; fair faces and terrible scenes; interminable paths beneath arching trees, and past statues and flowers, and silvery fountains; broad stretches of green turf, on which the sunshine lies in loving stillness. In fact, during the whole day our feet seemed to move unconsciously along, impelled by the unresisted enchantment of the place, and we floated through the shifting scenes of marble halls and paths of greenness, or rested in the shade, and listened to the song of the birds and the laughter of the fountains, or paused before a statue in the seclusion of some pathway which it seemed to guard. And in the palace, we loitered through the uncounted rooms, and gazed at paintings of rarest merit, at glowing ceilings and rich tapestry, followed the long perspective of statuary and Sèvres vases, and looked curiously on the ancient furniture of kings and queens, richer in associations even than in splendor of adornment.

We stand in the chapel where the marriage of Marie Antoinette was solemnized, and enter each minor chapel where pictures and altars win our attention; we move slowly through the eleven rooms whose paintings illustrate the history of the nation up to the era of the Revolution, and through the gallery, three hundred feet in length, where stand the busts and statues of the illustrious dead. In the beautiful theatre we remember that its inauguration

was the marriage of Louis XVI., whose reign was in itself a sadder tragedy than was ever played upon its boards. In the Salon d'Hercule we listen if, perchance, some echo of the eloquence of Bossuet may linger in the walls; and lift our eyes in admiration in the magnificent Galerie des Glaces, where again we must have recourse to figures to convey a clear image. 242 feet in length, 35 in width, and 43 in height, make a room of fair proportions for even a king's friends to assemble in. The vaulted ceiling glows with the colors of Lebrun; the lofty windows and immense mirrors no longer light the merry-meetings of Louis XIV., but we seem still to hear the hum of voices, and the pattering of feet therein. One would like to be alone there at the midnight hour, to see if no spirits haunt the spot. We see the bed on which the great Louis Quatorze was obliged to die, like any ordinary mortal, and feel even stronger interest to know that from the balcony of this same room the poor Louis XVI., accompanied by his queen and children, stepped forth to confront the infuriated mob that came from Paris on the 6th of October, 1789. There are memories of Mesdames Maintenon, Montespan, Pompadour, and Du Barri hereabouts also, mingled with those of poor Marie Antoinette, and the queens of the fourteenth and fifteenth Louis. These reminiscences almost obliterate those of more recent times; and Louis



XVIII. and Charles X. are mere nobodies beside their ancestors. But we do feel some interest in the portraits of the great military characters of the Revolution; and the stirring times of Napoleon the Great do leave traces of deep meaning on these walls. Strong contrast enough there is between this same Napoleon and his era, and the older magnificent outside and worthless interior of the profligate courts before him! The upper chambers of the palace are full of attractions of their own; for the walls are crowded with portraits of all possible degrees of merit, forming a ludicrous *mélange* indeed, but including many faces that it is a privilege and a pleasure to study. But the very attempt to enumerate the rooms and the attractions of the palace proves a failure, and we sink back exhausted with the effort, before we are midway in our description. The crowds of famous people that have wandered here and there within these walls,—that have loved and suffered, have wept and made merry, intrigued and lied, or done noble deeds for truth and honor,—claim each their thought, but fleet away again in swift succession. The two figures that remain most prominent are those of Marie Antoinette and Napoleon. The first haunts the place as the saddest of all sad histories; the second fills the thought as a dream of heroic splendor,—as a master and an emperor who took his mastership and



his empire, not from the hand of a father who laid down the sceptre only because he had no longer life wherewith to retain his hold, but from the hand of Nature herself, and out of the sovereignty of his own being. This image is reproduced upon these walls many times, in every variety of position and power. One picture of him especially attracted my attention, and remains fresh in my memory, not from any special merit in the painting, but because the artist has chosen so significant a moment in his hero's career. It is entitled, “The 18th Brumaire.” A group of wild figures and frantic, strange faces crowd about Napoleon, and seem to be urging him on with vehement words and gestures. He stands pale and earnest, but motionless; he looks, as it were, far into the possible future opening before him, and seems unconscious of the immediate excitement around him. The contrast between the livid paleness of his calm face, the steadiness of his sharp-cut lips, and the concentrated expression of reserved power which is manifest in his whole aspect, and seems to say that the hour has not found him unprepared, or insufficient to himself,—with the eager countenances and impatient movement of those about him,—makes the whole picture singularly impressive.

But among so many hundreds of pictures it is impossible to enumerate all which attract and inter-

est. The whole history of France is here : and a history of "battle, and murder, and sudden death," it is too. The proportion of peaceful scenes is as naught, in the vast sea of tumult and change, of revolution and of carnage. Battles on land, and battles on the sea, seditions and conspiracies, crowd the walls. Even those scenes which, at the first glance, are peaceful, need but a more thoughtful gaze to prove them the preparation for new violences, or the repose of mere exhaustion. "The Opening of the States-General," — what an abyss lies at the feet of that gay assemblage, which seems but a festive and hopeful gathering ! "The Coronation of Napoleon," — what scenes of blood and horror lie just behind it ! What a country France has been, and with what energy she recovers from agonies that would have been death to a less buoyant nation ! What thoughts must people the mind of those Frenchmen who have a heart and a hope for freedom, as they walk through this long series, wherein is displayed their country's changing history ! The thought which originated this collection, and enshrined it in such noble rooms, and thus united the unpainted pictures of the past which throng upon the memory at the mere mention of Versailles with those in which art has done its best to immortalize the scenes it has portrayed, was grandly conceived, and has been worthily embodied.

Of the gardens and the fountains, too, there is much to be said, but how to say it? To tell of branching trees, and brilliant flowers, of acres of turf, and plashing water, and bronze and marble statues, will give little or no idea of the matter. The elaborate fountains spring up here and there, and make sweet pictures of the dashing and foaming waters. Neptune and Diana and Apollo reign here, and group after group of gods and goddesses attracts the eye. Tritons and Sirens play amid the tiny waves, and bright shafts of water leap into the sunlight like pillars of silver. But our feet are weary, and our head is aching with the labor they have undergone, and we fling ourselves at last into a carriage, and catching a train as the sunset gold is streaming over earth and sky, we return to Paris, tired and dusty, and, alas for our prose amid so much of poetry, desperately hungry!

## CHAPTER IV.

The Boulevards of Paris. — Appartements Meublés. — Palace and Garden of the Tuileries. — Exposition Universelle. — Annexe and Palais des Beaux Arts. — Amusements of the Champs Elysées. — Excitement and Fatigue of Travelling for Pleasure.

AN evening walk upon the Boulevards of Paris is a very amusing affair, and a breathing of the fresh air there is an admirable preparation for sleep. The innumerable varieties of costume, of language, of face, and of manner, follow each other in quick succession, and keep the attention alive for hours. Some are talking earnestly, unmindful of who may listen, some go along bowing and tripping as only French people can do without making themselves superlatively ridiculous, and others, like ourselves, simply stare at the rest, with an occasional comment for mutual edification. We sometimes take chairs from amidst the hundreds which, in a double row, line the spacious sidewalks; in a moment a little woman appears, with a white cap on her head, adorned with those inexhaustible rose-colored ribbons which all French women of that class indulge in, and, putting forth a fat little hand, says, with

a good-humored smile, “Deux sous, Monsieur, s’il vous plaît, pour la chaise.” If we go to the Champs Elysées, to the theatre, or to the Cirque de l’Impératrice, another little woman with the inevitable pink ribbons, in fact the very counterpart of her you saw the night before on the Boulevards, insinuates a footstool beneath the feet of “Madame,” retires a moment, to approach with inimitable grace soon after, and say, “Deux sous, Madame, pour le petit banc, s’il vous plaît.” And so “deux sous” appears to be the key-note of many lives in Paris, and we furnish our proportion thereof with a smile, and a wish that the little woman’s pink ribbons may never fade, nor the shadow of her receipts grow less. This privilege of letting chairs upon the sidewalks and upon the public squares is rented out to different persons, and forms a not inconsiderable source of revenue to the government, which does not disdain to look after the “deux sous” that belong to it, though, in the main, very liberal in its treatment of sight-seers, and hospitable to strangers who mind their own business and do not meddle with politics. It is a great relief to many sight-seers, far from their lodgings and with that sort of homeless feeling which besets one at such times, to be able to sit as long as they please upon seats which they have made their own for the time being. The amusement of the thing, too, is another

recommendation, and a chair in the Champs Elysées or in the Boulevard des Italiens, at whatever time in the day or evening you may take it, is quite equal to a *loge* in the Opera Comique. All Paris is out of doors from sunrise till midnight, and an endless variety of scenes passes before the eyes of the looker-on, while nobody seems at all annoyed at being stared at. Besides, there are always plenty of other people sitting as you are, with no other earthly occupation than you have, and as you resign yourself when your own turn to be stared at comes on, the balance is apparently struck to the satisfaction of all parties. Most of the streets of Paris are still at night, and on returning from the opera, or from a late stroll, we have been often struck with the serene quiet which reigns for the most part out of doors. This is not of course universally the case, but in the better class of streets it is eminently so, and the Rue de Rivoli, which is, during the long summer day, a scene of constant turmoil, is at one o'clock in the morning as hushed and still as a country village. We walked on a summer night from the Place de la Concorde to the Palace of the Tuileries, without meeting a dozen people on the sidewalk, or hearing more than a single carriage rattle over the pavements.

Having made our plans for seeing as much as possible of Paris during the time we decide to give



it, our first step towards accomplishment was to change our quarters from the hotel to private apartments, in which we can expatiate more comfortably than at the hotel, where many of the hours disappear imperceptibly and without bringing the fruit of their labors. Therefore, two or three days after our arrival, we went forth to search for a home on a small scale, where we might "take our ease." From among the innumerable doorways wherein hang the white and yellow placards with "Grands et petits Appartements meublés" upon them, we select those which appear most promising, and enter into the interior of many different domiciles. Several lodgings in the Champs Elysées were very attractive, but the great *penchant* which has sprung up in our hearts for the quaint old Tuileries finally determined us to take some pleasant rooms which look out on the palace, and give us glimpses of the trees and fountains in the gardens.

The "Grand Appartement" contains usually three or four bedrooms, a dining-room, an antechamber, and another room appropriated to miscellaneous purposes. It may be had in nearly all degrees of splendor. The "Petit Appartement" admits of as many degrees of comfort and cosiness, and consists of one, or at most two bedrooms, a parlor and dining, or, as it is usually employed, a breakfast room,—for dinner is almost always ob-

tained better at a restaurant. Some of these establishments are the prettiest imaginable. Our rooms are very neat and comfortable, furnished with taste and attended to with care. The servants are incomparable, and as we come forth in the morning to the tempting little breakfast which awaits our earliest movement, one would say that we were waited on by fairy messengers, and that only Ariel's swift fingers could have brought the broiled chicken from the coals, or the *café au lait* from the fire. From our windows we see always something to interest; — a troop of cavalry dashes by at one moment, or a company of infantry moves on with measured tread to the sound of drum and fife; crowds of gayly-dressed ladies go by on foot or in carriages, grave police-men in blue coats and cocked hats walk majestically hither and thither, and always the trees in the Tuileries gardens wave gently in the summer air, and the wise old palace wears its look of ponderous sagacity. We never weary of looking at it, and its charm increases from day to day. Gray and sombre, full of windows and heavy mouldings, with statues which look as if they were weary of the sunshine and would fain retire still farther into their dusty niches, the old building stands isolated in the midst of the crowd, a thing of the past, though full of uses for to-day, — a memory half of horror and half of beauty. It is

delightful to be able to plunge into the depths of the gardens as we do ; we cross the busy Rue Rivoli, and in a moment we are in forest shade, in some secluded walk where sunshine never penetrates, and where the noise of the city outside seems softened and removed by the stillness close at hand. Or we keep in the more public pathways, and only exchange the rush of carriages and the bustle of trade for the more mirthful noise and fresher gaiety of the innumerable little children who pass the morning hours here under the care of their *bonnes*, who sit sewing and gossiping under the trees.

This is a fine time to be in Paris, and it seems possible so to arrange our movements as to secure the best part of all that is to be seen and heard, at the same time that we “do” all we expected in the way of general sight-seeing. Paris, at all times nearly inexhaustible in attractions, offers this year her “Exposition Universelle,” or World’s Fair, and by and by, when the first curiosity of the people is satisfied over the assemblage of wonders in the inanimate departments, we are to have the wondrous spectacle of an English monarch coming in peace and love to the French capital. People find it easy to sneer at a safe distance from Louis Napoleon, and to find matter for merriment in the striking contrasts which his life presents ; but there must be something of the magician in him after all, and it

is not every man who could live such an Arabian Nights' sort of life, with such serene indifference and magnificently *blasé* grace as he. The lower down upon the scale he may have been in the past, the more does his recuperative force show itself in his present height, and that the poor adventurer who once walked the streets of London should be able, under ever so fortuitous a combination of circumstances, to play the host to the Queen of Great Britain, is in itself a spectacle for the age to look at with astonishment. And we travellers have, fortunately, nothing more to do with it, than to look on and thank those who provide the show for us, and at the same time assume all its responsibilities and all its possible consequences. All we have to do is to hope for fair weather and a good-natured crowd when the fête-day comes on, and in the intervening time to keep our eyes wide open for the other matters of interest around us.

The Exposition Universelle can by no means be dismissed in few words, when even the catalogue of its contents requires volume after volume of portentous thickness. Many and long are the visits we must make, if we would have even a faint idea of the grand whole, and hope to understand the vastness and variety of the collection to which the whole world has been tributary. In fact, it is a world in itself. We wander on through path after path, till

the eyes ache with gazing, yet beautiful objects still beckon us on ; the feet ache with walking, yet there are aisles after aisles stretching out in the still unexplored distance ; the brain aches with its effort to retain and classify the images already imprinted upon it, yet new wonders and new beauties chase away and obliterate those which a moment before seemed to have made an indelible impression. Some little division may, however, be made, through numbering over the different buildings appropriated to the Exhibition, the names of which indicate in general terms the purposes to which each is applied.

First, therefore, we have the main building, — the Exposition *par excellence*, — the nucleus of the affair as it were. This is a beautiful edifice, intended to be permanent, and therefore built of stone, elaborately ornamented, and with some pretension to architectural display. The straw-colored stone which forms the chief building-material of Paris, is admirably adapted to the purposes of ornamentation and elaboration ; for its softness when new renders it easy of adornment, and its hardening with age makes it worth while to spend labor and taste upon it. Its color is so cheerful too, and even when time has discolored it, it is so easy of renovation, that Paris should consider itself highly favored in this respect. The effect of the long, light mass of the Exposition, standing among



the trees of the Champs Elysées, is very pretty, especially by moonlight, when the figures which adorn the front seem to come out into mimic life. This building contains an untold wealth of articles, comprising all elegant manufactures, and is adorned with flowers, and creeping vines and fountains. The great fountain beneath the dome leaps and dances among tropical plants, and fills the air with freshness ; and the constant crowd in the Rotonde proves that it is deemed a most agreeable change from the movement and bustle of the courts. It is amply supplied with seats, and one could ask no pleasanter place of rest after two or three hours of wandering through the intricate courts and passages. Of the articles hoarded within these walls, we can mention only a small portion, and each name stands for such numerous and widely different specimens and manufactures, that even this enumeration seems to be useless. There are carpets ; but the word *carpet* covers here such an infinity of different material, of weaving, of coloring, of value, that we wonder, in the end, how we can imagine a carpet to be a simple matter. And so with all these multiform products of human ingenuity. There are tapestries and jewels, bronzes and Sèvres porcelain, Parian statues and Bohemian glasses, vases of every beautiful form and substance, carved altars and jewelled shrines, cabinet-work and watches, musical instruments and



brocades, and silks and velvets and embroideries, and cloth of silver and cloth of cotton, — in short, everything that has received its present shape from the hand of the artisan.

Adjoining this immense building — of which we feel that we have not given even a faint idea of its contents — stands the “Annexe,” so called. And one might say that French ideas of “annexation” were not, after all, essentially different from American ones on the same subject; for this same “Annexe” is a principality by itself, and covers a territory of no small extent. It measures seven eighths of a mile in length, and has height and breadth sufficient for a double row of enormous machinery, where endless varieties of engines perform endless varieties of motion, and bring about endless varieties of results; where science shows its victories and ingenuity its wondrous adaptations; and where steam is king over all, and carries on his government with no end of clatter and turmoil, and about whose kingdom there is no doubt that “the wheels are well greased.” Wonderful beyond measure, and in some sense more attractive than the brilliant display of the main building, is this storm of sound, this mighty whirring of wheels, this rush of saws and falling of hammers, all apparently chaotic and objectless, but all really, and after a long look visibly, under perfect control. Even the un-

initiated and ignorant feel the spell of active power which pervades the Annexe, and linger among the machines with a more or less puzzled curiosity. There are ponderous engines which bend a stick of timber like a wisp of straw, which cut through bars of iron as they were strips of paper; and there are other machines of watch-like delicacy of mechanism, which take up their work more daintily than any fine lady in the world, and manipulate the frailest substance with unerring safety. Here, also, are stored carriages of all sorts; and works in wood and iron, and brass and steel, which have emerged from fire and water, and earth and air, and stand ready to commence their mission for man's convenience. We always found the Annexe full when we penetrated into its vortex, and here were assembled the most practical of the spectators of the whole Exposition. Here, too, was the platform on which our American interest was most worthily represented; and here, at least, we entered into competition with the older nations of the world, though we might not hope to vie with them in their splendor of jewelry or glory of art.

At some little distance from the Annexe stands the Palais des Beaux Arts, where are collected the paintings, drawings, statuary, and all objects of art. The catalogue of this portion of the Exhibition numbers over six hundred pages. The whole realm

of modern art is represented here on a scale of unexampled magnificence. Every country has furnished something, and never before was gathered together such an array of excellence. It is almost impossible to leave this enchanted spot, when once the genius of the place has laid his hand upon you. Among the paintings from Spain are a large number of very admirable portraits, which interest us much. In the division belonging to the Pontifical States is a small collection of miniatures of extreme beauty, copies from famous paintings, executed with great taste and delicacy. The paintings from the United States are few in number, — several by Healy, one or two by Cranch and Rossiter, &c.; but we do not shine here, — we have left our glory behind in the Annexe. Great Britain sends liberally of her best; and we stand delighted before her many noble paintings, and the long array of *aquarelles*, which fascinate us one by one; — Stanfield, Eastlake, Leslie (we will put in a small claim for him ourselves), Maclise, and, above all and before all, the inimitable and unapproachable Landseer. How the people group around “The Horse-Shoeing,” and “The Scotch Breakfast,” and turn away at last with a smile of pleasure and satisfaction on their faces! There are subjects for all tastes, — landscapes and historical scenes, battles and prison-gloom, sunshine and shadow, life and death.

There is also a respectable representation of statuary in the English department, among which we see two of Gibson's works and several of Westmacott's, — while in engravings, including lithographs and chromo-lithographs, there are more than two hundred specimens. The Dusseldorf artists send a large representation, and Kaulbach speaks from Munich. A Turkish painter, residing in Paris, has painted for us the "Battle of the Alma." There are also innumerable plans of citadels, and elevations of cathedrals, and façades for all sorts of edifices. France — having placed all the other nations before her in the catalogue, as a hospitable host should do, and having allowed them ample space upon the walls for arranging their *chefs-d'œuvre* in the desired light — quietly fills in the said catalogue a space as large as all the rest put together, and spreads out her acres of canvas, rich with the colors of her best artists. The animals of Rosa Bonheur vie with those of the English Landseer. Delacroix fills ample space. Horace Vernet portrays every possible event in modern French history, and expatiates especially on sundry battles in Algeria, alternating apparently in his own mind between these and those other greater battles, wherein, while painting simple truth, he may pay reversionary compliments from the uncle to the nephew. Hundreds of painters, whose names are

unknown to us, have pictures, better or worse, upon these limitless walls, and portraits of great and little men and women, of the past and of the present, smile or frown upon us as we walk beneath. All sorts of faces are here, from that of the Emperor, with his non-committal expression, to some unknown Monsieur B. or some placid Madame C. with no expression at all. In one of the principal rooms are the beautiful portraits of the Empress by Winterhalter, in one of which she is seated in the open air, surrounded by her maids of honor, the whole forming a group of beautiful women which it does the eyes good to gaze at. The full-length portraits of the Emperor and Empress, by the same artist, are also admirable, and daily attract crowds about them.

We have spent a great many hours in this same Palais des Beaux Arts, yet we have hardly touched upon those delicious *aquarelles* which have such a fresh and simple charm, and we have said nothing of the medals, and the architectural models, and the marble busts, and the bronze and plaster castings. We seem in the landscapes to have had views of every inch of the earth's surface; in the portraits, to have seen the faces of everybody we ever heard of, and many whose names never before were wafted on the breath of even a local notoriety; in the fancy pieces we have surely exhausted the human imagination,—we have stripped



Olympus of its gods and goddesses, the mythology of its inhabitants, the Scripture even of its mighty men,—we have seen all the martyrs die the death, and all the tyrants struck in judgment, have heard the lambs bleating in the valleys, and the trumpet and the cannon on the field of battle. There can be nothing beneath the heavens which we have not seen painted in these latter days, and some of these artists would fain persuade us that they have the keys of upper air, and can depict for us that which “nor eye hath seen nor ear heard.” Weary and worn out in body and in mind, we seek the shelter and the rest of our rooms at last, and leave the Exposition Universelle to its fate for a while.

Also in the Champs Elysées is the “Cirque de l’Imperatrice,” where we spend part of an evening in seeing the fine riding and the astonishing feats of dexterity. It is a noble, circular building, and will seat about four thousand persons comfortably, even in these summer evenings. But in such charming weather as this, one loves better to be out of doors than within; so we wander forth to lose ourselves for a while in the avenues, and to see with what other people are amusing themselves. The long paths are full of people, walking or sitting still, talking gayly or smoking solemnly. The open-air concerts are in full operation, and the managers thereof reaping a fair harvest for their reward.



The singers stand in a little pavilion, gay with flowers and brilliant with lights, and the audience sit in wooden chairs beneath the shadowing trees. We see many of these establishments in "the full tide of successful experiment," and smile to see the devout attention of the listeners. Walking farther on, we espy an arm-chair, in which we are invited to sit down and be weighed,—price for knowing your own avoirdupois, five sous. Anon we come upon a gayly-decorated tent, where little wooden horses wish to give us a ride, and on which we see grown men and women whirling round in a circle, with great glee, while flags are flying and music sounding. Sometimes the equestrians attempt feats of dexterity, such as throwing lances through rings suspended overhead, or aiming at a mark, as their steeds whirl past it, generally with a want of success quite amusing to the by-standers. The facility with which French people are amused, and the silliness of many of their games, are quite marvellous to persons of graver temperament and less exuberant life. It has its bright side without doubt, for multitudes are kept healthful in body and cheerful in mind by an outlay so small as to be within the reach of all; and it is far better that a poor man, after his day's work, should find delight for himself and his family in shooting pop-guns at little wooden images in the open air, than

in consuming his wages at a tavern or a gin-palace.

We are enjoying the most delightful weather that ever made travellers happy, and there is an exhilaration in this clear, high air, which sustains us through exertions that in a more enervating climate would exhaust us. We rarely complain of fatigue, yet we walk and stand a large proportion of each day, in spite of the careful arrangement we make in the order of our expeditions and of the drives we take from place to place. But the steps which we take through galleries, and up staircases, and in churches, are absolutely innumerable, and we return at night conscious that our feet have served us well. Travellers for pleasure always do an amount of hard work, and go through miracles of physical endurance, from which many a day-laborer would shrink, and which, added to the wear and tear of the mind, and the excitement of the brain consequent upon an interested survey of such a constant succession of objects, are apt to test the strength of almost every constitution. Yet, though travellers own this, and are continually cautioning and restraining others, the contagion proves too strong, and all hurry from place to place, and from sight to sight, with equal avidity. The day seems so short when there are so many things to be done in it! and accomplish what we will to-day, there is always

enough left for to-morrow. If we are to stay but a short time, we think we must glance at as many different objects as we can crowd into the time we have;—if we are in no especial hurry as to time, we feel that we ought to look at each object more in detail, and to examine with more care;—so, either way, the activity of mind and body is the same. Besides, even when we are wise enough and firm enough to take an occasional rest, it is not, in a foreign land and among the thousand attractions and distractions there, the same repose which is attainable at home, where we can leave off the outer life for a while, and have a short season of refreshing torpidity. The rush of the day follows you through the night; the mind cannot stop at once in its busy motion; a “masterly inactivity” is quite unattainable; and we conclude, after one or two attempts, that it is, on the whole, about as well to keep busy in the legitimate way of sight-seeing, as to make ourselves restless and nervously excited by the nightmare pressure which often follows on an enforced inaction amid such powerful temptations to be stirring. By every pleasant method attainable, however, and by endeavoring to intersperse the more fatiguing class of sights with those which are less so, we seek to spare ourselves from dangerous fatigue, and sometimes snatch a little sweet unconscious rest.

## CHAPTER V.

Palace of the Chamber of Deputies. — Hôtel des Invalides. — Luxembourg Palace and Gallery. — St. Sulpice. — St. Roch. — Palais de Justice. — Sainte Chapelle. — The Morgue. — Cathedral of Notre Dame. — St. Germain l'Auxerrois. — Tour de St. Jacques. — Pantheon. — St. Etienne du Mont.

WE visited one morning the Palace of the Chamber of Deputies, formerly the Palais Bourbon and the property of the Prince de Condé. Famous afterwards as the place where the sittings of the Council of Five Hundred took place, and the Deputies held their sessions, it suggests a thousand thoughts, and involves many and various reminiscences. One of the most recent and interesting is that of the young Duchess of Orleans, who came here in 1848, after the flight of Louis Philippe, and, holding her children by the hand, endeavored in vain to stop the torrent of revolution, and reawaken the loyalty of the representatives of the kingdom. The Hall of the Deputies is very handsome, and the offices and anterooms are arranged on a scale of great elegance. We read, upon the little brass plates inserted above the accommodations for hats and umbrellas, many names with

which these latter stirring years have made us familiar ; but desks and tribune were silent, and only our own footsteps echoed through the place.

From the Palace we drove to the Hôtel des Invalides, — one of the most interesting places in Paris. The foundations of the building were laid in 1670, and during all the intervening time France has had a supply of disabled soldiers to put in it. It has received many augmentations, and is now an enormous pile. The Revolution, which had such a mania for changing names, called it the Temple de l'Humanité, and under Napoleon I. it was named Temple de Mars. At the Restoration it resumed its original title. It is approached by a magnificent esplanade. The principal court is three hundred and twelve feet long and a hundred and ninety-two wide. Around it are the buildings occupied by the governor and officers of the institution, and the dining-rooms for the *invalides*. The amount of meat and vegetables consumed by the three thousand soldiers domiciled here, was told off for our amiable astonishment by the glib young man who attended us, but I should be afraid to set down the figures. A bottle of claret is allowed per diem to each soldier, and another regulation made us smile in spite of ourselves ; the men who have lost their legs are allowed a sum of money instead of shoes. In the old church there hung, in the time of Napoleon,



three thousand flags taken from the enemies of France, — they were burnt by the order of Joseph Bonaparte just before the allied armies entered Paris in 1814! The sword of Frederick the Great kept here was also broken! But the wonder of the whole is the Dome, which rises high and vast from the square tower behind the church. The height from the ground to the top of the cross is three hundred and twenty-three feet. The dome itself is magnificent. Around it are six chapels, in one of which lies the body of the great Napoleon awaiting the completion of the beautiful porphyry sarcophagus in which it is to rest beneath the mighty dome itself. Fit resting-place for a hero whom his people love! The little chapel meanwhile receives many a long and earnest look. An iron grating prevents entrance, but hardly obstructs the sight of the interior. The Emperor's hat and sword lie upon a cushion near the body. Among the many rooms shown to the stranger are some which contain the portraits of the Marshals of France. The guide — one of the *invalides* who enjoys the perquisites appertaining to this portion of the establishment, which is divided and subdivided into innumerable districts with guides for each — stops before each picture, and in a voice of sonorous monotony, and with a most solemn visage, delivers a long harangue concerning the life, exploits, and death of the in-



dividual at whom he supposes his audience to be looking. It becomes slightly tiresome when you have heard the first half-dozen ; but there is no alternative, as the portraits are all that these rooms contain of special interest, and you must submit to the guide's conscientious performance of his duty. The dormitories, and in fact the whole establishment, are neatness itself.

Another place requiring time for its examination, and well repaying one for a leisurely survey, is the Palace of the Luxembourg, and the beautiful gardens belonging to it. The palace, as is well known, is built upon the model of the Pitti Palace at Florence, and stands among the garden grounds in a remarkably fine position. Since its erection in the sixteenth century, by the Duke of Luxembourg, it has passed through many hands, and received many different names ; but the old appellation clings to it through all. During the Revolution, it was used as a prison. The interior is very spacious, and very redundantly ornamented ; especially the *Chambre du Senat*, which is decorated to lavishness. The number of gorgeous rooms into which visitors are allowed entrance is very great, and one grows weary of using the superlatives by which alone admiration can be expressed. On the ground floor are the rooms once used as the private apartments of the Queen Marie de Medicis. They are not lofty, but in

every other respect of extreme elegance ; and the ceilings are so beautiful, that one is tempted to lie down upon the floor to gaze with greater ease upon the painting. Especially sumptuous is the *chambre à coucher*, where the walls are panelled and painted by Philippe of Champagne and Nicolas Poussin, and the ceiling is the work of Rubens and the first-named artist. The scroll-work which covers the walls is a marvel of delicate beauty. In the gallery of the Luxembourg are the works of the first living artists of France ; at the death of an artist, his pictures are removed to the Louvre. The gallery is a handsome one, and many of the paintings full of interest. Our attention was long held by a picture of “Charlotte Corday, arrested in the house of Marat.” The grouping and coloring were admirably managed, and the details harmonious ; but it was in the face and figure of Charlotte Corday herself that the great power of the picture lay. The majestic passiveness of her attitude, the serene calmness of her face, the almost unconscious disdain with which she meets the abuse of the infuriated rabble, are all there ; and the past and future of the story are as plainly told as that of the immediate moment. One man has his fist thrust in her very face ; she does not even see him, nor does she appear to notice in the least the excitement about her. There is neither fear nor defiance in her ex-

pression, nor even any effort at self-control, but a look of intense satisfaction, as if she thought only of the success with which she had finished her work. All personality has disappeared from her mind; all responsibility is at end; she has no thought of escape, no dread of punishment; and it is we who look, who alone think how soon that fair young head must fall. The rage of the mob about her suggests most fearful thoughts of vengeance and of horror; but she, the slight young maiden, stands in her fresh beauty as Hypatia may have stood before her destroying enemies. Another painting, of "Judas betraying Christ," has some remarkable effects of light, but is, on the whole, somewhat melodramatic; and De la Roche's "Death of Queen Elizabeth," so well known through the engravings, is a powerful but most disagreeable picture.

The gardens are delicious, and form an invaluable treasure for the people of Paris, who have but to turn aside from the crowded and dusty highways, to bury themselves in this enchanted seclusion, and surround themselves with trees and flowers as fresh as if they grew miles and miles away from the bustle and filth of a great city.

The old Church of St. Sulpice rears its twin towers in the air, and supports the telegraph-wires which flash the news from one end of Europe to the other. It is a noble old building, and dates

from the time of Anne of Austria. The organ is the handsomest in the city, is elaborately carved, and presents seventeen figures playing on musical instruments. The pulpit is very curious, being supported in mid-air by two staircases which lead up to it.

The Church of St. Roch, not far from our lodgings, has attracted us within its ancient and time-honored walls many times. The morning Mass is magnificent, the organ being one of the grandest in Paris. The exterior has little pretension to beauty, but the interior is richly adorned with valuable paintings and costly shrines, and the parish is one of the most aristocratic in the city. The church itself has suffered severely in several of the revolutions, inasmuch as it stands opposite the gardens of the Tuileries, separated only by the short Rue du Dauphin, which is easily swept by cannon planted at the palace. Standing on the Rue St. Honoré, it has been in the midst of much of the tumult and bloodshed which have been so rife in Paris. The broad flight of steps which leads up to the entrance, was crowded by wild beings when Marie Antoinette passed by to execution; Napoleon cleared another mob from the same steps with his well-aimed cannon; and in the time of Charles X. they were again stained with blood. They are serene enough now, beneath the summer sunshine, and the only change

which they seem to experience is the presence or absence of the hatchments which are hung over the church front when any of its wealthy or famous parishioners go to their long home.

The Palais de Justice is an immense pile of buildings, where the early kings of France resided, and where their successors now administer that very rare article, justice. We are bound to suppose that much of it is attainable here, since the accommodations for it are so spacious and well arranged. The most interesting portion of the building is, however, tinged with associations very unlike the atmosphere of equity which we have supposed to prevail through these precincts. This is the Conciergerie, whose name brings before us a crowd of pale-faced prisoners, whose tears and sighs have hallowed these dark and gloomy walls. The Count of Lavalette, whose escape was more remarkable than his confinement, was imprisoned here; the Princess Elizabeth dwelt in a horrible dungeon here; Robespierre too spent miserable hours within these prison walls, and on the 2d of September, 1792, two hundred and thirty-nine prisoners were massacred here. Truly a pleasant place! Yet all these memories, sad as they are, give less of horror and of pain, than that of the poor queen, Marie Antoinette, in those bitter two months and a half, wherein she tasted more than the agony of



a thousand deaths, and from which she was led forth with grief-whitened hair to the scaffold.

Adjoining the Palais de Justice is the Sainte Chapelle, one of the most curious buildings in Paris. It was built in 1248 by St. Louis, for the reception of the holy relics purchased by him from Baldwin, Emperor of Constantinople, — which relics were the crown of thorns and a piece of the true cross. The building, with the relics, cost him a sum equal to 2,800,000 francs. It was long the chapel of the king and the French court. The whole edifice — with the exception of the beautiful stained windows, which almost miraculously escaped the general destruction — was barbarously mutilated during the Revolution; but having been carefully and completely restored according to the original plan, we are as well able to judge of its beauty as St. Louis himself was six centuries ago. Beauty it undoubtedly has, and a good deal of it; but it is of the pocket-edition style, and the ornamentation is so minute, and at the same time so brilliant, that I was irresistibly reminded of some elaborate *chef-d'œuvre* of confectionery. The main outlines are however very graceful, and it offers one kind of beauty to the distant eye, and another to the nearest and most acute investigation. The spire rises to no great height, but has a singular charm of lightness and aspiration, as it lifts its



delicate tracery above the heavy masses of dark and gloomy and crime-stained buildings around it.

A most significant edifice, and one whose outer appearance is singularly in consonance with all the images which arise in the mind at mention of its name, is the Morgue. On the morning of our visit, there lay on those long-used but still senseless slabs of stone, four unclaimed bodies. One was that of a little child, with horribly swollen limbs and distorted features, evidently at the limit of its allotted time, and yet unrecognized by any loving care; another was an old woman, some threescore years and ten, whose worn and weary limbs at last found rest; the third was a large, powerfully-built man of middle age, and with a frame of iron; and the fourth was a young man of singularly handsome face and delicate figure, whose long, dark hair lay thrown back from his pale, serene face, as if he were only sleeping. He had probably been brought in but an hour or two before. It is a sad place to visit, yet there is a world of solemn meaning in the Morgue. That little, square stone building, in the very heart of Paris, has held the key to thousands of fearful tragedies and sad histories, and has been the resting-place of many a broken and betrayed heart, — the last scene in many a career of violence and crime. The exposure of the bodies, else so repulsive to the feelings, answers two admirable pur-

poses, which redeem it from much of its painfulness. By the recognition of the body, the friends of the deceased may claim it for burial, and assure themselves of a fate which otherwise might have forever remained in uncertainty; and by an involuntary emotion many a criminal has betrayed his connection with crime that might else have gone "unwhipped of justice." So efficacious has this system of detection proved, that officers of justice are always present to watch the countenances and manners of all who come to look at the dead. They become, through practice, extremely expert at discovering signs of guilt; and many a fearful story is told, which the Morgue has been the means of bringing out of darkness into light. It stands on the small island which was once the city of Paris, and is now only the little heart to the vast and active body and limbs of the immense metropolis. The sacred shadow of the grand Cathedral of Notre Dame falls like a mantle over the hideous Morgue, as if to protect it in some degree from a too loathsome dread. It is well to turn away from the sad spectacle of death to enter within the portals of that grand old church; and the picture of those wretched corpses fades away, as we lift our eyes up to its lofty arches, and hear the solemn but hopeful tones of its mighty organ peal through the vast area. The long aisles stretch out before you; the many chapels open

on you as you walk along, and it is only through long study, and through knowledge of some particular length or breadth from which to make comparisons, that the actual size of the interior is even guessed at. We set down as our starting-point of measurement upon the walls, that the diameter of yonder magnificent circular window is thirty-six feet, and the height of the vaulting one hundred and two feet. For the better grasping of the spaces on the floor, we say over to ourselves, that the pillars of the nave are four feet in diameter. After one or two efforts of this sort, however, we get quite out of temper with figures, and decide that the general impression of vastness obtained by an unmeasuring eye more than compensates for any lack of precision in detail. Nevertheless, as conscientious travellers, we feel obliged, when on the spot, to go over some of the principal figures so carefully arranged for us by the disinterested kindness of the makers of hand-books.

We shut ours now, however, and wander dreamily hither and thither in the solemn gloom, pausing long to gaze upon the rich carved oak of the stalls in the choir, to turn over the leaves of the antique music-book leaning on one of the stands, and to glance reverently at the high altar, where kings and emperors and heroes have knelt, and which their magnificence has so lavishly adorned. The now

vacant seats of the choir may be filled, by a small effort of the imagination, with the dignitaries of the past, and on days of state the lords of the Church still sit in the carved and time-stained stalls of their predecessors. One seat has, however, been occupied but once ; nor is it likely to be soon claimed again by its rightful owner. The Supreme Pontiff, Pius VII. (2 December, 1804), claimed it on the occasion when, as Head of the Church, he deigned to grace the coronation of Napoleon le Grand. Opposite this seat is that of the Archbishop of Paris. Here Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise was celebrated, and here the present Emperor was united to the sweet, pale-faced Eugenie. In short, all the grand festivals wherein the Church has aught to say for France are solemnized within these walls, and many a grand *Te Deum* has risen up hence to heaven.

In the sacristy are kept the sacred vessels of the church, the cups and salvers and vases of gold and silver and gems, and the magnificent robes which have been worn upon grand occasions. Most of them have been worn only on the ceremony for which they were prepared. The marriage and coronation robes of the first Napoleon, with those worn at the same time by archbishops and bishops, are stiff with embroidery and jewels. They are actually works of art, and worthy of more minute exami-

nation than one can give them as the guide opens drawer after drawer wherein they are spread out. Yet after all it seems a pity to shut them up in darkness, as food for the moths, after so brief a life in the open day; and one cannot help thinking, too, of the patient fingers that labored long months upon the delicate gold and silver embroidery. Innumerable are the chalices and candlesticks, and holy vessels of all sorts, incrusting with gems, on which the eye of the stranger is allowed to look. They have been presented from time to time by the faithful as votive offerings, or given in ostentation by kings and nobles. The wealth shut up in this small apartment is enormous, and it is guarded with great, but not obtrusive care. A ticket is necessary to obtain entrance, and guards are evidently within reach; the room also is very strongly built, and arranged with a view to keeping one at a proper distance from the more portable articles; but the whole manner of the servants is courteous, and the young priest in attendance was extremely obliging in his explanations, and patient in waiting the movements of the visitors. Emerging again into daylight, we look up at the two huge towers that have stood so long unmoved by the great turmoil of life and death around, and fancy that they frown on us as the beings of a day.

Around this grand cathedral cluster many histor-



ical and many romantic associations. Pageants of the past seem to leave a lingering glory within its walls; the names of great men and beautiful women hallow the place where they have knelt; and even poor Quasimodo seems to hover in the dark shadows of the corners,—the dear old “Hunchback of Notre Dame.” The whole of this portion of Paris, indeed, is famous ground, every inch of which can tell its story of romance or of terror; every street has been at some time baptized in blood; the very stones have secrets, could we but give them voices. Quaint and venerable buildings meet you at every turn; the streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty; the blind alleys are full of squalor and filth; the shops, and the wares in them, look weatherbeaten; and in coming hither from the sunny and brilliant Boulevard des Italiens, one seems to have stepped back a century in time.

Another church highly interesting, both in itself and in its associations, is that of St. Germain l’Auxerrois, opposite the Louvre. It was terribly mutilated so lately as 1831, in consequence of an attempt made to celebrate the anniversary of the death of the Duc de Berri; but it has since been restored. From its belfry the fatal signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew was given, in 1572. The porches and doorways are extremely handsome, and the façade elaborately ornamented.



On the new part of the Rue Rivoli stands the graceful Tour de St. Jacques. It was until recently surrounded by hovels and old buildings of all sorts, and the earth had accumulated so about it as completely to bury its base. It is now, through the energy of the present Emperor in cutting through the new street, cleared from all the rubbish, cleansed and repaired, and stands in a small but handsome public square, a thing of beauty for the eye to rest on, and forming an unusually perfect specimen of Gothic architecture. The church to which it once belonged has long since disappeared, but it is none the less beautiful for standing isolated from all but its own graceful symmetry. It is ornamented with grotesque figures ; from the loftiest turret looks forth over the city the statue of St. James, and around him, on the pinnacles of the tower, are the winged bull, the lion, and the dragon, whose outlines are defined with great precision against the noonday sky, or loom up vague and shapeless in the "cold light of stars." We found strange fascination in passing this old tower at night ; it seems like some sleepless sentinel keeping his everlasting watch, the silent spectator of a whole city's joy and sorrow, revelry and crime, hope and despair.

Then, there is the fine old church of St. Eustache to be seen, — the largest in Paris with the exception of Notre Dame. Sombre and gloomy, it seems to

remember the past, to the exclusion of any perception of the present, and to prefer its tombs of the dead to the faces of the living. Colbert was interred here, and many other famous men ; but we let them rest without even calling over their names. The organ of this church is very fine.

We rather affect churches in these last few days, and give to those mentioned a good deal of time and attention. A lengthened description would be tedious and out of place ; but it is pleasant to jot down a few words on each, which will serve to individualize them in the memory, and counteract the natural tendency to confusion consequent upon replacing the image of one so immediately by that of another.

The new Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, though small and little imposing in its exterior, has cost immense sums of money, and is absolutely splendid within. Paintings, and gilding, and ornamentation of all sorts, load the walls. The baptismal font is of bronze of exquisite workmanship : the high altar is almost overloaded with ornament. In fact, the whole interior is too gorgeous to be solemn, too theatrical to be satisfactory. The little Church of Ste. Elizabeth of Hungary, far down in the old Rue du Temple, tempted us to enter its precincts one morning, and left upon our minds an impression of solemnity. In the vestibules of most of the

churches we find sitting the poor beggars who seem to have constituted themselves a part of the church establishment, and to whom the charitable give a few sous in passing. Blind and crippled old men and women, generally neatly clothed, sit in the wooden chairs, or on the church steps, with hands outstretched in patient waiting through all the long morning hours.

The Panthéon, or Church of Ste. Geneviève, requires a morning for full appreciation of the edifice, and of the admirable view of the city which is obtained from the top. And, by the way, Paris is particularly well furnished with opportunities for these bird's-eye views, which are of such value to a stranger in his attempts to arrive at some comprehension of the city as a whole, and of the relative situation of one point of interest to another. There are many heights in different positions which may be scaled without fatigue. The Triumphal Arch at the head of the Grand Avenue of the Champs Elysées is one, the iron column of Napoleon in the Place Vendôme is another, the Panthéon a third, and so on, each affording a glimpse of something which the other does not command, and all displaying a panorama which more than repays for the trouble of reaching it. The number of steps by which we mount to the cupola of the Panthéon is four hundred and seventy-five. The painting of the

dome is by Gros, and contains a number of groups which we had not patience to study out. Under the church is an immense series of vaults, very sepulchral in effect as well as in purpose. The clang of the doors echoes through these vaults in fearful style. There is no end of famous monumental inscriptions over the illustrious and the notorious dead. Among them are Rousseau and Voltaire, Marshal Lannes, and innumerable others. Marat and Mirabeau were both buried here, but afterwards removed by order of government.

Close by the Panthéon is the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, — a quaint and most interesting piece of antiquity. In one of the chapels are the tomb and shrine of Ste. Geneviève herself, the beloved patron saint of Paris, who in times past has been of great service in averting plague, pestilence, and famine from the city, by her powerful prayers. And this day, more than a thousand years after her death, her tomb is watered with the tears of penitents, hung with fresh wreaths of *immortelles*, and besieged with the prayers of simple-hearted men and women.

## CHAPTER VI.

Busy Life of the Present Time. — Interest of a Walk in the Streets of Paris. — Shopping Temptations. — Rue du Temple and Rue Rivoli. — Morning Worship at the Madeleine. — St. Cloud. — Rural Neighborhood of Paris.

WE live a very active and busy life just now, and our days are filled with various images and never-ceasing excitements. In the morning we despatch our breakfast, which we take quietly in our little *salle à manger*, and briefly look over our achievements of the preceding day, and discuss and decide upon the movements of the present one. The impossibility of taking rest after the day's work is begun, induces us to breakfast at a rather late hour, in order to be sure of not doing in one day enough to exhaust us for two or three. Once prepared for going out, we rarely return to our rooms till night-fall, when we take a late dinner at some restaurant, and end the day with a stroll on the Boulevards, or at some place of amusement. Towards midnight we get an hour for journalizing, over which we occasionally fall asleep. What is not set down in writing then never gets written, for there is no such



thing as picking up lost stitches, since next day brings quite as much as can be disposed of. The daily life of a stranger here is so full of variety, and to him so brimming with interest, that he runs the risk of making his account tedious to those who do not share in the personal interest which pervades them in his own recollection. Incidents in themselves of little moment assume piquancy to him who recalls not only the facts, but all their accessories of motion and of color. There is nothing trivial or unworthy of notice in a place like Paris, when we ourselves experience it; every step we take opens a new prospect, every face we see has a new significance, and every word we hear has the piquant provocation of a foreign tongue to make us listen to it. From the moment of setting out in the morning for the expeditions and amusements of the day, till the return at night with brains full of pictures and limbs full of weariness, we encounter an uninterrupted series of panoramic views. Whether we walk or drive through the streets, visit a church or a picture-gallery, a shop or a palace, move on with the crowd, or, pausing ourselves, watch the swaying of the masses around us, we find ourselves always breathing an atmosphere of exhilaration. The day passes rapidly, and yet, when at midnight we sit down to count over the sights we have seen, the especial sounds we have heard, the steps we have taken,



in a word, the lions we have killed, we feel well satisfied with our achievements, and the life of three common days seems to have been compressed into one. And this seeing of sights is by no means a mechanical matter: it is a means of rapid development of many of our intellectual faculties. The memory strengthens and becomes systematic in the process, and, not content with grasping firm hold of that which to-day is present, but to-morrow will be forever past, it becomes skilful in exploring its old treasures, and under the pressure of immediate suggestion recalls a thousand useful bits of knowledge that have long lain dormant. Most travellers of ordinary intelligence and ordinary acquirements will be surprised to find how much they really know about a famous object, when they are face to face with it. A description read long ago in a moment of idleness, an engraving which won the attention years since, a few words dropped in conversation by some one who had seen it, — all these little reminiscences start up in wonderful distinctness just at the moment when they are most welcome. The conviction of the truth of this proposition, and the personal experience of its practical effect, are the greatest encouragement to each successive traveller to set down, in his turn, something more in regard to the old subjects, sure that, in freshening up the impressions or in recalling the old knowledge of some

future wayfarer, he will have won the thanks and increased the pleasure of those who follow in his steps. The change also from one day's sights to another is itself a means of development, and each experience, so far from being an isolated one, is an ever increasing force of preparation for the next, and intimately connected with that which preceded it. The perceptions quicken and intensify in the using, and each day finds us keener in discovery and readier in appreciation. And in addition to the development of the more selfish intellectual progression, through increase of the amount of our personal knowledge, comes that more universal widening of sympathy with humanity at large, of comprehension of the necessity and propriety of differences in its manifestations, and of inner unity beneath external variety, which follow upon thoughtful observation of the people of different nations, of different climates, and of different social circumstances. He travels to little purpose who does not learn ever a wider charity, and cannot hear the same human heart throb in every breast.

Shopping expeditions in Paris are unique operations,—in fact, they are intellectual and moral exercises of no small value to a thoughtful mind. The ideas gained are often important psychological facts, and mental gymnastics are often required in the struggle to master contradictions and to recon-

cile discrepancies. Add to this the amount of practice in the intricacies of a foreign language which one goes through in trafficking with Parisian shopkeepers, and a morning among them is far different from a lounge down Broadway. The presence of the Exposition Universelle, this season, is a circumstance which is by no means ignored by the smallest *boutiquier* in the city, and the keenest Yankees of the New World would hide their diminished heads before the superior astuteness with which the fact is made available in the raising of prices, and the bland pertinacity with which the alleged cheapness is urged upon the unbelieving. The shrewdest Connecticut vender of wooden nutmegs would own himself no match for the insinuating sweetness of the Parisian shopwoman, or the fluent and tragic persuasiveness of the tradesman, who lays his hand upon his heart, rolls up his eyes in fervent solemnity, and calls upon Heaven to witness his asseverations. There are so many brilliant shops, that one hardly knows which to enter; so many different prices, that one knows not how to avoid a mortifying degree of imposition; so many qualities of the same article, that one has need of a minute chemical analysis to discover the slightly false from the completely true.

We sometimes catch the contagion of that traveller's epidemic, the feverish desire of cheap shops; when we hear the initiated tell of wonderful bar-

gains, we are tempted to "go and do likewise," as the prices we have already paid rise up in judgment against us. And this, as we are bound in honor to confess, not from any feeling of avarice, but from the affluence of temptation to purchase, which makes us hesitate about the price we pay for No. 1, that we may be able to purchase an equally fascinating No. 2, and even retain a prospective hold on No. 3. If we do not wish for all we see for ourselves, we are reminded of the tastes of our friends at a distance, and would gladly take to them, in returning, that which, in purchasing, brought us a pleasant thought of home. And as the opportunities and the attractions of Paris rise far above the limits of any private purse, there is always room for, and temptation to, the exercise of a comparative economy among travellers, so that the fact is assumed among them, and mutual assistance proffered without hesitation. Therefore we too occasionally pursued the myth of cheap shops, but with small success; the El Dorado was ever unattainable, the oasis where we were to rest and riot in repleted pockets long before we had depleted our purses, was ever a mirage, — fair to the sight and graphically described by returning pilgrims, but still unattained by our weary feet. The locality of this wonderful region shifted about, too, strangely; no two people directed us to the same spot, or allowed that we had ever

drawn near the hallowed precincts, though ever ready to show to our astonished eyes the trophies they had themselves brought back. We finally settled down in the conviction that these trophies were like the money of Dr. Faustus, and would, after a little, turn to worthless leaves and chips, — which conclusion had a wonderfully composing effect upon us. It is quite a general weakness in people to desire a decent reputation for shrewdness, and one's heroism is very seldom proof against the mortification of being completely taken in. One kind of satisfaction is, however, always attainable in a place like Paris, and that is, the purchase of beautiful objects at high prices. Elegant trifles of all sorts abound, for which a price is asked which at the first blush seems almost exorbitant; but when, on closer examination, you discover the perfection of workmanship and the delicacy of fabric, the sum seems only proportionate to the quality of the article. There are many things to be had at a really cheaper rate than at home, but there are superior grades of most articles which are valued at high rates. Facility of transportation has done much to equalize prices, especially of all manufactured goods; and the time has gone by when travellers could purchase for a sixpence in one land that which would bring a crown in another. Occasional exceptions to this rule of course exist, but they are of rare occurrence,



and daily grow less and less. This season especially is it the case, as we are told that prices are advanced a third on account of the Exposition, and doubtless it is so. In the matter of lodgings, and all house expenses, the difference is very great; and perhaps the Parisians are no more to blame than others for making hay while the sun shines. They are certainly very polite while they do it, and give back a part of your money in the shape of a package of delicate flattery.

A drive through the venerable Rue du Temple, and a peep into the students' or "Latin" quarter, will be well for those who wish to see something more of Paris than is met on the Boulevards, the Champs Elysées, and among the residences of the great ones of the land. No greater contrast can be imagined than that between the spacious and airy Boulevards, where the fair sunshine falls on moving thousands with gay apparel and smiling faces, where the air is pure and the shops are cheerful, and the narrow and dismal streets, in which houses and shops are huddled together, and filth and reckless poverty reign paramount. The atmosphere weighs you down, as in some crowded market-place wherein the mingled odors of fish, flesh, and vegetables strive for pre-eminence.

The new part of the Rue Rivoli owes its existence, as well as its splendor, to the present Emperor. To

enlarge and extend the old street from the Place de la Concorde to the Place de la Bastille, in one broad, unbroken line, was a plan which many might conceive, but only an Emperor, in the plenitude of power, could successfully execute. It involved the taking down of more than a thousand houses, the removal of many old landmarks, the reconstruction of new and superior edifices. This has all been accomplished, and now the superb street stands as a wonder in the world. In order to induce the erection of edifices of a uniform elegance, the taxes upon the buildings are remitted for a certain number of years; and the result of this liberal policy is a long line of elegant buildings, and a series of spacious arcades, which form a fitting *vis-à-vis* for the gardens of the Tuileries, the new front of the Louvre, and the Hôtel de Ville. The Place de la Bastille forms a fine terminus for this noble thoroughfare. It covers the spot where the old prison stood, and in its centre rises the Column of July, beneath which lie the remains of the victims of the Revolution of 1830, about five hundred in number.

The Sabbath-morning worship in the Madeleine cannot fail to produce deep impressions on the mind. The church is crowded with kneeling worshippers; the perfume of incense floats towards us as we move near the altar; the solemn tones of the priest's

voice break in upon, without disturbing, the stillness. But presently the glorious organ bursts upon the hushed air, and swells through all the vast interior, echoing and re-echoing among the arches, till the storm of sound thrills the ear almost to pain. This dies away to soft sweet sounds, and then a pure soprano voice takes up a new strain, and soars higher and higher, till it seems to lose itself in the clouds. And again it is the loud Hosanna pealing forth its jubilant notes, or the full sweet tones of response that gush forth at intervals. Thousands are kneeling when the Host is raised ; costumes of every nation mingle in the throng ; the gorgeous vestments of the priests gleam around the altar ; the sacred candles burn ghastly in the light of day ; the *huissier*, or beadle, with richly-laced coat and breeches, and cocked hat, moves hither and thither with his staff of office in his hand ; people come in and wander round as at a show ; — and who of us, that are accustomed to the staid simplicity of Puritan worship, would fail to be impressed by this magnificent display, which is but the usual Sabbath ceremonial of the people ? — impressed deeply, but not as with the worship of One who “ dwelleth not in temples made with hands,” but as with any other ceremony in which music and magnificence unite to produce an almost bewildering, sensuous impression. The movement and bustle, the incongruity of spec-

tators, the brilliant colors, win the mind from all attempt to retire within itself, and keep it constantly on the alert for something new. To the accustomed worshippers, however, it is not so; they remain undisturbed by the confusion, abstracted in their own devotions, and full of serenity in their long prayers. One of the chief attractions, after all, which the Romish worship possesses, comes from the transient mingling of rich with poor, and high with low, which is, in itself, symbolical. The coarse robe of the market-woman falls side by side with the rich silken folds of that of the wealthy *bourgeoise*, the crippled old beggar kneels by the tall and graceful young man, the withered fingers of the decrepit hag meet those of the fair young girl as they dip into the holy water, and it may be that the latter holds her rosy fingers dripping with the consecrated drops that the old woman behind her shall touch them with her own. Prayers rise up from hearts that in the world outside stand ever wide apart, — here at least they unite as the voices mingle.

Five miles of railway take many thousands to St. Cloud when the fountains play, which, during the season of the Exposition, is on alternate Sundays with Versailles. The expense of *les grandes eaux* at Versailles is so great, that in ordinary seasons they are seldom played; but this summer is not an ordinary season for France, and she welcomes

the thousands who come to her Fair with right imperial magnificence. The fountains at St. Cloud are not so numerous or so expensive as those at Versailles, but the arrangement of them in cascades and basins is very pretty, and the Park itself is a place of enchantment on a summer's day. Solitude is quite possible for you, though you know that there are fifty thousand people scattered over the grounds. Noble old elms and chestnuts lord it over the soil in long lines, and shade the broad, smooth avenues beneath with delicious coolness. The birds sing gayly, and the cascades plash gently, and the bright sun of Paris shines with crystal clearness, and all the people walk about with smiling faces and their gayest apparel. They are fortunate in having a St. Cloud to go to, and having attended morning mass, and got through their devotions comfortably, they feel that the rest of the Sabbath belongs to them to spend as they please. And after all, some of them spend it very quietly under these trees, and have great satisfaction in their family picnics, in which father, mother, and little ones are together out in the fresh air till sunset.

The Palace is a most fascinating place, and seems more attractive from not being quite so interminable as some of the other enormous edifices through which we have been. Also, from being a favorite residence of the present Emperor, and always kept



in readiness for his immediate occupation, it retains a cheerful, homelike look throughout. Its details are very superb, and the stores of Gobelin tapestry are quite indescribable, from their profusion and richness. The furniture is nearly all covered with this tapestry, and couches and chairs glow with such flowers that you bend down involuntarily to breathe their perfume, and then turn away, quite satisfied with the reflection, that, if they have not the fragrance, they have not the fragility of living blossoms, and will outlast the fairest roses and lilies of the garden. Many of the larger pieces of tapestry which line the walls are copies of Rubens, and magnificent beyond description, while the ceilings of these beautiful saloons are, to my thinking, by far the finest we have seen. The Gallery of Apollo is itself worthy of a day's study. In many of the rooms are exquisite vases of Sèvres porcelain, cabinets of buhl and mosaics, and the billiard-room looked as if quite ready to welcome even royal players.

The historical associations with St. Cloud are extremely numerous and interesting. It was presented by Louis XIV. to his brother, the Duke of Orleans, in 1658, and remained in the family till Louis XVI. purchased it for Marie Antoinette, who took great delight in its beauty. Many of her happiest days were spent here. Napoleon also liked the place, and spent much of his time here, and

Charles X. was residing here when the Revolution of 1830 broke out. The paintings and the saloons and the old elms care little for these changing dynasties, and, so far, each successive one has loved to add to the splendor of the place. Long may it remain, to delight the thousands for whom it finds ample welcome!

The pleasure of our expedition to St. Cloud was much enhanced by the presence of two or three American friends, and the day was so delightful, and we commenced its pleasures in such excellent season, that, after a short consultation under the rest-inviting trees of the Park, we decided to spend the whole day together out of doors, and to deviate a little from the crowded highways, and see a French Sabbath in its more quiet village aspect. One of the party, having spent many years in Paris, and being quite familiar with all the necessary *minutiæ*, assumed the command, and the rest resigned themselves with unquestioning docility to his guidance. Having spent as much time as we wished at the palace, we took the cars for Rueil, where, descending into an intense quietude, we made a reverent pilgrimage to the little church in which rest the remains of Josephine and Hortense. The church has been allowed to fall into decay, but the Emperor is piously restoring it, stone for stone, to its original condition, and ere long his mother and

grandmother will be enshrined as they should be. Their tombs have received little injury from the hand of time.

After spending half an hour in the church, where, by the way, the workmen were as busy as on any week-day, we emerged into the quaint little village, which looked as if it had just awakened from a nap of fifty years' duration, and where our procession seemed to attract the attention of the few inhabitants that were visible. This place appeared at first quite impracticable for travellers, but in a few moments our indefatigable chaperon appeared with a barouche large enough to hold the whole party,—produced, as I verily believe, by much the same process as Cinderella's state coach,—and we were all driven at a pleasant rate over the pretty country road, every step of the horses bringing us to some new view of country scenery, as still and peaceful as though far remote from all thought of a great city. We passed the chateau of Malmaison, which hides itself behind embowering trees, and whose grounds are surrounded by a wall of most provoking height. Its present owner, Christina, ex-queen of Spain, jealously excludes visitors from her domain. Along the bank of the quiet Seine our carriage ambled over the smooth hard road, till we came to the tiny village of Bougival. Here, as the day was declining, we stopped at a little auberge

to dine. And dine we did in right rural style, in a room with sanded floor and wooden benches, eating the delicious little fishes for which the place is famous, and which are freshly caught for the immediate delectation of the guest, or tiny chicken of most tender growth, with *haricots verts* of most verdant aspect, snowy bread, and strawberries freshly picked, and of such size as to require cutting to make them manageable.

After dinner was over, as fit continuation of a rural expedition, we stepped into a boat at the river's brink, and were rowed gently down the stream. The sunset hues were fading from the sky, the long twilight, which lasts now till after nine, softened the outlines of everything about us, and subdued the coloring to a cool gray tint. The green shores close at hand were however still gay with scarlet poppies, and populous with many groups returning home across the fields. On one side was a little village clustering as if for protection around the stout stone church, on the other three men and two women were lazily dragging a canal boat through the water, and gave us a coarse but cordial greeting as we passed. For three miles of distance and innumerable miles of thought we glided over the sweet river in dreamy silence, and then landed in the middle of a green field, through which a little footpath led us to a railway station.

Night was closing in around us as we climbed to the top of the cars, where a few seats were obtainable, and from which elevation a fine view of the approach to the city by night finished up the sights of the day in fitting style. This is indeed worth seeing, for the countless lights which gleam from all the streets, and make of the great city a mass half shadow and half stars, which dance about and quiver and exchange places continually, as our own motion makes us look at it from a different angle, form a fascinating and peculiar picture. As we enter the vast Débarcadère, brilliantly lighted through its whole extent, we pause to watch the unloading of the twenty passenger-cars which make up our train, — and for a few moments we see a busy scene ; but soon the crowd has dispersed, and we, with the last lingerers, emerge from the building and wend our way homewards. Certainly, to look at Paris on such days as this, one would imagine that the main object in the life of all its inhabitants was to find amusement, and rattle off time in the most careless manner. A Parisian crowd is really a very gay-looking affair, and there is such an air of neatness and cheerfulness about everybody, that the effect is highly exhilarating. When to the good-natured faces and jaunty little figures of the people are added the gayety of the country resorts and the brilliant sunshine which floods everything with light, a



most picturesque whole is obtained ; and whatever may be said of the moral aspect of a Parisian Sunday, the artist, at least, may find in it many a picture worth painting. There is perfect freedom, too, to spend the day in any way most in consonance with an individual's tastes, and no one is obliged to desecrate the Lord's day. There are churches open where reverent worship is performed, there are quiet places where one may meditate, and there are one's own rooms from which all temptation may be shut out. And it is only in one or two instances, as at St. Cloud and Versailles, that anything may be seen *more* favorably on Sunday than on other days, so that, as a general thing, the traveller's Sunday in Paris is as completely under his own care as it could be anywhere. Nobody mourns if you spend it ever so badly, but nobody objects if you spend it ever so well.

## CHAPTER VII.

Hôtel de Cluny. — Manufactory of Gobelin Tapestry. — Jardin des Plantes. — Italian Opera, and Opera Comique. — Hôtel de Ville. — Hippodrome and “La Crimée.” — Père la Chaise. — Parisian Sabbath. — Bois de Boulogne. — Chapel of St. Ferdinand. — The Louvre. — Rachel at the Théâtre Français.

THE Hôtel de Cluny, now used as a museum, contains within its walls, themselves most interesting, thousands of rare and curious things, collected with patient care, and preserved from year to year for the satisfaction of all who enjoy the inspection of antiquities. The old mansion itself begins the story of the olden days, and, with its dark wainscots, its massive chimney-pieces, its beamed ceilings, and its well-worn floors, prepares the visitor for the accumulation of venerable furniture, ancient tapestry, and primitive china, which fill the gloomy rooms. So many of the articles thus accumulated have been connected with illustrious names, and their history is so well authenticated, that a double interest attaches to them. The original collection, made by Monsieur Sommérard, has been increased by government, and is now very large. The Hôtel was built in 1505, by the then

Abbot of Cluny, and the chapel pertaining to it is a fine architectural specimen. The vault rests upon a single pillar. The most incongruous articles are of course to be met with, and the consequence is, that the attention does not flag in the examination, but is ever attracted by some quite new object. There are a great many chambers, and the catalogue forms a large volume. Some of the articles could be found nowhere but in France, and that, to the initiated, is saying quite enough in their description. Some of the specimens of wood-carving are marvellous in spirit and workmanship; and the collection of ancient china is very complete. It takes a very long visit to get much idea of this multifarious assemblage of indescribables and oddities, of antiquities and celebrities, of beautiful and of revolting articles.

Through the old court-yard the descent is made into the ruins of the Roman baths, where we find even older associations than in the Hôtel itself. They date back to the time of the Emperor Julian, and formed a part of his palace. The stone baths resemble the coffins of a race of giants, and the confused arrangement of the covering slabs suggests the idea that the sleepers must have risen in a great hurry from their uncomfortable beds.

We make a long visit to the "Manufacture des Gobelins," and our drive thither takes us through

many quaint old streets. It is difficult to believe that these beautiful pictures, glowing with all the hues of life, and shaded with almost more than an artist's delicacy, are in reality the work of the needle. The best paintings of ancient and modern art are copied here with the most extraordinary fidelity. Strangers are allowed to see the workmen at their work, but the chemical processes by which their most wonderful colors are obtained are kept secret. The workmen sit toiling on through the long hours, with their big baskets of many-colored wool beside them, and sometimes the needle furnishes but a single stitch before being laid aside for another tint. The pattern hangs above and behind the artist, and he sees only the uninteresting back of his canvas,—one is tempted to wish it transparent for his sake. Wonderful carpets are making in other rooms; six years of time, and a dozen men, being a moderate allowance for the completion of one.

Any one who has a week to devote expressly to the purpose, may attempt the Jardin des Plantes with some faint expectation of thereby obtaining an idea of its extent and contents. Otherwise the effort is almost useless; for a day only suggests what there is to be seen, and a rapid survey is merely tantalizing, in opening up innumerable vistas through which one desires to penetrate. What shall

be done with all the attractions of the botanical department, or the mineralogical, geological, anatomical divisions? How shall we get away from the gardens, wherein blossoms every flower out of Paradise, to look at the museums loaded with the spoils of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, or find time for the noble library, with its portfolios of drawings and paintings of fruits and flowers? In the enclosures are living and thriving specimens of all wild and all tame animals, from the giraffe and Polar bear, and their handsome cousin, the hippopotamus, to the monkey and the bantam chicken. Boa-constrictors squirm about venomously under their blankets, lizards glide over the walls of their cabinets with slippery ease, and parrots chatter next door to stately eagles, who glare fiercely at us with their hungry eyes. Forest-trees wave their branches, and tell us that they come from every zone; and we rest beneath the dense shadow of the magnificent cedar of Lebanon, which has made a home for itself in foreign soil, and has stood here since the year 1735. The botanical department cultivates over twelve hundred different species of plants; the specimens of the animal kingdom number more than a hundred and fifty thousand; the anatomical reckons over fifteen thousand; and the minerals mount to a round hundred thousand. Now, what can people, who do not intend to de-



vote a long lifetime to the study of any of these branches of knowledge, do in the presence of such an appalling array? What we did was, to walk for a few hours among the perfumed flowers, pay our respects to the most wonderful animals, shake our heads doubtfully at the long rooms full of stuffed horrors and inanimate specimens, and take in, as well as we could, an idea of the vastness and completeness of the whole, reading over, in the books of reference therefor appointed, the figures which represent mathematically an array of which nothing else can give one an idea, and which I quote as possibly to be of the same service to my readers.

Cruvelli is singing at the Opera on alternate nights with Alboni, so that we are never at a loss for an evening's pleasure. Then there is the Opera Comique, which is now in magnificent order, while theatres of all sorts open inviting doors if we turn our faces thitherward, which to tell the truth we rarely do. Yet there is always something pleasant to do on these summer evenings, and time never hangs heavy, even if we only walk upon the Boulevards, or stroll into Tortoni's to take an ice and some *oublis*.

On Thursdays the public are permitted to see the sumptuous apartments of the Hôtel de Ville, — the grand reception-rooms where the city entertains her guests, and which, it is said, rival in

costliness the palaces of the Emperor himself. The balls given here have a world-wide reputation. The exterior is a fine specimen of the Renaissance architecture. Its complete isolation from all the surrounding buildings adds much to the effect, and allows all four of the fronts to be seen to advantage. The whole edifice within and without is redolent of the great events which have transpired in the shadow of its walls. The Salle du Trône is vast and gorgeous, as throne rooms should be. Then there is the room where Robespierre held his council, and where he made his unsuccessful attempt at suicide. From one window we seem to see, first the face of Louis XVI. with the fatal red cap upon his blanched brow, and that image fades away to give place to the forms of Lafayette and Louis Philippe, who embrace in the presence of the crowd assembled beneath. The ball-rooms are magnificently furnished, and upholstery seems to have reached its utmost point of perfection in the rich hangings of damask and brocade. The grand staircases are also of the finest, both as regards spaciousness and grace. The Place de Grêve, in front of the Hôtel de Ville, retains no traces of all the blood which has flowed over its pavement,—the scarlet stream of the noblest, or the muddy current of the lowest, has not left its sign, save in the memory of those who come to look upon a spot of so much

painful interest. And the people forget these things nearly as thoroughly as the stones do, and a shower seems to wash out the one stain, and a wave of revolution to obliterate the other, with equal ease. And the sumptuous Hôtel de Ville opens its vast halls, and lights up its painted ceilings, its marble pillars and gilded cornices and plate-glass and golden fringes and polished floors, and welcomes by turns the favorites of the hour, caring no more for those that have passed away into the shadow of death or misfortune, than for those who may yet appear in the unknown future. It can have its ten thousand guests whenever it chooses to issue its invitations, and one ten thousand will come in the same pomp of adornment as another, no matter who reigns, — King Mob or Emperor Louis Napoleon.

At the Hippodrome we go to see “*La Crimée*,” where Sebastopol is daily besieged. We sit down in the open air, but with comfortable awnings overhead, and a pleasant breeze sweeping over the vast amphitheatre, and behold a great naval engagement and a great land battle, in which the Russians are “knocked into the middle of next week” by the truly fraternal efforts of the English and French armies. It is really gotten up on a grand scale, and very popular with the people. The government sends some two thousand troops to assist in the representation,

and of course the sham-fighting is done in the most scientific style. An immense amount of gunpowder is disposed of, and the cannonading and musketry are quite deafening. The cavalry dashes hither and thither, the infantry marches in serried ranks, the artillery flashes fire and smoke, and we feel as if we had seen something very like a battle when the performance is over. To come out from all this mimic war, and find the sun setting in calm splendor behind clouds of crimson and gold, is to feel the force of contrast very strongly.

In Père la Chaise there is much to interest, but much to disappoint. The grounds are so crowded and confused, and many of the monuments in such bad taste, that the mind is too much annoyed at the incongruities to be able to appreciate immediately the really inalienable sacredness of the place. There is such a lack of solemnity in many of the odd assemblages of funereal ornament, that a thought of reverence which arises at one grave is changed into a smile at the next. But there are illustrious dead here, at sight of whose tombs every sentiment of reverence is awakened, and before whose names, sculptured in the marble above their remains, we bow in deep homage. This city of the dead boasts of an aristocracy of peerless names, and is rich in all the associations of heroism, of beauty, and of romance. How many a gentle thought has found its

birth-hour before the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, as it stands there from year to year, the image of an imperishable thought, the record of an ever fresh and ever glowing passion ! The coldest bosom feels a transient glow, the least romantic thrills for a moment with the depth of this tragic memory, and poetry awakens in the most prosaic breast.

The immense number of persons interred here, and the vast range and variety of interest which attaches to their names, wearies the most patient visitor. We find noble and plebeian, wise man and fool, beauty and ugliness, virtue and vice, in much the same pell-mell state that they existed when their owners possessed the power of locomotion. We have Talma and the shoemaker of Mademoiselle d'Orléans, Breguet the watchmaker and Dupuytren the surgeon, Madame Cottin and Madame Blanchard, the poor aeronaut, Marshal Ney and Molière, La Fontaine and La Place, and so on, in hopeless confusion of age and rank, till many thousand tombs are numbered, and the whole gamut of good and great, of small and mean, of true and false, has been run over. The pleasantest feature of the whole thing, after all, is the one pertaining to all French burial-places, — the evidence of the recent presence of the living among the dead as shown in the fresh flowers and the *immortelle* wreaths which decorate the tombs even when many years have passed since the dead



have reposed in their last sleep. It imparts a gentler aspect to the funereal chapels to see fresh flowers blossoming within, and even the tawdry ornaments that disfigure many lose a portion of their ugliness, and become transfigured, in the light of the loving thought which brought them hither.

I have said something of the freedom of a Parisian Sabbath, and the impression which this freedom makes deepens with each recurrence of the day, and assumes stronger and more distinctive meaning to the thoughtful observer. The heart of an American, even though he lay no special claim to religious temper, grows sick for that season of quiet rest which soothes the turmoil and relaxes the tension of our home cities. Apart from the positive worship and aspiration of the day, as it shows itself to the really Christian heart, there is a negative value in its universal observance in a community, of which many in that community need to be deprived in order to realize how very much it was to them after all. It is so wearisome to have the seven days so much alike, — the mornings all noisy, the noontide always toilsome, and the evening always riotous with mirth. We walk out from our rooms to go to the Oratoire, where many Protestants attend service, and where we may hear the faith of Geneva preached in the language of Voltaire. We find it more of an effort to keep our thoughts in the health-

ful and serene tone they had at starting, when we must meet, on our way to church, a band of soldiers or a crush of carts, omnibuses full of people and pleasure-carriages crowded, workmen busy on buildings and traffickers showing their wares on the sidewalks, than if we fell in with long ranks of worshippers wending their decorous way on the same errand as ourselves. True, the churches are patronized in their turn also, and many of them are filled with kneeling worshippers ; but they pray their brief prayers, and then rush forth to find more congenial employment in the most reckless gayety. They go to Versailles, or, if that is too quiet, to Asnières, and dance and frolic as if there were no such thing as self-denial, labor, or suffering,—they enjoy the most superficial amusement, as if there were no death, no heaven, and no rest. All is a turmoil of pleasure-seeking, and pleasure seems to be found by Frenchmen in what to most Americans, even of the least refined classes, would be the most stupid and uninteresting of employments. To those who look deeper than the outside, there is no great temptation in all this ; but to the very young, or the very thoughtless, or the very weak, there is danger.

This is a subject, however, of too great importance to be disposed of in light argument, but comes with fresh force upon the mind of every traveller newly removed from the protecting conventionalisms of

another country, and awakens similar reflections every time the attention is directed towards it. It seems sad that the wise proportion of seriousness and of cheerfulness in thought and action should be so unattainable in a community, and that the Sabbath should be made either a wearisome day to persons unaccustomed to enjoy thought, or a season of riot and blasphemy. Will the political economists ever find the way to make the seventh day, not only a day of rest from physical toil, but one of mental pleasure and of moral growth, to those who cannot keep awake through preachings, even if they are stimulated into going where they are to be preached to?

The Bois de Boulogne, famous alike as a drive and a duelling-ground for the city, is a very charming place in many respects, and of almost incalculable value to a huge and populous city like Paris. It acts as lungs to the great metropolis, and although in this respect Paris is better off than many other cities, having her Champs Elysées, her Tuileries and Luxembourg gardens, and her many squares, yet a large and unconfined area like the Bois de Boulogne can alone supply oxygen sufficient for so large a body corporate. Its whole population may come out here, if it choose, and find "ample room and verge enough" beneath the trees, and on the crisp, short turf. You may drive all day among the carriage-

paths, with little need of going twice over the same ground, and every evening, from seven till ten, you will meet thousands of carriages of all descriptions, from the barouche of the Emperor to the meanest fiacre that can be found in the streets of Paris to take up a family group that only seldom allows itself the recreation of a *promenade en voiture*. It is a favorite drive also of the Empress, when she is in Paris, and her sweet face may be met here nearly every pleasant evening at sunset. The artificial lake is very pretty, and all the numerous and expensive improvements which the present Emperor has made in this "Hyde Park of Paris" tend to increase the natural attractiveness of the spot. Its chief deficiency is in variety of surface, — it is too tamely pretty. A few acres of our wild American rough country would be worth millions, transplanted to the serene quietude of the Bois de Boulogne. Is even this too daring a speculation for "an enterprising Yankee"?

It is a fine sight in the evening to see the long lines of carriages going to and from the Bois, over the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées. The beauty, rank, and fashion of the Empire are there, and the rest of the world comes to look upon them. From the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de l'Etoile, unbroken lines of carriages move up and down over the smooth and spacious road, while the sidewalks

are gay with people who promenade about or sit beneath the sheltering trees. As you come home from your drive, when night falls around you, the effect of the view you get, as you descend the slight slope of the avenue, is quite unique. For the whole of the mile-long path is filled with two lines of serpentine and quivering shapes, which at first puzzle the eye in the obscurity of evening. They are simply the carriages going and returning; but as the vehicles going in the same direction with yourself present an unvarying blackness of perspective, their lamps being invisible behind, while the approaching serpent wreathes himself in a double line of fire, and seems to emit flames from his mouth, one may be pardoned for not immediately comprehending the element of mingled fire and gloom into which he is apparently plunging. This main avenue of the Champs Elysées is a promenade of truly imperial grandeur, — a mile in length and more than a hundred feet in width, with ample sidewalks on either hand, its course as straight as an arrow's flight, and the view from either end quite unobstructed, so that one can stand by the Egyptian obelisk and see the grand mass of the Arc de l'Etoile raise its cathedral-like proportions against the western sky, or, reversing the process, look from the Arch of Triumph to where the slender shaft of granite stands out against the green trees of the gardens of the Tuileries.



Near one of the principal entrances to the Bois de Boulogne is the little chapel of St. Ferdinand, erected over the place where the Duke of Orleans, the son of Louis Philippe and the idol of the people, breathed his last, after having been thrown from his carriage on his way to Neuilly. It is a solemn place, and full of sad interest; the chapel is simple in architecture and small in size, being fifty feet long only. The altar stands just where he lay while dying, and a marble group on one side of the room represents the death-scene. At the head of the dying man kneels the beautiful angel sculptured by the Princess Marie, the Duke's sister. There is also a painting of the same event, which is valuable for the number of portraits it contains. A little "praying-chair," belonging to the Count of Paris, stands quietly there, as if waiting for the return of its owner, and near it, those of Louis Philippe and the Queen. These chairs are covered with embroidery, the work of the mother and sister of the deceased Duke. In one room stands a clock, whose hands point ever to the hour when the Duke fell, and knows henceforth no other moment than the "ten minutes before twelve" it has marked so long; while in another room, another clock marks "ten minutes past four" as the fatal moment when the Prince ceased to breathe. The place seems deserted and lonely now, but is kept in perfect order and neat-

ness, though none of the kindred of the beloved dead can visit him longer, as he lies in his last sleep, safe from all storm of revolution, undisturbed by the flight of kings or the accession of emperors.

In leaving the Louvre, so long unspoken of, it is not meant to imply that we were not early and often drawn to its noble galleries; but rather, that I shrink back, hopeless, from the attempt even to arrange my own impressions. Each successive visit reveals more and more to be admired, to be studied, almost to be feared, so mighty is the magnetic force of some of its art creations. To those who have stood face to face with its treasures, the very mention of its name says more than all wordy description, while those who have not seen it can get but a faint idea of its wealth. Visited by way of contrast with the modern gallery in the Palais des Beaux Arts of the Exposition Universelle, we came to a fuller comprehension of the difference between the grand ideality of the old masters, and the fresh naturalness of the later artists, and learned something of the separate excellences of each. A nicer connoisseurship may venture to compare, and even to assign precedence, — we were content to enjoy both heartily.

Although admission to the Louvre, and all its innumerable museums and galleries, is free, — and although here, as at Versailles, you are allowed

to riot in the wealth of paintings and of statuary any day and all day, so that you do not call on Monday, when the apartments are swept and dusted, and made ready for visitors again, — yet the French government is not utterly without an income from these places, wherewith to cover the outlay required to keep them in order. The annual sale of catalogues amounts to four hundred thousand francs, and the deposition, at the doors, of canes and umbrellas averages one hundred thousand francs more. But the liberality which opens these mines of enjoyment to the public is beyond praise, and the demeanor of the visitors shows that it is thoroughly appreciated.

As if for our especial delectation, Mademoiselle Rachel determines to give six representations at the Théâtre Français, the scene of her innumerable triumphs, the kingdom wherein she has so long reigned supreme. It is said that the increasing fame of Madame Ristori has awakened Rachel's jealousy, and that, knowing how readily the fickle Parisians transfer their homage from one idol to another, she will show them in a brief glance how immeasurably beyond others she really is. Be this as it may, we rejoice at such a piece of good fortune for ourselves, since Rachel at the Théâtre Français is twice Rachel anywhere else. The house is filled each night with an audience which hangs in breath-

less silence on each word she utters ; and the applause at the close, though less vociferous than that which often bursts from an American crowd, is of that concentrated and intense kind which speaks plainest of the complete satisfaction which fills the listener's mind. No one can forget Rachel ; and no one who has seen her can fairly convey, to one who has not, an adequate idea of the mastery she holds over a sympathetic audience. That slight form, thin almost to painfulness ; that pale, sad face, lit up with those eyes by turns so fiercely gleaming and so sweetly soft ; those features, so mobile and possessing such infernal capacity of expression ; those gestures, so queenly and so classic, so commanding and so pleading ;—all, once seen, are imprinted forever on the memory. I do not believe there ever was a human face which could so completely belie in one moment the tale it told the moment before. The passionate vehemence of one thought chased away by a flash of loving sweetness, the calm despair, the lowering and pitiless hate, the revengeful glitter of the eyes, the waving of her white arm with graceful motion, or the lifting of the thin finger with its menace, each follows the other, and each in its turn thrills the hearts of those who watch this most wonderful of actresses, this most incomprehensible of women. There is a portrait of her in the Exposition, which possesses, to a remark-

able degree, the fascination, so powerful yet so nameless, of the face itself. Without beauty, it will hold the eye and fill the imagination as long and as powerfully as the fairest face that smiles from the canvas; and the memory of those eyes, placed so near each other, and lighted with such unearthly fires, will haunt the memory when sweeter visions have faded out of sight. The thought of Lamia never left me, in contemplating this picture, and often recurred to me in gazing at Rachel herself; I doubt if I should have been surprised to see the woman's form gliding into the serpent's skin at any moment. The glittering coils, the forked tongue, the hissing whisper, and the deadly eye, could not more successfully suggest the possible venom of the thought. She seemed not so much a tragic actress as Tragedy herself; and though others may retain coolness enough to separate the art from the artist, and to trace the working of mechanical effects, I confess that she swept me along so fiercely in the gusts of her passion, or subdued me so completely by the alternations of her mood, that I forgot even to attempt criticism, or to pause in examination. The severe and naked simplicity with which the classic dramas were produced, so unlike the usual magnificence of theatrical display, only heightened the sublimity of the effect; and the excellence of the other actors allowed the spectator to resign him-



self, without distraction or nervousness, to the full enjoyment of Rachel's every motion, every look, and every tone. The theatre has seats for twelve hundred persons, and on no occasion are more allowed to enter, so that comfort and order are never disturbed. During the time that Rachel was playing, it was necessary to register your name a day or two before the performances, and when your name was reached in the list, your tickets were attainable, but not before. We learned the method fortunately in ample season.

But Paris is not all the world, nor even all which we hope to see this sunny summer, so we put our large trunks in a friend's room for safe-keeping, and, with the necessary luggage arranged in the most portable manner, we prepare to invade Holland, and follow "the Kickleburys up the Rhine." We must be busy travellers if we would see the Alps, and get a glimpse of Northern Italy, and be back in Paris when Queen Victoria arrives. Rome and Florence are tabooed by cholera, and we are warned even against Milan.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Journey to Brussels. — Great Religious Festival. — Historical Associations awakened by wandering about the City. — Museum and Private Picture-Galleries. — Lace Manufactories. — Zoölogical Gardens and Sunday Concerts *al Fresco*. — Field of Waterloo. — Antwerp. — Cathedral and Famous Paintings. — Docks of Antwerp. — Admirable Hotel. — Passage to Rotterdam.

WE left Paris at nine in the morning for Brussels. We cast very loving looks about us during our drive to the station, for we have acquired a degree of home feeling here in this big city, quite beyond what the time we have spent in it seems sufficient to account for. But we had glided at once, and without effort, into a pleasant daily routine, and lived such a busy life of enjoyment and of independence, that each day had done its part towards making us familiar with all that was about us, and assimilating us with our foreign surroundings. It is only in the two extremes of very large city and of very small village that a stranger is allowed to commence this sort of instantaneous citizenship; in the first he gains it through immunity from questioning, and from the similarity of his position to that of a

thousand others who are, like himself, absorbed into invisibility by the rapid and inattentive motion of the city machinery ; in the latter he gains it by being welcomed into the small circle by the voluntary movement of the individuals composing it, who rejoice at an accession, and quickly induct him into all the mysteries of local gossip, and invest him with all the honors of villagedom.

The railway passes through a pretty and genial-looking country, though monotonous in its general effect. But that must be a forlorn soil indeed which cannot cover itself with some beauty in the month of July, and respond in some fashion to the wooing gaze of the sun. The growing harvests are ripening around us ; the vast fields, unbroken by the unsightly fences, wherewith we Americans so love to define our "lots," are green with grasses, or glowing with waving grain. The hay is making in many places as we pass, and the crop seems to be wonderfully abundant. During the journey, which takes rather more than ten hours, we had ample opportunities for seeing the chief features of the country, in spite of the disadvantage of travelling by rail. But unless a country is hilly, and you alternate from deep cuts to short and unexpected glimpses up and down ravines, you can gain very fair, and sometimes very distant, views from your rapid conveyance. There is a charm in these railway panoramas : you do not

see even the tame pictures long enough to get weary of them, and a keen, quick eye will manage to discern all the salient points of the more picturesque and agreeable views. Besides, when a traveller meets anything on the road which is peculiarly attractive to his individual nature, he should come to a full stop and enjoy it to the utmost; and that he can do as well if he travel by steam as by horse-power. The ease and rapidity with which we are wafted over spaces of uninteresting country is just so much advantage when one wishes to stop, and, compared with the older and slower methods of travelling, the railway actually makes you a present of a part of your time, — a circumstance to which people who consider travelling one of the “lost arts” do not attach sufficient importance.

We were detained a long while at Valenciennes for the examination of passports and luggage. This process was tedious to us all, and quite exasperating to some, if one may judge from the expression on some of the passengers’ faces as they returned to the cars from having their trunks and boxes unmercifully tossed over. We however found the officers very polite and obliging, and a civil word to one of them procured me the privilege of remaining in the car, where I had a pleasant view to look out on, and could enjoy the effect of a heavy shower on the trees and fields, instead of having a more practical reali-

zation of it in a walk to the forlorn and cheerless custom-house. There was ample time to "read up" in our hand-book concerning Valenciennes, and to remember that it was the birthplace of Watteau and honest old Froissart. The uncertainty as to the moment of starting, however, prevented us from attempting any expedition, even if the muddiness of the ground in our immediate vicinity had not made the enterprise difficult.

We entered Brussels at the hour of sunset, and after a short drive up a steep hill arrived at the Hôtel de Belle Vue on the beautiful Place Royale. A capital dinner refreshed us so much that we were able to spend a large part of the evening in strolling about, and to get our first impressions of Belgium by moonlight. A night of sound sleep enjoyed to the utmost succeeded the labors and fatigues of the day.

The morning sun rises bright and clear, and promises a glorious day for the grand church festival on which we are so fortunate as to have happened. My Lord Cardinal consecrates to-day a bran-new image of the Virgin Mary, and great will be the pomp in which this ceremony will be carried on. But before we enter upon this special performance, we take a long and pleased look from our windows. Our room is in the front of the house, and looks over the area of the Place Royale, with its handsome statue



of Godfrey of Bouillon, who seems to regard us very benignantlly as we offer him the compliments of the morning ; while on our left rises the imposing front of the Church of St. James. Our elevated position gives us a deliciously pure air, and the sunshine lies lovingly on the broad pavements of the Place before us, the said pavements looking nearly as neat as a lady's parlor, and everything in sight of our windows having a marvellously orderly appearance.

Our breakfast is taken at the *table d'hôte*, and we find that the hotel is very full, for we are in the height of the travelling season, and just now on the high road to the interior of the Continent. A large proportion of the travellers are English, and we are greeted with the familiar language at every turn. Americans are of course abundant everywhere : it would seem that they deserve the name they have of being the greatest nation of travellers in the world.

At an early hour we are ready to undertake the city, festival and all. A remarkably handsome carriage with two sleek and well fed-horses, a pattern coachman, and the inimitable *valet-de place*, "George," are at our service ; and certainly nothing could be more comfortable than the whole arrangement. We take a long drive through the principal streets, to see the decorations prepared for the procession, and find the houses adorned with flags and flowers, and the windows full of expectant

faces. Thousands are abroad in the streets also, and the whole city is alive with excitement. After a while we take a position which commands a complete view of the procession as it passes, and in a moment the music is heard and the head of the long column appears in sight. First comes an escort of superb cavalry, whose rich equipments gleam and flash in the sunlight till the eyes are dazzled. Bands of military music follow at intervals, and the body of the procession is formed of groups of young men marching slowly along with banners in their hands, of children of both sexes from the different schools, carrying flowers, nuns from the convents, priests from the churches, and among them images of saints, and lighted tapers, and perfumes from the incense, and the grand image of Our Lady borne aloft and sparkling with gold and jewels, and the Cardinal in his scarlet hat beneath the rich canopy supported by reverent hands over his sacred head. The wind instruments swell through the summer air ; the priests chant ; and sweet young voices mingle with the steady tramping of the multitude ; the horses prance ; the spectators stare ; and the whole thing is a very grand affair, — not, however, particularly religious in its effect on our minds, though it is the Sabbath and a church fête.

The church bells pealed forth their solemn tones, and the crowd followed the procession to the ancient

Cathedral of St. Gudule, where the consecration was to take place. We drove to the church door, and, at the risk of being crushed in the crowd, entered the beautiful church. The music swelled through the lofty arches, and the sunshine came pouring through the gorgeously stained windows, while the quaint aspect of the crowd, and the dresses of the priests and soldiers, made the whole scene like a picture of the Middle Ages. This old church is a wise old edifice, and has looked down on a great many very various performances in its day. It is very impressive in its interior, and the window in the Chapel of St. Sacrament is called the most exquisitely painted window in Europe.

In driving about the streets, we are surprised to see how very numerous are the associations suggested to our minds, and how familiar history has made us with the localities about us. The whole history of the Netherlands has been so dramatic, and individuals in it have come out in such romantic prominence, that every detail possesses interest, and a thousand names and incidents remain in the memory. William of Orange, Count Egmont, and Count Horn,—are there any heroes of romance whose names suggest more picturesque scenes, more thrilling memories? Is not the Duke of Alva — “the Bloody Duke” — a fiend second only to Satan himself in the recollection of the suffering people

whose annals are stained with the records of his fearful tyranny? We are in a land of romance now, and as we stand on the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, and look out on the Grande Place, with its magnificent framework of noble old mansions, or enter the hall made famous by the abdication of Charles V., or hear the names of many a street or building whose title is written in blood, we look back upon the distant past, and its usual dreamy aspect changes in a moment to sharp and present actuality. Other and later pictures too rise up before us, and memories of Waterloo flock thick and fast. Strange that there need be so much blood on all these pictures! Red seems the only color history has loved to paint in: will it never learn to use the blue of heaven, or the green of earth?

Not far from our hotel is the mansion of Count Cornelissen, where — its lord being absent — we were allowed to enter. It contains a valuable and finely arranged picture-gallery, and the house is itself worthy of a long visit.

The broad and massive staircases, the carved mirror-frames of wondrous delicacy, the antique chimney-pieces reaching to and mingling with the ceilings, the curious old furniture, the luxurious *boudoir* of the Countess, all claim attention. Many of the paintings in the gallery are of rare merit and beauty. The freedom with which the private col-

lections of paintings are thrown open to the traveling public, enables strangers to enjoy the sight of many pictures which otherwise would remain unattainable to any but a comparatively small circle. There is no difficulty in obtaining entrance by means of a good *valet-de-place*, and the number seen, and the time spent among them, need be limited only by the taste of the visitor, or the length of his stay in the city. The Museum, also, contains paintings enough to bewilder any ordinary mind; among them many of Rubens's largest, if not his finest, pictures. The Museum, as a whole, is too much like other collections of the same sort to need a special description; — it is very large, very admirable, and very tiresome.

We spent a long time at one of the lace manufactories, and were initiated into many of the mysteries of the craft, through the kindness of a young Frenchman attached to the establishment, who “did the honors” with great alacrity and unwearied patience. The exquisite beauty and variety of the laces can only be appreciated by thorough examination, and by the comparison of one degree of fineness of texture with another; for the gradation is so delicate, and the final extenuation so gossamer, that it needs a microscope to certify to the separate threads. Cruel work it is for the eyes of those who labor on it, — but who thinks of that?



The Zoölogical Gardens of Brussels are really admirable. The inequality of the ground allows great picturesque effect, and some of the animals are noble fellows, especially the bears. At sunset on Sunday a fine band gives open-air concerts there, and the gardens are crowded.

The Boulevards afford fine drives and walks, the streets of the city are neat and well paved, and the market is extremely well worth a visit in the morning. The profusion of blossoming plants and bouquets which adorn the galleries of the building, say much for the love of beauty among the people. The book-stalls near the market, and which occupy a long *passage*, are worth examination for their antiquity and the odd juxtaposition in which some of the authors may be found. There are many fine shops also, which do their part towards retaining for Brussels the appellation of "Little Paris," which it won long ago, and of which it seems to be not a little proud. It must be on many accounts a charming residence, and it takes but a short time to acquire a home feeling. The walks in the immediate vicinity of the hotel are pleasant, and the king's palace, with its pretty park, is in near proximity to us. One can but touch lightly upon all the things seen and done on such a busy journey, else chapters would grow into volumes, and repetition become exhausting to reader and to writer alike.

To visit the field of Waterloo requires the whole of a long summer's day, and we were fortunate in having one in which the air was fresh and invigorating. The drive is pleasant, the distance twelve miles. By taking breakfast tolerably early, and starting directly after, ample time is obtained, for the road is good, and the horses rattle along at a merry pace. The wheels fly over the paved military road and through the forest of Soignies, and the aspect of the pretty country is so quiet and peaceful that it is difficult to believe that the din of battle has ever disturbed it, or the trampling of armed men re-echoed through these silent solitudes. We took up on the way, the famous Sergeant Munday, the guide *par excellence*, who, in consideration of certain pecuniary compliments, condescends to explain the battle of Waterloo to all who put themselves under his charge. We left the carriages at the entrance to the famous precincts, and walked from one to another of the "positions." The Sergeant, now a white-haired man, is hale and hearty, and twirls his snowy moustaches with a highly military air as he fights the battle over again with many gestures and a most sonorous voice. I am grieved to confess, that, spite of his lucid explanations and his speaking gestures, I found it impossible to see the bloody battle, or to perceive "the —— regiment kneeling down behind the corn there, and the —— troop of horse

concealed behind that clump of trees." However, the field itself is amply sufficient, without the aid of detailed accounts, to suggest many memories of the great day, and Childe Harold is a better guide than even Sergeant Munday. The effect of a half-hour's solitude upon this almost boundless field would do more to bring back the sounds of battle and the scenes of carnage, than any other preparation. The view from the top of the mound erected over the slain does something to mollify your resentment at the mound itself, than which surely nothing more ridiculous could possibly have been conceived. The Belgian Lion, glaring at France, is positively comical, with his outstretched tail, and the whole effect of the pyramid is no more dignified than a colossal plum-cake would be in the same place. But having mounted the rough stone steps and gained the summit, you stand just beneath the big lion, so as to ignore his obtrusive existence, and, forgetting as quickly as possible all about your means of elevating yourself this two hundred feet in air, you make use of it to gaze over the fair and fertile fields, now rich with approaching harvests and waving in the sunshine as the summer breeze sweeps through the nodding grain. Now and then a little farm-house stands as in the battle, but has gone to sleep, as it were, now that the fight is over and quiet restored. The excessive stillness of everything around seems

as if it were the result of exhaustion ; and one must confess that it was a noble field on which to decide the fate of Europe. To-day the waving grain replaces the armed men, and blades of grass are the only weapons on which the sunshine glistens. The chateau and orchard of Hougoumont are perhaps the most interesting portion of the day's exploration ;—they seem to retain more of the story, as they bore more of the brunt of the battle. The ruined walls and gnarled trees look as if they never could recover from the dread and horror of the scenes in which they bore their part. Here, indeed, illusion might be possible, and a midnight among these battered stones might favor one with a phantom battle.

Of course travellers are tormented at every step by relic-sellers, who stick canes in your face and bullets under your nose, and old iron of all sorts into your hands, vociferating in your ears all the while as if you were stone deaf. Plans of the battle, pictures of Hougoumont and the beautiful big cake you have climbed upon, and descriptions in all languages, seem to grow up out of the very ground as you walk along. The pertinacity of these merchants in Waterlooisms is marvellous,—their fluency is torrent-like,—their imperturbable serenity, under all the indignant efforts of a traveller to get rid of them, is a moral phenomenon. Requests and threats are alike impotent against them, inattention

to their chatter only redoubles their devotion, refusal to purchase does not discourage them, and the fact of your hands being already filled with similar articles is no indication to them that you will buy no more.

The return to the city, late in the summer day, was delightful. Sunset hues gilded and glorified all the landscape; and whether the impressions received during the day had rendered us more susceptible to quiet beauty, or our eyes had not opened wide enough to see it in the morning, the country about us seemed much fairer and more interesting. The jubilant notes of the guard's bugle rang out clear and sweet as we dashed rapidly into the city and drew up before our hotel. The coach was a very comfortable one, neat, well-appointed, and not crowded. The present arrangement of regular stages to the field is comparatively new, and relieves the traveller from the extortionate demands of drivers under the old *régime*.

As the time from Brussels to Antwerp is but an hour and a half, we decided to take it at night, and so lose no time on the way. Time is very precious to us this month, and we must lose none on unimportant matters. At eight in the evening, therefore, we left Brussels, and at ten were established in delightful rooms in the Hôtel de St. Antoine. This house had like to have proved a temporary Capua for us,



so much were we pleased with everything about it. The house itself is spacious, after the manner of a palace rather than a hotel; our rooms are airy and handsomely furnished, and the *table d'hôte* is sumptuous. I think our dinner the first day must have numbered some twenty courses, and the servants were drilled to the utmost pitch of noiseless excellence.

Antwerp is famous for so many things, and in so many different ways, that it takes a little time to arrange our impressions and decide what to look at first. There is the fine old cathedral, covering an immense extent of ground, and surmounted with the renowned spire of delicate stone-work, which Napoleon compared to Mechlin lace, and within whose walls dwells that glory of art, "The Descent from the Cross," by Rubens. We stand long before the wonderful picture, finding every moment some new power in it, and learning at every glance to wonder less and less at the reputation it has won. "The Elevation of the Cross," by the same artist, is a companion-piece to the "Descent," but does not compare with it in excellence. The proportions of the cathedral are very large, — two hundred and fifty feet wide by five hundred long. As we stand in front of the church, and look up at the graceful spire, we are glad to know that the reason why our necks ache so in gazing at it is, that it rises to the

height of four hundred and sixty-six feet above us. The church seems somewhat dark and gloomy, but has, after all, a quiet and solemn charm of its own.

Rubens, Van Dyck, and Sneider were all born at Antwerp, and their paintings embellish their native city. In the noble old Church of St. Jacques is a chapel containing the tombs of Rubens and his family, and also a painting in which he has introduced his own portrait as St. George, his two wives as Martha and Mary Magdalene, his father as St. Jerome, his grandfather as Time, and his son as an angel. This picture is covered with a curtain, and the iron gate of the chapel kept locked; but a fee in the proper direction unlocks the one and uncovers the other immediately. "The Crucifixion," which is a fine picture, is by Van Dyck, and the marble statue of the Virgin by Duquesnoy. In the Church of St. Paul there are a great many fine pictures; and a few may be found in the Church of St. Augustine. The museum has many worth examination, especially one or two by Quentin Matsys.

But some of the most interesting features of this good old city are to be seen in driving and walking through its crooked streets, which are rich in ancient buildings and curious architectural effects. The bygone splendors of the once renowned and prosperous capital may be guessed at without difficulty;—it must have been a fine place in the

days of its wealthy old burghers. It is still a busy place, but the eighty thousand people who dwell here now are as nothing to the two hundred thousand that filled its streets in its halcyon days. The famous docks of Antwerp, constructed by Napoleon, would contain two thousand ships, if there were two thousand to put in them. The Bourse is also a most peculiar and interesting place; the architecture is of the Moorish style, and immense amounts of iron and glass enter into the vast roof, which covers the large area so perfectly that even the velvet-clad burghers of the olden days need not have feared the gray sky which sometimes hangs over Antwerp, while housed in this most hospitable of Exchanges.

The sunshine still befriended us, and we took a charming drive of several hours on the morning after our arrival, thus obtaining a very tolerable general idea of the city, afterwards deepened into detail by walks and more careful examination. The impression on our memory of Antwerp is singularly picturesque and distinct; and we should have been glad of more time there than we dared bestow while there was so much in the future to claim our attention.

The train leaves for Rotterdam in the middle of the afternoon, and as the dinner-hour of the Hôtel St. Antoine was half past two, and our expeditions

during the morning made us sufficiently ravenous, we were able to do ample justice to the many deliciously prepared viands. When we arrived at the station, the fair weather deserted us, and a low drizzle set in, which, by the time we reached the steamboat, had changed to a pouring rain. In view of such occurrences, it would be well if some arrangement were made by which the passengers were not obliged to traverse so much mud and water between the two methods of conveyance, — unless, indeed, it is intended as preparation for entering the amphibious country of Holland. Be that as it may, the mud did form to a depth quite incredible, considering the short time the rain had been falling. It poured in such torrents that it was impossible to remain on deck; so we contented ourselves with a view of the Scheldt through the cabin windows. This view was not especially extensive, consisting as it did of a strip of very muddy and tumultuously disposed water, bounded by a bank of turf which effectually concealed the low country beyond, but affording occasionally a sight of a tree or part of a house-top. We were obliged to take the account of the actual country behind the dike on faith, as it is somewhat lower than the level of the water on which we were steaming it in such melancholy style. The greenness of what we did see, however, was brilliant, in spite of the darkness of the cloudy and

lowering sky. Arrived at the quaint old city of Rotterdam, and housed in the comfortable Hôtel des Pays Bas, we forgot the dismal journey of the last few hours, and heeded not the heavy pouring of the rain nor the howling of the wind, which did not seem to be over well pleased that we were at last out of its reach. It is almost worth while to get caught in a storm occasionally, in order to experience that delightful satisfaction at the change to comfort and warmth within, from the chill and exposure without.



## CHAPTER IX.

Rainy Morning in Rotterdam. — Museum. — Church of St. Lawrence, and Grand Organ. — The Hague. — General Quietude of the Place. — Royal Museum. — Palace of Prince Frederick. — Palace in the Wood. — Bazaar Royal of M. Boer. — Amsterdam. — Stadt-House. — Museum. — Curaçoa. — Amsterdam to Arnheim. — To Dusseldorf. — Hofgarten. — Gallery and Artists.

THE morning broke in upon our slumbers, which were sound and sweet, but it brought no fresh sunshine, as we had hoped. However, water must be expected in Holland in all its forms, and certainly is quite in harmony with the generally submerged condition of things. As it did not rain in the morning hours, but only looked sulky and threatening, we managed to take a long walk upon the Boompjes on which our hotel stands, to cross some of the numerous bridges and overlook some of the canals; and, in short, we made the most of our time until the returning rain drove us to take shelter in a carriage, but by no means to a discontinuance of sight-seeing, for we have got up a steam in this direction of late, which not even the floods of Holland can put down, nor any elemental combination defeat of its purpose. So we drove hither and thither, mak-

ing up for the want of cheerfulness outside by merriment within. We spent a long time at the Museum, among Jan Steen's interiors, Ruysdael's landscapes, and the game-pieces of Weenix. It possesses also a small picture by Paul Potter, and a head by Albert Durer. This cheerful picture-gallery of jolly Flemish scenes, and barn-yard comfort, and simple daily life, was quite refreshing after such a surfeit of martyrdoms and crucifixions as we have had of late, and in the contemplation of which the heart is pained, even while the eye confesses the merit.

At twelve we drove to the Church of St. Lawrence, to hear a concert on the grand organ. This organ has been recently enlarged and improved, numbers now some six thousand stops, and claims to be equal, if not superior, to the one at Haarlem. It is certainly a very magnificent affair, and we considered ourselves fortunate in chancing on a day on which it could be heard to advantage. A gratuitous concert is given on Tuesdays and Thursdays, for the express purpose of showing off the instrument. The audience was not large, but attentive, and evidently appreciative. We sat in the dim old church in a trance of delight, while the tones of the majestic organ swept through the air, and rolled and reverberated above our heads. Yet, in spite of the enormous volume of sound of which

it is capable, there is nothing harsh or overpowering in its heaviest tones. Instead of the noisy confusion which might at times be expected from this leviathan at play, the loudest notes were full of rich harmony, and retained all their sweetness. Sometimes they swept by us "like the rushing of many waters," sometimes resounded like thunder among the hills, or like the ocean hoarse with storms; sometimes it was as harp-strings touched by angel fingers, or flutes breathing tenderest sweetness on the hushed air. The variety was almost endless, and nothing but ascertained knowledge of the fact would have been sufficient to prove to us that all those sounds of power and of sweetness really issued from the superb mass of carving which rose before us, and lost itself in the darkness of the high church-tower. The programme included a fugue, a chorus, a sonata of intense and mournful sweetness by Mendelssohn, a flute-piece, and a fantasia which allowed the organist to bring out all the wonderful versatility and graceful power of his instrument.

We have a room at our hotel vast in its dimensions and stately in its general effect. This apartment is some sixteen feet in height, is covered with rich old hangings and adorned with elaborate stucco-work, all mellowed and deepened by the touch of time. In a panel above the high mantel is a painting of a fair girl holding a profusion of gay flowers

in her lap. This picture is so full of freshness and beauty that I long to cut it from the wall and carry it away to a more cheerful place; but the huge room would be sad without it, and perhaps it might itself lose somewhat of its charm if removed from the contrast which now sets it off so well. The whole house belongs to the past, and is doubtless much changed from its original purpose, as is the case with most of the Continental hotels. This one is admirable in every respect.

From Rotterdam to the Hague by railway, is only about fourteen miles,—a trip accomplished in less than an hour. After an apparently interminable drive,—the station being at a most respectful distance from the city,—we arrived at the Hôtel Belle Vue, of which Bradshaw remarks that it “is not only one of the best in Holland, but in Europe.” It is, indeed, a very comfortable resting-place for a traveller, and, standing, as it does, opposite the Royal Park, and removed from all the bustle of business into a sort of rural retirement, it appears to entertain strangers simply from an instinct of elegant hospitality, and with no possible suggestion of ultimate profit. Indeed, the general stillness and serenity of the city are most remarkable, and those of the streets through which, as inquisitive visitors, we were driven by our courier, were characterized by a degree of quiet more suit-

able to a country village than to a European city of sixty thousand inhabitants. As we rattled over the ancient pavements,—often the only noisy thing there was stirring in the neighborhood,—the very sunshine seemed astonished at our daring to cast a moving shadow. It was as if the mighty remembrances of a sad and busy past weighed down the eyelids of the strong man, and, after battle, he must slumber away his fatigue.

But the past supplies enough of interest, and invests the quaint old place with an atmosphere of its own; this past has enough to say, even though the present keeps silence. There are palaces, and parks, and paintings, and hallowed spots, which call out for attention. The palace of William II. contains a small, but very fine, collection of paintings, and the room in which they are hung for the present is architecturally interesting. It was formerly used as a chapel. The grounds about the palace are pretty and well kept, and the two towers which guard the entrance quite well worth notice. There is an equestrian statue of William I. before the entrance, and directly opposite this, the so-called old palace, stands the residence of the present king.

The Royal Museum, kept at the Maurits Huis, is rich in objects of interest, and demands a very long visit. There is a large collection of Japanese oddities, which in their freshness, and while the regions



from which they came remained such a *terra incognita* to the rest of the world, must have produced a great sensation upon Dutch eyes. The Dutch have reason to exhibit the proofs of that commercial energy which opened up an intercourse with such a conservative people as the Japanese, and to preserve the data which prove their precedence of all other nations in this commerce. In addition to these foreign curiosities, there are in the collection many domestic antiquities, made interesting and valuable by the histories pertaining to them. The cuirass of Admiral Van Tromp retains the dint of the bullets which showered on that hero in the thickest of the battle; the sword of De Ruyter is rusty with the blood it shed; and the *habillement complet* which William I. wore when assassinated by Balthazar Gérard is kept in a case, to recall the sad story of a noble man's death. Then there is a model of the infernal machine of Fieschi, now thrown in the shade somewhat by other inventions, to be sure, but once a wonder and a horror.

We do not linger over-long among the dusty and faded relics, however, but hurry up stairs to the collection of paintings, rich in specimens of Dutch and Flemish art, and brought together with a royal munificence of outlay. The first claimant on our attention is the famous Paul Potter's Bull,

a painting so full of power and charm and life, that its subject seems elevated into the highest range of art, and an ideal halo to encircle it, as if to prove that Nature can speak to us with resistless force in whatever form her true artists choose to express her. In the picture it is nature rather than Paul Potter's work that is before us, and the young bull, standing there in the open air, becomes the symbol of all youthful strength and fresh vitality. There are two or three small pictures by the same artist, all full of earnestness and power. The value of this collection may be best guessed at by an enumeration of some of the more prominent pictures. An enormous canvas hangs in the centre of one room, which fascinates us with its ghastly interest. It is Rembrandt's "Surgeon dissecting a Dead Body;" and the admirably managed group which stands about the principal figure, as he points out the exemplification of his scientific theory, is replete with interest. Then we have a small picture by Gérard Douw, for which five thousand pounds were paid; and afterwards follows a long procession of *chefs-d'œuvre*, by artists whose names are a sufficient guaranty of their merit. Ruysdael's landscapes and Teniers's alehouse festivities, Mieris's highly-finished scenes, delicate in execution as the tinting of enamel, Albert Durer's life-like portraits, and Murillo's golden-green color-

ing, and Correggio's groupings, and Guido's lovely tints, and Salvator Rosa's tragic lights and shades, and Titian's gorgeous colors, and Tintoretto's portraiture, — these give but a hint of the value and variety of the whole. The portraits of Rubens's two wives, painted by himself, are also in this gallery, which comprises, in the whole, something like three hundred pictures.

The palace of Prince Frederick was open to strangers, in the absence of its owner, and our visit to it interested us much. It is a pleasant relief to turn from rooms and scenes which in their associations belong entirely to the past to those which are filled with the fresh, warm glow of immediate life and interest. The home-like aspect of the palace was absolutely delicious, after such long intercourse with dead heroes and defunct actualities. The palace is spacious and convenient in arrangement, not splendid in finish, but fitted with everything which may be made available in daily life, or minister to the love of beauty. Some of the saloons were very handsomely furnished, and the whole effect was that of a luxurious and tasteful home. There was a profusion of books and pictures, and vases of Sèvres and malachite nick-nacks, of rich carpetings and inlaid floors, of heavy curtains and gilded chandeliers; but all looked as if they served some familiar daily purpose. The toilet ar-

ticles of the Princess, the hats and guns and newspapers of the Prince, lay about in pleasant confusion. The ball-room was a charming place, and the polished floor seemed waiting impatiently for "many twinkling feet." A conservatory, with its atmosphere laden with the perfume of exotics, opened out of the ball-room, also expectant of romantic couples, who should, at the crisis of their fate, emerge from the gay crowd of dancers to tell and listen to some tale of love. Many an ardent lover has doubtless lost his senses amid these bewildering perfumes, and many a lovely maiden smiled or sighed beneath these hanging vines. The selection of paintings was in exquisite taste, and, though not very numerous, they were all of great beauty and value.

We drove to the private picture-gallery of Monsieur Steengracht. The rooms in which the pictures hang are of such magnificent dimensions and splendor of decoration, that the eye wanders from the paintings to the apartment, and back again, almost uncertain on which to rest. In looking at so many fine pictures as we have seen lately, we find that it requires something of an effort to individualize them in passing before them, and are often distracted in our attention to them by objects in themselves inferior. It is only by sitting down for a little while, and closing the eyes to external sights,

that we are able to restore the true proportions of art, and arrange our impressions into harmony.

The drive to the Palace in the Wood is a pleasant and quiet experience, which seems to allow a short but complete respite from the toilsome pleasures of sight-seeing. We drove slowly along over the smooth road and beneath the silent trees, and drank in at every breath the soothing and refreshing influences of nature. The sun shone brightly overhead, and flecked the ground with shadows of the quivering leaves above us ; the air was soft and warm, and the stillness almost unbroken. The palace is a curious affair, — a relic of the days when everything was *à la Chinoise*, and Indian monstrosities were favorite house ornaments. The hangings on the walls, and most of the furniture, were brought from China and Japan, and the effect of such a profusion of these peculiar birds and beasts, and narrow-eyed humanities, which greet you at every turn, is quite amusing. Excessive neatness also characterizes every part of the establishment, and is only equalled by the formality with which each article is arranged in its own especial place.

There is one establishment in the city which no visitor should fail to see, — the Bazaar Royal of M. Boer, a most unique and comprehensive affair. A description is out of the question, for the collection



is quite universal, and in wandering through the rooms you are met by about as absurd an arrangement of incongruities as you would suffer from in a prolonged nightmare. There is something from every clime and every age; things of every quality and every style, historical and romantic, novel and ancient, beautiful and hideous. French vanities and English solidities, Japanese horrors and Dutch abominations, Sèvres porcelains and German meerschaums, paintings and pianos, buhl-work and embroideries, Indian idols and children's toys, jewelry and armor,—all are found here in one grand conglomerate. If you weary of these, you can step through an open window into the gardens connected with the concern, where the same hodge-podge style prevails, and where, in order to get a nearer view of a New Holland cactus, you stumble over a Chinese garden-seat. The Bazaar and its contents are to be seen ostensibly for nothing; but an indefinable something in the air makes it palpable unto the perceptions of the most obtuse visitor that a portion of his surplus revenue must be employed in “patronizing the establishment.” And this is easily done, where there are so many really tempting articles, and the prices are not marked so low as to embarrass the purchaser with any sense of obligation from the owner, when the possession is transferred to himself.

The drives about the city are pleasant, the streets are often spacious and shaded, and the canals refresh the eye with their unpretending little strips of water. As we look from our window into the Royal Park opposite, we see many deer feeding within its green precincts, and watch their graceful movements beneath the trees. The grounds are separated from the broad and quiet street by a canal, which serves as mirror to the shore. The effect of the Hague upon my mind is that of a place where every one is living on his income, and no one driven to "work for his living." As a residence it must be dull, but it would be invaluable to a weary traveller who wished to have a nap of a few weeks' length, or to a student in need of seclusion to work out an intricate problem.

The ride in the cars from the Hague to Amsterdam, thirty-six miles, taken in the evening and in a very sleepy condition, is vague and unreal in the memory; but the jolting over some two miles of rough pavement, in a carriage which might have served as family-coach to Noah and his sons when they drove to the ark, and which was necessary to bring us from the station to the "Grand Hotel van Doelen," will not soon be forgotten. The hotel was full, it being the height of the travelling season; but it was midnight, and raining also, so we obstinately refused to be refused, and were finally ac-

commodated with quarters which the exigency of the case made us consider quite comfortable.

Now, Amsterdam is a place which is, from beginning to end, and from external to internal, quite unlike most other places, and every step taken within its limits by any one but a Dutchman is a provocation to curiosity. The quaint old mansions; the numerous canals covered with a most unpleasant-looking green slime, as if to conceal the particulars of their dirty depths beneath a miserable attempt at cheerful growth; the ancient pavements and the narrow streets; the dampness and the mould everywhere visible; the boats on the quays, in which housekeeping prevails generally, and the queer drays sliding over the stones, and drawn by horses in high-heeled shoes,—all these things make a walk through the city a very entertaining affair. The inhabitants in some of the out-of-the-way streets into which we penetrated stared at us as if we were wild beasts, (and if *they* were domestic animals, I think we should prefer to hail from the forest and the jungle,) and the children sometimes became really intrusive in their curiosity. Driving is not a pleasant process over the stones, but must of course be resorted to for the accomplishment of distances; but it is in your walks through a strange place that you become really familiar with its peculiar details, and are brought face to face with its people.

The old Stadt-House is one of the first sights to be seen ; it is an immense stone structure, standing on more than thirteen thousand piles, and looks as solid and immovable as any old Dutch burgomaster in his palmiest days. The famous gallery in the palace, which has walls and ceilings of white marble, and was originally one long room, has been divided into several smaller ones, by wooden partitions imitating marble ; — the effect is, of course, injured. In its original condition it must have been very handsome. It is profusely ornamented in bas-relief. The ball-room is also of marble, and is a hundred and twenty feet long, sixty wide, and one hundred high ; — on state occasions it is lighted by candles, in gilt chandeliers of exquisitely delicate branching and light tracery. Crimson curtains and cushioned seats relieve the otherwise chilly aspect of the room. From the roof of the building is obtained a very extensive view ; the whole city lies like a map at your feet. The twenty-six windmills on the walls ply their laborious arms ; the great ship-canal and the huge docks lie calm and still ; the Haarlem lake spreads out its waters in the sun ; the three hundred bridges of the city swarm with life ; and the canal-boats move about like snails, or snuggle up to the quays like lazy sleepers. The whole country is flat and monotonous, but so peculiar to a stranger that it awakens a lively curiosity. We spent a long time

studying out the features of the landscape, and impressing the picture on our memory.

The Museum here is filled with the usual number of Gérard Douw's and Van Dyck's and Mieris's paintings. Also one or two Paul Potters, and a large painting by Rembrandt, which, though the condemnation of Sir Joshua Reynolds stands recorded against it, I ventured to admire exceedingly. On our way home we called at Wynand Fockink's world-renowned Curaçoa manufactory. On introducing ourselves as Americans, we were most *cordially* received by the gentleman in command of the counting-room. The red and white liqueurs — made from oranges and lemons — were both submitted to our inspection, and served out to us in dainty little glasses, accompanied by delicate cakes, so that we came away convinced that the sweetness of the establishment itself was only equalled by the sweetness of the reception accorded to us.

The draught-horses here are of enormous size, and drag weights that seem quite beyond the power of any single animal. The high shoes or clogs of iron which lift their feet from the ground would seem to be a disadvantage, but probably serve some purpose unknown to the uninitiated.

The road between Amsterdam and Arnheim is monotonous and tiresome. One soon wearies of this endless succession of low fields, and narrow



canals, and stiff willows, and even the cattle grazing in the meadows seem to be of but two patterns, red and white and black and white in equal proportions. Arnheim has an excellent hotel, where we refreshed ourselves with a very nicely prepared supper. We started out in the early evening to take a stroll in the town, but the streets in the vicinity of our hotel, though neat and pretty, were so deserted and forlorn in aspect, that they came near to giving us the blues, and we returned to our cosy little room without getting a very long look at Arnheim.

An early start in the morning is compensated by a nice breakfast on board the steamer, and by the conviction that we are now fairly on the Rhine. We bid farewell to Holland without reluctance, though the picture we have of it has, after all, its attractions, and we would not willingly omit it from our European gallery. The dampness of the climate seems to permeate everything and everybody; the houses look as if they had recently emerged from the miry depths, the land as if just come up to the surface of the water to take breath. Vegetation of course flourishes abundantly, and Holland may be called the kitchen-garden of Eden, the paradise of cauliflowers and carrots. The number of handbarrows laden with vegetables, and dragged by the market-women through the streets in the morning, is quite beyond enumeration, and

the effect of so much moving greenery only adds to the general impression of dampness and mould. It can hardly be agreeable to live in such a moist place, but, judging from the sturdy limbs of the feminine portion of these ambulant gardens, it is not altogether unhealthy. But I do not think the amphibious style of humanity adapted to please one's love of beauty, if that love has been born under drier influences.

The Rhine during this day's journey was comparatively tame and uninteresting, the scenery from which its reputation is derived commencing at Cologne. We greeted this unexciting portion of our journey with great satisfaction, as a season of complete rest for mind and body. An occasional glance at the low, flat shore was all that interfered with the most lazy enjoyment of the comfortable couches and easy-chairs of the neat and airy cabin, and the of-late-forgotten pleasure of reading. This quiet was most welcome, for the last few days had been crowded with excitement and fatigue, which it was quite impossible to avoid. Twelve hours of uninterrupted repose for eyes and ears smacked of novelty to us in those busy days.

At sunset we found ourselves at Dusseldorf, and in the very short space of time which travellers require for such an operation made ourselves completely at home. The next day the weather was

soft and warm, a gentle haze obscuring the otherwise strong rays of the sun, and rendering it quite agreeable to wander about the pleasant streets. The town is really most attractive, the streets spacious, and the contrast between the old part of the city, where antiquity reigns predominant, and the newer portion, which is redolent of railroads and all modern progress, is very marked. The residences, however, have not lost the usual characteristics of European city dwellings. In no one point is there a greater difference of opinion between Americans and Europeans, than as to what constitutes a "nice house;" and the contrast between the exterior of a mansion on Fifth Avenue, with its spacious front and iron railing and broad entrance, and the dingy houses which rise immediately from the sidewalk, and guard the inner splendors with a forbidding outside, is to the disadvantage of the European fashion in this matter. The fact that these dismal walls are but screens between us and elegant apartments, wherein may be stored gems of art, the price of which would purchase half a dozen of our pretty houses, does not tend to increase our content with them, unless we are at liberty to change, at any moment, our position from the outside to the interior. There is, however, a sort of aristocratic effect produced by it, as if the owner were utterly averse to the admiration of the crowd

outside, and preferred that the only marks by which the palace should be distinguished from the warehouse should be the wider *porte cochère*, and the sentinel marching to and fro before it.

The Hofgarten of Dusseldorf is a delightful place, and in respect of public gardens we wish that American towns would follow the example of European ones. The setting apart a large space for flowers and trees, for avenues and shady places, would serve as an admirable counterpoise to the over-activity of the business element among us, and a sunset walk among the sweet influences of the spot would go far to soothe the irritated nerves of the wearied plodder among day-books and ledgers. We spent a long time in this pretty Hofgarten, where crowds of people were strolling about or sitting on the benches in the pleasant summer air. On our way thither we stopped to make some inquiry of a gentlemanly-looking young man, who instantly turned to accompany us, and show us the way we wished to go. A brisk conversation sprang up between us, in which we ascertained that he had travelled much in America, and had some thought of returning thither to reside. The vast resources of our Western country seemed to fascinate him with their possibilities, and he grew quite eloquent when he found that we were willing listeners. From him we also obtained much pleasant information in

regard to Dusseldorf and the many artists who reside here.

The School of Painting for which Dusseldorf is so justly famous has an exhibition every summer, and we were just in time to see it in full glory. Some of the paintings are very admirable, and comprise the works of their best artists. There are also drawings and rough sketches by Leutze, Lessing, &c., which may be had by paying what in any other than an art light would be considered enormous prices. Several of the artists themselves were in the rooms at the time of our visit, and interested us quite as much as the pictures.



## CHAPTER X.

From Dusseldorf to Cologne. — Emerging from the dull, flat Scenery of the Netherlands. — Cleanliness of Cologne. — The great Cathedral. — Church of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. — “Crucifixion of St. Peter,” by Rubens. — Shops at Cologne. — By Rail to Bonn. — Minster and Statue of Beethoven. — Afternoon Sail up the Rhine. — Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein. — The Rhine by Moonlight. — Palace of Stolzenfels. — Fritz the Donkey. — From Coblentz to Bieberich. — Rhine Scenery continued. — Wiesbaden. — Staghorn Jewelry and the Kur Saal. — Wiesbaden to Frankfort. — Attractions of Frankfort on the Maine.

THE train takes you from Dusseldorf to Cologne in three quarters of an hour, through a pretty country. It is difficult to describe the relief experienced in returning to hills and forests and broken ground after the long monotony of low, flat scenery and swampy dulness. I breathed exhilaration at every breath, and felt as if some mighty oppression were removed from my breast. While in Holland I was stifled by the close air, and subdued in every energy by the moisture, which saturated my spirit as it did my garments; and the stagnant green waters were as pools of iniquity unto my eyes.

The railway ends at Deutz, opposite Cologne, and you are driven over a bridge of boats to the city proper. The Hôtel Disch, at which we stopped, is

superb in all its appointments, and in many respects resembles a first-class American hotel more than any one we have seen. So very comfortable did we find ourselves here, and so attractive was the quaint old city, that when the time came for us to leave Cologne we did so with extreme reluctance. The old complaint of the filth and stench of the city, which travellers and poets have immortalized, has ceased to be a verity, and Cologne is now as clean as many a city which has heretofore held itself aloof, in all the supposed superior sanctity of the virtue which ranks next to godliness. The wit which has been called forth by the "seventy-two distinct smells" enumerated as belonging to the city of Cologne, will doubtless rescue its old unsavory reputation from oblivion long after all cause for its belief shall have passed away. So difficult is it to get rid of a bad name!

The grand Cathedral has a double fame, from its large intention and its half fulfilment. Workmen are now busily employed upon it, and there is reason to hope that the vast building may be completed. It is strange to see a floor of stone worn into hollows and roughnesses by the feet which have trodden on it for centuries, and to see the old weather-stains upon the walls while the building itself remains unfinished, and the scaffoldings and rough stones are scattered about for the use of the workmen. From

an examination of the choir, which is the only part finished, an idea may be obtained of what the whole will be, if the artist's plan is ever successfully carried out. The exterior is even more beautiful than the interior, and portions of the stained glass are very ancient, and of remarkable beauty. It would be a pleasant thing if the citizens of Cologne could wake up, some bright summer's morning, and see their beloved Cathedral finished from foundation-stone to topmost spire. Pity that Aladdin's lamp is lost, and such quick workmen as he could summon answer to no present call! As it at present progresses, the stones that were placed in the walls in 1248 may, in the unceasing transmutation of things, see the bone and muscle of those who placed them reappear in the newer marbles that the present workmen chisel into symmetry.

The Church of the Eleven Thousand Virgins—so long abused by history and tradition—comes next in interest, though exciting very different feelings in the beholder. The right hand of St. Ursula in a glass case, and the legs and arms of her companion damsels arranged in mosaic around the walls, may be edifying to the faithful, but are grotesque and ridiculous to others. It is said, I know not with how much truth, that many of the bones never officiated in a human capacity, but belong to no higher race of martyrs than innocent lambs.

Even if this be the case, the legend need not therefore lose its force.

In the Church of St. Peter hangs the altar-piece, by Rubens, of St. Peter's Crucifixion with his head downwards. It is admired by many, but is a painful and distressing object of contemplation. During the wars which devastated this portion of country, it was feared that the painting would attract the cupidity of the invaders, and be stolen from its owners ; so an inferior artist was employed to copy it, the original was fastened with its face to the wall, and the copy did duty as frontispiece. The two are fastened together now, and the counterfeit still serves the ordinary purposes of the altar. A view of the original may, however, be obtained at any time by strangers ; for, like most other objects of European celebrity, it turns upon a silver hinge.

The shops at Cologne are very attractive, and we spent some time in investigating their contents, and adding to our fast-increasing stores of prettinesses and curiosities. The waiters in the shops were polite and attentive in the highest degree. We wandered through many of the streets, attracted by the picturesque old edifices, and endeavored *en passant* to count the places where "alone" it is possible to obtain the veritable Farina Eau de Cologne. We were obliged to give it up in despair, however ; but we have grown lenient to these stereotyped trade

deceptions, and meet them with a smile, only excusing ourselves from trying all the various specimens, or attempting to decide as to their merits.

Instead of taking the steamer at Cologne, and seeing the less interesting portion of the river, which extends some miles beyond the city, we took rail to Bonn, thereby gaining three hours upon the river route. By dint of industry during these three hours, we were able to take a rapid drive about the place, to examine the ancient Minster, the far-famed statue of Beethoven, and the University. In the Minster is a fine bronze statue of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, by whom the church was founded. The University was formerly the Electoral palace, and contains a large library. The costume of the students is very picturesque.

In the early summer afternoon we found ourselves comfortably seated on the deck of the steamer, prepared to gaze with open eyes upon the beauties of the Rhine. Every mile of the day's sail presents new combinations of crags and cliffs, and sheltered nooks, and sweet valleys. Now a lordly castle looks down from its aerial height, now a precipitous cliff is crowned with crumbling ruins, and now a little village clusters around its parish church like children about their mother's knee. Innumerable vineyards cling to the sides of the hills, and crown the terraces, which rise like giant staircases to



heaven. The air seems to catch something of the odor of the rare wines that draw their flavor from the soil, and to whisper of the songs which owe their inspiration to the grapes that have ripened in the golden sunshine of the Rhine. The summer afternoon glided away like a dream of fairy-land; the sunset glories illuminated hill and vale and river with a golden sheen; and image succeeded image, and picture followed picture, as the hours went by. As we passed the spots made familiar to all eyes, and picturesque to all imaginations, by painting and by poesy, the very names sufficed to recall countless associations, and to fill up the outlines which in our rapid journey we are often obliged to content ourselves with at present. But the Drachenfels and Rolandseck, and all the ruined castles of the Rhine, suggest legends to one who sits at home in his easy-chair; — how much more do they possess of meaning and of reality to one who sees them just before him in the full glory of their wild romance, as the practical certainty of daylight assures us that we are seeing and not dreaming of them!

The moon was rising as we drew near Coblenz, and the huge fortress of Ehrenbreitstein flung its masses of shadow down upon the bosom of the river. Its frowning battlements threaten the invader, and seem to watch over the opposite city

as a lion might guard the slumbers of its cub. Woe to the army that shall waken the roar of the mighty beast, and rouse the thunder of its great voice ! Coblentz is delightfully situated on the river's brink. Our hotel was very near the great bridge of boats which lies between the city and the fortress, and we were fortunate in getting front rooms which looked out over the river. The balcony upon which our windows opened was adorned with a profusion of flowering and sweet-scented vines, and one could hardly ask for more romantic influences than those which were around us on that beautiful night. The brilliant moonlight rivalled in clearness, and excelled in softness, the afternoon's hazy glow ; the warm air of July swept past us, breathing the odor of vineyards and of flower-gardens ; the silver Rhine flowed swiftly before us ; the cannon of Ehrenbreitstein watched with dull but sleepless eyes the whole of the vast view ; and the bridge, so busy with countless footsteps in the day, was silent beneath the hush of midnight. At last, wearied even with pleasure, we sought for sleep, and through our slumber still heard the lulling ripple of the Rhine, and felt that Ehrenbreitstein protected us from danger.

The brilliant sunshine waked us at an early hour by staring in upon us in a very inquisitive and uncereemonious manner, and bore such an imperious

aspect, that it became immediately evident to our perceptions that this was no time for continued slumber. So, without allowing time for a moment's relapse into indolence, we accepted meekly the sun's rebuke, and rose to obey his call to "be up and doing," as he was. He did not, fortunately, object to our obtaining a good breakfast preparatory to the day's labors; and, after due appreciation of that traveller's blessing, and a long and admiring look at the morning view from our balcony, we took our seats in a luxurious little carriage, and were driven by a neat and uncommonly intelligent young driver over the smooth road to Stolzenfels. This road is a charming drive. It follows the course of the river, allowing beautiful views up and down the stream; it is in admirable order, and is shaded by fine old trees. The distance to and from the castle is not too great for easy accomplishment in a long summer morning. When we reached the foot of the crag on which the castle, or rather the palace, stands, we found a number of diminutive donkeys waiting for the honor of taking us up the ascent. The gentlemen declined to avail themselves of such utterly inadequate quadrupedal machinery, upon which it would have been quite impossible for them to bestow themselves; but I was mounted — or, to speak more strictly, set down — upon a funny little brown fellow, who

answered, with the whisk of a very scrubby tail, to the name of Fritz. His master kept up an animated conversation with Fritz, who was evidently a pet with him, and who seemed to appreciate all that was said. Though so small, these donkeys are stout and strong, and save some fatigue in climbing the precipitous hill-side. The air was pure and exhilarating, however, and to those in full strength the ascent is pleasant, and not exhausting at all.

The palace is a perfect gem of a place, belonging to the king of Prussia. It was fitted up and furnished in 1845 for the reception of Queen Victoria, and remains just as it was during her visit. The apartments are politely shown to visitors, the only restriction being that gentlemen shall put on the felt slippers provided for their promenade over the polished floors. When one looks at the exquisite mosaic and delicate quality of these same floors, the precaution seems not at all out of place, and is submitted to with willingness. The interior of the edifice is full of interest, not only from its being a reproduction or restoration of the original baronial castle, but also from the many rare and curious articles collected in the rooms, — ancient furniture, cabinets of relics, windows of stained glass, old weapons rusting in inglorious ease, paintings curious in history, if not particularly pleasing in

execution, and all the innumerable prettinesses appropriate to a royal show-box. But if the interior is attractive, the exterior is much more so, and it is difficult to turn away from the windows to look within, when such a paradise greets the eye without. The winding staircases bring you at every turn to little windows, mere arrow-slits in the massive wall, from each of which a picture may be seen such as is rarely met with. Stolzenfels is the most beautifully situated of all the Rhine castles, and is justly famous for the view which it commands. Up the river one can trace the valley as far as the Drinkholder Spring; opposite the front of the palace is the lovely valley of the Lahn; and down the river you look upon Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein, with the far-off mountains of Andernach in the blue distance. It is difficult to leave so charming a spot, and we lingered at every different view, for the prospect is divided into separate distinctness by the turret windows, which, precluding any attempt to unite the points of the compass, allow undisturbed admiration of each portion of the landscape, while from the projecting balconies, and, above all, from the roof, these separate pictures are united into one grand whole, which owns no limit save the horizon's verge. Descending the hill, we were continually turning back to admire the castle itself, and to catch glimpses of the little flower-gardens which glow



under the walls, and the huge vines which cling lovingly to the stones, and drape the turrets with graceful garments of foliage.

The drive to Ehrenbreitstein, and the ascent up the long zigzag path by which the brow of the hill is gained and the citadel entered, take some hours. We examined as much of the fortress as strangers are allowed to see ; but the most attractive features of the place to unwarlike individuals, after the first curiosity at such stupendous preparation for defence is satisfied, are the views from the ramparts, and the ever-charming pictures of the Rhine. The city of Coblentz spreads out beneath our feet, separated from us only by the shining river ; the “Blue Moselle” winds its way out into the open country, and the old stone bridge which spans its waters spreads its length of arches before us. The farthest limits of the scene were made distinct by the unclouded splendor of the sun, and the river shone like molten silver among the vivid green of the valley and the shadow of the craggy rocks.

Coblentz itself is rather an attractive place, and the number of excursions which may conveniently be made from it renders it a favorite stopping-place for travellers ; but we are not to be tempted into so many by-paths as to be obliged, at the last, to leave the highway unseen. We are glad that we laid down in the beginning such stringent rules for our-

selves, and find that by obeying them we do, after all, get as large an amount of satisfaction as the time allowed could possibly bring to us. Not that a more lingering and lazy method of travelling would not possess some advantages, and allow of thorough examination where we must content ourselves with a brief look ; but when the limitation of time is a fixed fact, a gradation of attractions follows in the train of that limitation ; the great and salient points are the only ones which we dream of seeing, and we grow expert in concentration and in examination. We waste no time in wishing for more time ; we lose no great thing in grasping after a dozen little things ; and the result is, that every day's experience adds a clear and powerfully-sketched picture to our gallery, though we cannot pause to fill in all the delicate tints, and soften and elaborate the details. This we may do, to some degree, by memory and study, or at some future season by a more leisurely survey of the same ground ; but now we ride upon the top of the wave, and enjoy the rapid movement as part of the performance. We find it exhilarating and exciting to look at the moments as of such golden worth that the wrong expenditure of a single hour is to be carefully avoided. It is suggestive of the plaintive remark of Mary Lamb, that, by attaining unto easy circumstances, she and the "gentle Elia" lost the delightful occu-

pation of discussing the final destination of any sum of money they had in hand ; there was no excitement in spending when spending involved no uncertainty as to which object was to be purchased and which to be left alone. So we travellers, having but so many days to spend, enjoy the choosing of what we shall do with them previous to the performance, and find new zest in the fact, that what we do is in consequence of a carefully made selection from among many attractions. And as we go on our way, and one bright image succeeds another, and one story obliterates in some measure the one which preceded it, we are really not so much disappointed at not seeing, as overwhelmed with what we do see, and find this rapid survey of the Rhine a very pleasant affair. Had we grasped at more, we must have felt sorry to take less ; but, starting with moderate expectations, we find ourselves richer than we thought to be.

At sunset we stopped for a little while at Bingen, just as the golden glory was bathing hill and valley in its light. In the evening we reached Bieberich, and, finding a tolerable room in one of the hotels, all of which are crowded at this season to overflowing, we remained till next morning, when we took train for Wiesbaden. Here we were installed in admirable apartments in the Hôtel de la Rose, and made ourselves at home at once. In an hour we were

ready to go out and look about us, and, taking a long stroll, acquired much knowledge of Wiesbaden, and more appetite for the dinner, which was served at a late hour. The hotel is filled to its utmost capacity, and the *table d'hôte* presents people from every land.

At six in the morning the fine German band begins to play at the hot springs, the limping invalids creep out to drink the waters, and the young people come forth to indulge in the anomaly of a flirtation at sunrise. The long, covered walk is filled with people carrying glass mugs, and drinking their contents with more or less concentrated expressions of disgust at the infernal draught. If there is no other gain in the process, the breathing of this sweet, warm air, and the exercise of walking, must be very renovating to these victims of late hours and city dissipations. The subjects of the treatment are, many of them, quite unattractive to the eye of a visitor, and sometimes disease makes them absolutely loathsome. We left the chattering crowd to drink the steaming waters, contenting ourselves with a mere taste of the nauseating beverage, which nature serves up hot, and, congratulating ourselves that we could obtain health at a less disagreeable cost, walked out over the dewy road to the Greek Chapel, which occupies a conspicuous situation on the brow of a hill in the vicinity. The building is

a mausoleum erected by the Duke in honor of his deceased wife, and the architecture makes it interesting. The view from the hill is charming. The Taunus Mountains surround the quiet valley very lovingly, as if to protect it from storms and cold.

After breakfast we went out again, for more minute examination of the peculiar features of a German watering-place, — in other words, we went to the Kur Saal, Assembly-Room, or Conversation-House, as it is indiscriminately named. On our way we visited many of the shops, which consist of long tables or counters spread in the open air, but protected from the weather by a piazza. Upon these tables are spread out everything which the region can furnish to tempt strangers. Among the wares articles made of stag-horn occupy a prominent place, and it is curious to see the ingenuity with which the material is adapted to all sorts of purposes, and manufactured into all sorts of pretty things. Carvings in wood also begin to assert themselves, and to warn us that we are entering upon the countries where every peasant becomes a sculptor, if you but lend him a penknife. Beautiful agates and cornelians attract the eye, and are worked up in a thousand various forms. I fancy nobody ever leaves these tables without purchasing. The waiters — mostly women — are civil and friendly; and although each one is laudably desirous of preventing



you from being cheated at the other tables, they are seldom disagreeably obtrusive at their own.

The Kur Saal is a handsome building, fronting on the Great Square. Its interior is quite magnificent,—the promenade-rooms, the concert-hall, the gambling apartments, are all spacious and elegant. The crowd begins to congregate at an early hour, and remains till late, amusing itself more or less innocently, as the case may be. Throngs stand always around the roulette and the rouge-et-noir tables, and gold and silver change hands like flashes of lightning, the rapidity with which the ownership is decided being, to the uninitiated, not the least wonderful part of the game. From morning till night, and from night till morning, the wheel goes round, and the cards shuffle, the heaps of gold move over the green cloth, the solitary florin follows the score of Napoleons, and still the calm dealers sit unmoved, and the experienced players emulate their unchangeable stolidity. The gray-headed woman puts down her money with sagacious calculation of chances, that remain but chances after all her thought; the young man flings his gold upon the board with a careless air, which is too often an ill-worn mask for devouring anxiety; and the old and wary gamester sits close to the table, intently studying the game, and following its movements with the pin upon his card; and all of these are only just

sufficiently conscious of the presence of others to shroud the working of their thoughts beneath an impassible exterior. Some of them succeed so well as to banish all expression from their faces, and resemble automata obeying some machinery of motion when they move at all. Not a quiver of the eyelid betrays when a man is on the verge of ruin, not a smile reveals the exultation of success. But there are sometimes present young wives who have not so learned to school their features, and who vainly strive to win those young men from the game; or mothers who will not leave their sons till there is no hope; or wise friends who draw back the outstretched hand of the thoughtless. There is no active temptation or persuasion upon the outside to play; only the silent, deadly influence of the heaps of gold, and the occasional rumor of large gains made by a lucky player. The maelstrom seems quite unconscious of the victims it sucks into its fatal whirl.

The construction and arrangement of the baths are excellent, and immersion in the soft, smooth, warm liquid is very luxurious, in spite of its questionable color. The baths are spacious, built of brick; they are eight or ten feet long, three wide, and deep enough to allow of floating. You descend into the water by steps in the end of the bath; and it may remind you, if you choose, of

descending into a dark and solemn grave, or of the healing pool of Bethesda. The partition-walls of the apartments stop short before reaching the ceiling; an arrangement which allows the steam to escape freely, and also insures against accident by the ease with which sounds are heard from the interior. This last precaution is quite valuable, owing to the size of the baths, which renders drowning quite a simple process.

Two days satisfy us with Wiesbaden, and at length we leave the bubbling springs, the chattering people, the rattling dice, and the sighing invalids, and bid farewell to the amusing Babel of incongruous sounds. Six trains a day run to Frankfort, a distance of less than thirty miles, and one of them has the honor of conveying us thither. On our way we have a fine view of Mayence and its cathedral, and number it among the places where we would, but cannot, stop. I give the distance from Wiesbaden to Frankfort in miles; but that is only in accordance with my American antecedents, and is not at all the way here. If you ask, "How far is Frankfort from Wiesbaden?" or any similar question, the reply is invariably given in time, not miles. Therefore, to speak in foreign fashion, we will say that the distance in the present instance is an hour and a half; and after that time has elapsed, we are transported to the Hôtel de Russie, which, we will remark

*en passant*, is one of the finest in Europe. Our room in the front of the hotel, overlooking the broad street, is palatial in size and finish. The lofty ceiling is elaborately adorned, the walls are hung with blue damask, the panels over the doors are pretty paintings, and the floor is tessellated with various woods. The galleries and halls through which we pass to the dining-room are quite romantic in their length and size, and dim, soft light; and a spell of silence hangs over them, as we pass over the marble pavements and broad oaken staircases, quite incomprehensible when we look at the crowd in the dining-room, and know that all those many feet must have passed through those apparently deserted halls.

Frankfort is one of the pleasantest of the German cities, and has an air of business earnestness about it quite refreshing after long contact with the general inanity of these interior towns. The first thought which comes home to a stranger's mind is, however, that Frankfort was the birthplace of Goethe, and we seek for every memorial of him. The house in which he was born still stands in the Great Hirschgraben, and his monument, surmounted with a noble statue, is in the square before the theatre. Then we must see the beautiful Ariadne of Dannecker in the Bethman Museum, and drive through the charming gardens which surround the city with their embracing arms of living green. The view of

the river from the broad and well-paved street which follows its windings is very fine. The Jews' quarter must also be seen ; it forms a strange contrast, with its ancient and overhanging houses, its narrow passages, and its black-browed inhabitants, to the airy and spacious and cheerful-looking portions of the city. The Hôtel de Ville contains a large saloon, where, in the panels of the wall, are painted full-length portraits of all the German emperors,—a worthy set of gentlemen, about whom the woman in attendance gives you a florin's worth of information. You may have it in unusually musical German, or in very admirable French ; or, at a pinch, you may get a queer patchwork of comical broken English,—a language which seems susceptible of a greater number of piquant dislocations and contortions than any other, and remains through all quite comprehensible to an Englishman or an American. If French or Italian were broken up into the absurd mixture which foreigners make of English, no native could understand the result ; while, with our irregular tongue, it makes only a few more alterations, and introduces another comic element.



## CHAPTER XI.

Drive from Frankfort to Homberg. — Activity of the Beggars. — Kur Saal at Homberg. — From Frankfort to Heidelberg. — The Castle of the Wolfsbrunnen. — Baden-Baden. — Visit to the Old and New Castles. — Dungeons of the Latter. — Strasburg and its Minster. — From Strasburg to Basle. — Moonlight on the Bridge of Basle. — By Train and Diligence to Lucerne. — Lake of Lucerne, and Ascent of Mount Righi. — Sail down the Lake to Fluelen.

THE drive from Frankfort to Homberg, about nine miles distant, is extremely pleasant, and good carriages for the excursion are furnished at the hotels at a moderate charge. Indeed, all our hotel experiences at Frankfort were pleasant, and induced us to resume our faith in the goodness of our tempers, which had in these latter days met with frequent and extravagant provocation. The most careless traveller objects to a style of imposition which seems based upon a landlord's conviction that the said traveller has not brains enough to know how many days he has remained in a place, nor of how many people his party is composed. Self-love rebels when indolence would submit; and when extortion becomes uncivil, it must be put aside. Travellers are generally rather amiable, and

connive with their enemies up to a certain point ; — it is because this point is too often passed, that they become belligerent. We hear of the one warlike demonstration, but the world is silent about the many unconditional surrenders.

We started for Homberg at an early hour, and drove at a good pace over the pleasant road. There are numerous turnpikes on the way, at which we paid toll, not to any visible or apparently responsible individual, but to a tin pan fastened on the end of a long rod, which was poked into the carriage from an open window of the toll-house. As no extra exertion is demanded on the traveller's side, he has no right to complain of the laziness of the toll-keeper. As we drove along past cultivated fields, we saw many cows harnessed in carts, and dragging heavy loads, and many women engaged in occupations which made them look even less feminine than the laboring cows. As a fitting reverse for the picture, we were followed and incessantly annoyed by stout young and middle-aged men, begging — not for charity, which in their case was a mere farce — but for cash. The ease with which even the cripples managed to keep up with the horses, the strength of their lungs, and sometimes the mischievous expression of their countenances, showed that they were carrying on begging simply as a trade. They doubtless make money out of it,

by carrying into practice so well the plan suggested in Scripture, — making people give because of their importunity.

Homberg is a charming little place, with fine views of the Taunus Mountains. Its Kur Saal is uncommonly magnificent, and contains a dining-hall considered one of the handsomest in Europe. It is a hundred and twenty feet long, fifty wide, and forty high, and is very richly painted and stuccoed. The dinner was not in accordance with the apartment. The roulette-tables were crowded, but the pretty gardens were quite deserted. Nature stands but a small chance with most of those who visit these localities. We returned to Frankfort at sunset, having enjoyed the day to the utmost. Another drive through the public gardens, with their endless extent of gravelled paths, and shady nooks, and flowery plains, convinced us that Frankfort is a very charming city.

The scenery between Frankfort and Heidelberg is renowned for its beauty and variety, — one wishes, for a while, to be all eyes. As for Heidelberg itself, the subject so often expatiated upon is not yet exhausted. Its beauty is fresh, though looked upon for the twentieth time; its charms not half mentioned, though pages are devoted to them. The frowning castle, magnificent even in its ruin; the town, with its antique quaintness; the hills, with their wooded steepes; the river, with its silver gleam-

ings; the Wolfsbrunnen, with its deep glens, its lovely waterfalls, and its secluded beauty, — all combine to make of Heidelberg a spot as unique as it is enchanting. Nature seems to have delighted to combine here all the elements of beauty, and art has added to its charms by its own efforts. The castle, with its noble proportions, its elaborate ornamentations, still perfect where the walls remain standing, is not only impressive in its general outline, but beautiful in detail. A whole summer might be pleasantly spent among the nooks and crevices of the castle and the terrace, and amid the galleries above and under the ground; while to climb all the hill-tops, and dive into all the glens, where something ever new and ever beautiful invites you, would fill up a second season. Each freestone statue in the long row of niches in the one nearly perfect side of the exterior wall, is full of life and spirit; and every carved window-frame would repay the climber who should seek for nearer inspection of it. A portion of the less injured division of the castle has been fitted up as a picture-gallery, and has been, for many years, the residence of the artist to whom the paintings belong. They repay examination, and, even if they did not, one should go through the rooms simply to have the privilege of looking out at the windows.

Of course we descended to the cellars, and looked

at the Big Tun, and the clock from which, at a given signal, the hideous old man pops out on the unwary visitor. We dined also at the Wolfsbrunnen, so famous for its fish, which are conducted to the hands of the cook through sluiceways leading from the mountain brooks, and which are cooked and served in the summer-house built in the most romantic part of the glen. It is hard to leave the balcony, — which stretches into the leafy shade, and lulls you with the near murmur of the waterfall, — even to eat famous fishes. The drive to and from the Wolfsbrunnen is — as every step in and around Heidelberg seems to be — full of various and never-ceasing beauties.

Three hours and a half of easy railroad traveling bring us to Baden-Baden, whose name revives memories of all the fashionable novels one has ever read, but which also possesses much more legitimate claims upon the remembrance. The railroad passes through a remarkably attractive country, and allows of occasional really beautiful distant views. The land stretches far away to the south in wide plains, beyond which the peaks of the Vosges Mountains rise against the sky. We intersect the famous avenue leading into Carlsruhe, and see the poplars which line the two miles of its length, many of them of almost incredible height. The stiff outline of these trees, and the regularity with



which they are placed, give a military effect to the view when seen from a little distance; one might mistake them for King Frederick's famous regiment of grenadiers.

Baden-Baden nestles among the embosoming hills as if afraid of the two huge castles which frown upon it from the neighboring heights. These are, first, the very ancient castle of the early Dukes of Baden, which crowns the summit of the lofty hill, and was once an imposing structure, but is now only a picturesque ruin; the second, midway down the mountain, is the more modern, though still venerable, castle of the present reigning family. The baths are, of course, the chief attraction to visitors; but there is beauty enough to justify a good deal of enthusiasm in an artist. The town is pretty in its details of irregular streets and pleasant residences; the hotels are numerous, extensive, and elegant. A little stream meanders through the glens, and the whole valley is a picture of peace.

The Kur Saal, or Conversations Haus, is a showy building, gorgeously fitted up, and crowded with gayly-dressed people. The band of music—which plays in the open air—is the finest we have yet heard, but hardly wins listeners from the chattering fashionables who dawdle listlessly in the walks, or sit in groups upon the piazzas. The gaming-tables present a more serious aspect here

than at most of the watering-places ; the betting is heavier, and the whole performance wears an air of business which is not to be lightly broken in upon for the less important pursuit of pleasure. The predominance of blacklegs resorting here has, of late years, injured the social reputation of the place. The holy serenity of nature in this mountain-spot seems to rebuke these hideous passions of bad men, and forbid its desecration by such unworthy pastime.

A drive up the steep mountain, on which, in mid-air, hangs the old castle, is only exceeded in beauty by the view which meets you on the attainment of the summit. You may — if you are not too dizzy — stand on the parapet of one of those half-ruined towers, and look sheer down into the depths of those fearful ravines, the bottom of which is, to your keenest vision, only the top of lofty trees ; and, when the head swims with looking downwards, lift your eyes to the far-off horizon, and take in the details of that almost limitless expanse. The Black Forest is around you ; sweet valleys wind among the dark hills ; the Rhine smiles in the sunshine, and gleams amid the fields and vineyards and villages. The Vosges guard the western boundary of this magnificent panorama, the Alps stand sentinel upon the south, and sixty miles of distance spread out before you in the direction of Strasburg, so that, in a clear day, you may see its lofty spire pointing to

the sky. The ruins of the old castle are quite extensive, and it seems as if none but a race of giants could ever have raised such huge battlements and towers and halls in this apparently inaccessible spot. It is difficult to tell where the rock ends and the work of man begins, so skilfully do the creeping plants and the mouldering stones conceal the foundations. The labor of erecting such a fortress, in such a situation, must have been almost incredible. The "New Castle," as it is called to distinguish it from the Old, though it was built in 1689, or thereabouts, stands some way down the hill, and is consequently less difficult of access. It is the present residence of the Duke, and contains some superb state apartments. The edifice has no external beauty, but is a clumsy collection of buildings, the chief pleasantness of which is owing to the sunny and sheltered aspect of the place. The beauty and luxury of the more modern apartments are hardly able to efface the impression the visitor receives from descending into the dungeons and torture-rooms of the older portion. Winding staircases conduct to dismal cells in the solid rock; the *oubliette* reveals but half its hideous depth to the candles that are thrust down into it; the Hall of Judgment is sulkily silent as to the fate of those once brought within its fatal walls. This was probably the seat of the secret tribunal, or Vehm-

gericht, so fearful in its day of power, and so invisible in its machinery. It is by no means unpleasant to emerge again from these noisome dungeons in the bowels of the earth, and breathe the fresh warm air, and feel the blessed freedom of the sunshine. Nothing else can give so powerful an impression of the reality of the cruelties of by-gone days, as standing face to face with these eloquent evidences of the ingenuity of torture. Are we, who shrink from single wounds, and fear the very name of pain, the same in flesh and blood as those ruthless old barons who looked on torture as a pastime, — ay, and bore it, too, without flinching?

The springs are thirteen in number, and maintain an unchanging temperature throughout the year. They burst out from the rocks behind the parish church, and are thence carried through pipes over the town. The reservoirs are closed with iron doors, on opening which the steam rushes out with great violence. The mildness of the climate here is attributed, in part, to the warmth imparted to the earth by these hot springs. The portion of the town in their vicinity is always free from snow, and is called "Hell." It is certainly a prettier place than its namesake, and the degree of warmth is much less uncomfortable than we are taught to suppose prevalent in the region referred to.

The country between Baden-Baden and Strasburg

retains the same picturesque beauty as that we have been enjoying for the last few days; we already begin to feel the influence of the Switzer-land that we are approaching. In order to stop at Strasburg, we were obliged to leave the cars at Kehl, on the opposite side of the river, letting our luggage continue the journey to Basle by itself. We crossed the river in an omnibus, the custom-house examination taking place upon the bridge. The regulations are extremely strict, and are sometimes made annoying to travellers.

After a short rest at the Hotel Metz, we proceeded to the chief shrine of our present pilgrimage, the Strasburg Minster. We had timed our visit so as to see the noonday performance of the marvellous clock before leaving. We were so charmed with the exterior, that it was a long while before we entered the door. The exquisite delicacy of the architecture, the heaven-piercing spire, the soft iron-brown tint which age and weather-stains have imparted to the whole building, and which is relieved by patches of green moss, each and all add to the impression of grandeur and beauty. I almost felt my Rouen partiality shaken, as I stood before this admirable union of massive strength and delicate beauty. It is however so unlike my first love, St. Ouen, that I reconciled myself to unqualified admiration of both, as not necessarily clashing with each other. It seems



quite impossible that the lace-like airiness of this spire, which rises some five hundred feet in height, should be of hewn stone; and standing directly beneath it, and following with the eye its clear and sharp-cut lines, the height, great as it really is, becomes exaggerated beyond all measurement, from the absence of anything by which a reckoning may be made, except the infinite vagueness of the blue sky. Figures die out of remembrance, ceasing to convey any idea, and we willingly believe that the clouds are really entered by the ambitious spire.

The interior of the cathedral is also full of beauty. A "dim, religious light" pervades it at noonday, and the soft air seems laden with the prayers that have been uttered in the sanctuary for so many years, and from so many sorrow-stricken hearts. The lofty arches are supported by clustered pillars, which give an appearance of delicacy without detracting from their strength; and the windows are stained with the rainbow's own hues, so mingled and contrasted that the effect is genial rather than gorgeous.

The clock is placed in one of the transepts, and draws many visitors at the hour of noon. The machinery performs various minor evolutions at each hour and each quarter-hour; but it is at twelve that the great pantomime is gone through. We watched the twelve Apostles as they came forth one

by one and reverently bowed before the Master, who lifted his hand in benediction over each. The angel strikes the hour, the figure of Time solemnly re-echoes the strokes, a second angel turns his hour-glass, the gaudy cock crows thrice and flaps his many-colored wings,—and then the puppets relapse into inaction, and the crowd that came to see them disperses, leaving the Minster to its twilight stillness, and the clock with no other spectator than the effigy of Erwin of Steinbach, which still bends over the balcony and seems to gaze upon his work with impish curiosity.

The other sights of Strasburg are the tomb of Marshal Saxe and the monument to Gutemberg; but, in fact, the whole place is both curious and interesting. The streets bear the marks of age in all their details, whether we look at the houses built upon them, the worn pavements beneath, or even the people we meet in them. The shops—at least all which we passed in our wanderings, which carried us over a great deal of ground—were filled with articles that seemed to have survived the deluge. I felt the fossiliferous state to be contagious, and my regret at leaving the city was lessened by my fears in this respect.

The time from Strasburg to Basle is five hours; and on our arrival we found all the best hotels so crowded, that we finally took rooms at a small house

near the river, which played the part of a *dependance* to the larger hotels, on an emergency. The situation consoled us for all deficiencies in accommodation ; — our windows, facing the Rhine, which is here one of the noisiest of rivers, drew us continually near them, fascinated by the riotous mirth of the laughing waves. The bridge looked so fair in the light of the moon, that we spent half the night upon it, too excited to feel fatigue. It is not often in one's life that heaven and earth, and air and water, condescend to unite in toning a picture into perfection just when one can best enjoy it ; but this summer night all things were in harmony. It is easy to conceive of the passionate love which a river like the Rhine excites in the hearts of those who are born upon its banks. There seems something almost human in its apparent sympathy with different moods ; and, less terrible than the sea, it is not unlike it in its mysterious suggestions.

We were unable to bestow any time upon the antiquities of this most venerable old town of Basle, or to visit any of the manufactories of silk and ribbons for which it is renowned. We long to be among the Alps, and every other attraction dwindles into comparative insignificance. So in the morning, we went by the first train to Sissach, where we were to take the diligence for Lucerne.

The cars were very full, but we were so fortunate at Sissach as to secure the *coupé* in one of the carriages, and thus to obtain at our ease the opening views of the Alps, which on this road are very beautiful. We were driven over the ground at a pace sufficiently slow to allow a leisurely survey of the country; and the whole day, with the exception of an interval for dinner, passed in dreamy enjoyment of the fresh summer air, and the lovely pictures which greeted us at each turning of the road. We reached Lucerne just after sunset. The Schweizer Hof was ready for us with an elaborate meal, half dinner and half supper, as if compassionating our famished state. Although Lucerne is but a small town, it is very grand in its hotel arrangements, and yields to nobody in the etiquette and ceremony which attend the operations of lodging and feeding travellers. It is amusing to see the manners of the great world outdone in a locality quite uncongenial to them; and were it not that the Schweizer Hof is really a very capital hotel, and the preparation for entertainment the presage of good cheer to the hungry, we should have often smiled at the elaborations of its daily life. Lucerne is a general stopping-place for travellers in going to and returning from the Alps and Italy, and in the height of the season is so much crowded, that for the time the rush lasts nearly every house in any

degree of proximity to the hotels becomes a lodging-house, or *dependance*, for those who take their meals at the hotels, but cannot be supplied with apartments. The Lake of Lucerne spreads itself out in serene calm beneath the summer sun, or lashes itself into white and angry waves when the rough winds come down from the mountains. It is completely embosomed in mountains, and the mighty ranges lift their snowy peaks to catch the earliest rays of morning, or retain the last gleams of the setting sun. From the front of our hotel the magnificent panorama spreads itself before the spectator, and demands an almost awe-struck admiration. The jagged peak of Mount Pilatus is one of the chief features in the view; but the eye hardly knows where to rest longest, when all is so fair. Pilatus on the right, and Righi on the left of the picture, form a fitting frame for the emerald-green waters of the beautiful lake.

We did homage to the monument of the Swiss Guards who fell in defence of Louis XVI. on the 10th of August, 1792. The design is by Thorwaldsen, and represents a colossal lion, which is cut in the face of the sandstone cliff. A broken spear protrudes from his death-wound, but even in dying he strives to protect a shield bearing the fleur-de-lis of France. It is a picture full of sadness, and the secluded garden, and its tiny pond edged with wild-



flowers and reflecting the image of the noble brute, seem quite in unison with the spirit of the artist's creation.

The sail over the lake to Weggis, at the foot of Mount Righi, occupies an hour, and the steamer leaves Lucerne in season to allow travellers to make the ascent of the mountain before sunset. The weather is just suited to the expedition, and the storms which have discomfited all the travellers here for three weeks past have fled away, and left a cloudless sky and a pure and transparent air. The lake glowed and palpitated in the intense sunlight as we glided along our pleasant way; and many a merry laugh arose among the good-natured travellers on board, which formed a pleasing contrast to the grumbling fussiness of some English people, who had left behind a part of their luggage, and whom the captain found it quite impossible to pacify. We were glad to leave them when we disembarked at Weggis, and my last recollection of the steamer is illuminated by the lustre of the old gentleman's inflamed countenance, and the hardly less rosy face of his rotund spouse, who flapped her brown straw hat most resentfully.

The Lake of Lucerne offers every variety of beauty to the eye, and ranks high even in Swiss scenery. Bold precipices and towering hills bend down to gaze into those marvellous green waves;

range after range of mountains intervenes between you and the horizon ; the near and lower summits are verdant pasture-lands, now clothed in mantles of quivering green ; the distant peaks are covered with perpetual snows, that glitter in the noonday sun. Sheltered valleys reveal themselves between the hills, where cottages cluster or flocks are grazing ; goats lie tranquilly upon the edges of dark and fearful ravines, or browse upon the sweet grass growing in the clefts of the slippery rocks ; cascades fall like silver threads over the rough hill-sides ; the deep blue sky arches over the whole view, which forms a picture not easily forgotten, — one, too, which the artist seeks in vain to copy. The little steamer glides along very quietly among all this beauty, and at length draws up at the landing-place of the little hamlet of Weggis, which nestles at the foot of the Righi, and affords rest to travellers who wait for the steamer.

We mounted on the ponies which are in waiting to carry lazy people up the mountain, and were soon upon our way to the summit. We looked back pityingly, from time to time, upon the pedestrians behind. It takes little longer to walk up than to ride ; but the fatigue must be very great, excepting to those who have served a recent apprenticeship at climbing. The heat of the sun was intense during the first half of the journey. In the valley it was

almost suffocating ; but as we rose higher and higher, the air grew fresher and more invigorating, till, as we neared the summit, it became really cold. The views which are visible at different stages of the ascent are almost unsurpassable. The green lake lies just beneath ; the precipices pile themselves high above your head, and deep ravines yawn at your side ; the sunny valleys shelter herds and flocks ; and the distant peaks rise bleak and bare into the air. It takes about four hours to ascend the mountain ; the path is in many places quite dangerous, and requires a guide at the head of each horse ; but the views attained at every new upward step distract the eyes and the thought from all apprehension, even in the usually timid. The heat of the sun, in this four hours of unalloyed basking, effectually warmed us, and thawed out the last remains of the chilliness which has pursued us ever since we left the damps of Holland. At last we reached the summit, and here the prospect widened into distracting extent ;—it is as if one saw the kingdoms of the whole earth.

The clear day soon closed in a gorgeous sunset, thus giving us the first instalment of what we came to see, but which does not reward all who toil up the height. We follow after an unusually protracted storm, having met many disappointed travellers, who found Switzerland a region of fogs and rain. We

were willing to have rain in Holland, where moisture is the order of the day ; and hope to reap our reward through this portion of our journey, where clear weather is more necessary, though by no means more common, than elsewhere. We had, in all their perfection, the sights we had climbed nearly six thousand feet to see ; — a flaming sunset, wherein crimson and purple and gold strove for mastery as on a battle-ground, followed soon after by the rising of the full moon in pale, clear majesty, all white and fair, as if to shame the more flaunting exit of the sun ; and when the morning came, a sunrise which was “one of a thousand.” To appreciate our good fortune, we had but to look in our handbook, wherein it is emphatically set down : “ Travellers should prepare themselves for disappointment, since the trouble of an ascent is often repaid with clouds and an impenetrable mist, instead of a fine sunrise and an extensive prospect.” When a prospect embraces — as does that from Mount Righi — a circuit of three hundred miles, it may indeed be called extensive, and require a clear atmosphere for its complete enjoyment. The melancholy experience of travellers in this respect is very ludicrously set forth in lines which, though familiar to all who go over the ground, may be new to some of my stay-at-home readers. They describe the whole thing so admirably, that I may be pardoned for transcribing them from the handbook : —

“ Nine weary up-hill miles we sped,  
The setting sun to see;  
Sulky and grim he went to bed,  
Sulky and grim went we.  
Seven sleepless hours we tossed, and then,  
The rising sun to see,  
Sulky and grim we rose again,  
Sulky and grim rose he.”

The hotel was fearfully crowded. The chambers were appropriated to the ladies, and the gentleman who found a place upon the floor or upon a dining-table where he might stretch his weary limbs was comparatively lucky. The hay-lofts were full, the servants of the establishment let their downy couches at a premium, and every available nook was made serviceable. People retired — if the process can be called retiring — at an early hour, in order to catch a little sleep before the great performance of the sunrise should come off. About three o'clock a horn like those which blew down the walls of Jericho awoke the sleeping echoes, as well as the sleeping travellers, and from every quarter poured forth a promiscuous array of men, women, and children, who rushed out to “see the sun rise.” When it is explained that the house is only planned for the accommodation of two hundred persons, and that on this night six hundred had been packed away somewhere, the state of things will be understood without minute description. Something more may be known of the



misery of many of these people by mentioning that they had been travelling the day before in the intense heat of the valleys, and, as luggage is an impossibility on the Righi, those who had not provided themselves with shawls and cloaks either shivered in thin garments, or appeared in quilts and bed-blankets as some protection against the deadly chill of the early morning. How grotesque were the flapping straw hats of the night before, with their faded bunches of red rhododendron stuck in the crown ! How forlorn were the muslin dresses in the pitiless breeze, and how that crowd wandered hither and thither upon the Righi Culm, in search of that sunrise that delayed to come ! And when it did come, outdoing all that had been promised, half that crowd took one look as the sun showed the top of his forehead in the east, and then, with even greater eagerness than that which brought them hither, rushed back to the house to get the earliest cup of coffee and the first slice of toast. But the sun rose on, and soon showed himself completely to those who did wait. The rosy light crept over the hill-tops, and peeped into the dark valleys, and smiled at the sleeping lakes ; and at last illuminated the whole scene, and shed his most radiant beams among the innumerable Alps. The monarch of the morning cared little for the hungry crowd who were snarling over their breakfast, and went on

painting his picture for the eye of God to look at and call good.

The hotel kept on the summit is something quite remarkable, when the difficulties of its position are considered. Those who regard the log-hut on the top of Mount Washington as a wonderful achievement, would be surprised to find a dinner of a dozen courses properly served on the Righi Culm. The Alp is, however, a very different sort of fellow from the bleak hill of New England, and much more hospitable in his bearing towards man and beast. The whole of the Righi is one vast pasture-land, whereon two thousand cattle find ample summer feed, and the air is not unpleasantly cold in the day-time. The turf growing on the slopes has a glow and freshness about it rivalling the finest English lawns. Some of the mountains in its vicinity, however, are utterly bare and rocky.

After a comfortable breakfast, and a farewell glance at the wonderful views, we commenced our descent of the mountain. I was seated in a *chaise à porteurs*, with two sturdy bearers, who made as much of my weight as if I had been a canary-bird on its perch, and who set out at a most extraordinary sort of dog-trot, by which I obtained about as violent exercise as if I had been rolled from the top of the mountain to the bottom. I was obliged to restrain their ardor at the first possible opportunity,

or I should have been beyond the aid of the surgeon before arriving at the end of the journey. Even when the bearers walk, the motion is very disagreeable, and the sharpness of the descent, and the jumps and jerks which are inevitable, oblige the passenger to sit backwards and gaze into the heavens at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that the whole effect is more peculiar than delightful. We halted to breathe at the midway fountain, and after a sweet draught of its sparkling waters proceeded down to the landing-place, which we reached in ample season for a slight breakfast number two, and the morning's boat from Lucerne.

The sail down the lake is full of variety and charm. The shores present every form and picturesque outline, and the green depths reflect the crags and hills, or mirror the smiling green vales. Much romantic interest also appertains to this locality, and the recollections of our childhood are stirred within us as we pass Tell's Chapel, which marks the spot where the hero sprang ashore and escaped from the tyrant Gessler. It would be treason to question the existence of William Tell while we remain upon ground hallowed by the traditions of his bravery and patriotism; so we look reverently at the localities associated with his name, and care not that critics deem him a mere myth.

## CHAPTER XII.

Post Carriage at Fluelen. — Travelling Companions. — Pass of St. Gothard. — Alpine Flowers. — Dirt and Heat of Bellinzona. — Como. — From Como to Milan. — Milan Cathedral. — “Last Supper” of Da Vinci. — Brera Gallery. — Plains of Lombardy. — Lake Como by Moonlight.

WE landed at Fluelen, a pretty little place at the lower end of the lake, and rested ourselves for a while in the inn. We were so fortunate as to find a comfortable open carriage for the next stage in our journey, and, having united in the bonds of travelling friendship with an English lady and gentleman who were going the same route, we fraternized concerning the said carriage, and determined to enjoy each others’ society as long as possible. We were in excellent spirits ; our companions had already approved themselves to us as thoroughly agreeable persons, and nothing could exceed the general amiability. In fact, the circumstances were such as to produce good humor, unless we were of harder natures than most people would be willing to acknowledge. We established ourselves in the roomy vehicle, after a hearty laugh

at its absurd aspect when viewed from the outside; but having finally ascended into its heights, and descended into its depths, we found it an admirable affair for the stowage of our indiscriminate heaps of cloaks, and shawls, and bags, and canes, and baskets. Our horses were of different colors; our driver had his younger brother's clothes on; the splendor of our carriage, and even its power to shelter from sun and rain, were sadly marred by the wear and tear of the many years since it had been in the neighborhood of a carriage-maker;—but who cared for these things, when the Alps were close by us, and the day was delightful, and the company friendly? We unanimously decided that it was much more amusing than it would have been with things in better order; so the driver put on his jaunty hat, mounted triumphantly upon his battered coach-box, cracked his whip loudly, and we started off with a rushing, unequal motion, caused partly by the peculiar working of the harness, and partly by the fact that one horse was in a rough canter, and the other in a most reluctant walk.

Of the noble scenery of the Pass of the St. Gothard it is useless to attempt description, since it is familiarized to everybody by pictures, and since one can but repeat words already made use of a thousand times. The lofty walls of rock, the fathomless ravines, the cavernous hollows, into which we pene-



trated only to emerge upon the brow of a precipice from which we could look far out over the valleys beneath, and the wonderful post-road, winding and writhing its blue-white length among all these intricacies, and mastering heights and depths with scientific ease,—all these things called forth our admiring exclamations. At Amsteg, the little village where we stopped to dine and rest awhile from the intense heat, we were surprised to find one of the most charming views of the whole journey, but of which we found no mention in any of our books. We strolled out after dinner, and found a deep and shadowy glen where the air was fresh and cool, and, sitting down by the stream which rippled through it, spent a long time in quiet enjoyment of the Alpine view. The mountains rise almost perpendicularly from the tiny hollow in which the hamlet is built, and one could easily imagine that there was no path leading out of the sequestered depths.

The ascent of the Pass was of course slow, and somewhat laborious ; the descent rapid, and at times alarming. The savage scenery of the Devil's Bridge drew us all from the carriage, and, in fact, during a large part of the ascent the gentlemen walked by the side of the vehicle, occasionally indulging in an impromptu scramble after some unusually brilliant Alpine flower, to add to the rivalry of the ladies' bouquets, which, in consequence of

their exertions, attained to great beauty and size. The glowing colors of these mountain wild-flowers form a strange and most pleasant contrast to the general dreariness of these wild regions, where desolate rocks and vast fields of snow look up unceasingly to heaven, — where

“full desertness  
 . . . . . lieth silent-bare,  
 Beneath the blenching vertical eye-glare  
 Of the absolute heavens,”

save where these very flowers smile up from the scanty soil, and give a look of life and beauty to the otherwise oppressive desolation. This desolation varies much in its effect upon the mind at different localities among the Alpine passes. Sometimes the serenity of the still mountain masses seems as if it had not been disturbed since the creation, and the solemn stillness penetrates the soul with speechless awe; at other times, the scene is as if seething chaos had but just found rest, and another impulse might, in a moment, set in motion the huge rocks that seem to quiver and shake in uneasy expectation; and one waits to hear the stillness broken by the word of command. At times the stillness is swept away by the brawling of the mountain torrent, which, heard at first from afar, has a musical rhythm in its rising and falling with the wind which brings it to the ear, but which, as

we stand upon the edge of the precipice and look down upon the leaping water, almost deafens you with its reverberations among the hills.

We reached Hospital at half past eight in the evening, somewhat fatigued with our long day's excitement and exertion. The Lion d'Or Hotel has a fine name, and perhaps that is all that ought to be expected of it; at any rate, any other hopes which sanguine travellers may entertain will be disappointed. Sleep, however, is a great restorer, and the stock of good humor with which we left Fluelen had not yet been exhausted; so we laughed at our sufferings from numerous inconveniences, instead of making ourselves still more uncomfortable by getting angry.

In the morning, after an execrable breakfast, we hired another carriage, somewhat similar to the one which brought us from Fluelen, and left the Lion d'Or without bestowing upon it the benison of grateful travellers. All our grievances disappeared, however, under the delicious influences of heaven and earth; and it may be supposed that the inn-keepers in these parts calculate upon these influences to mollify the legitimate disgust which their proceedings inspire. We dined at Faido, where we found quite tolerable accommodations, and some of the prettiest wood-carvings we have met with, from which we added largely to our stock.

After an hour or two of rest at Faido, we set out again, and drove leisurely through a succession of picturesque valleys, and over high hills, from which we had wider views of beauty till an hour or more after sunset. The day's journey may be summed up by naming valleys and waterfalls, hamlets and mountain defiles, forests and snow-clad summits; but any other description, however ambitious, seems quite inadequate, while the remembrance of the places themselves remains at all fresh in the memory of the narrator. It is only when the lapse of time or the substitution of new beauty has obscured the fresh and individual glory of a scene, that we have patience to endeavor to describe, or to dwell upon the written descriptions of others. We stopped for the night at Bellinzona, a town which, together with its "best hotel," may be fully described only by one concise English word, which I cull from my vocabulary for their especial use, — *nasty*.

From Bellinzona, still by post and still through a picturesque country, to Como. A heavy thunder-shower stopped us at a little village on the way, and freshened up the hills and vineyards, and painted the sunset sky for us. We were delayed a little while at the custom-house, so that we did not reach the Albergo del Angelo till after dark. The evening was delightful, however, and our rooms, looking over the Lake of Como, kept us upon our

balcony till a late hour. Here also we had — what all must expect at the inns of Northern Italy, with but very rare and shining exceptions — dirt, starvation, and extortion. There are floors that ought never to be stepped on, beds that ought never to be slept in, dinners that ought never to be eaten, and bills that ought never to be paid. Yet still the country swarms with delighted travellers, for the scenery and the climate make amends for all. How can one quarrel with a landlord who lisps his demands in sweet Italian vowels; or grumble at bad bread, when the soft murmur of Lake Como's waves steals in at the open casement; or care for a bed to sleep in, when the golden moon woos you to your window, and the night air has no chill in its breath?

At seven in the morning, after “going through the gestures” of taking breakfast, we mounted into an omnibus, and were driven a long way to the railway station for Milan. The road runs through the fair and smiling plains of Lombardy, and presents to the eye an unceasing succession of cultivated fields, of vineyards and orchards, where peaches, pears, apricots, and grapes grow in almost untamable luxuriance. The huge vines are held up by rough framework, or festoon themselves from tree to tree at their pleasure, and seem to riot in their own superabundant growth. It is a delight to the eye to look forth over these plains. They abso-



lutely laugh with fertility, and rejoice in the life-giving sunshine.

At Milan we found very elegant accommodations at the Hôtel de la Ville, and were no longer forced to call upon our romance to compensate for prosaic deficiencies. The hotel is, as the whole city seems to be, laid out on a grand scale, and with an air of splendor pervading everything. We should have enjoyed a prolonged stay, and a more minute examination of the place than at this time we can allow ourselves; for the queen of England will not put off her visit to Paris for our better convenience, and the sight which centuries have not seen is surely worth our hurrying to see. So we time all our movements now by those of the crowned heads, and search the French and English papers eagerly, hoping to find that Victoria will delay for a week crossing the English Channel. She seems disposed to be provokingly punctual just now, and so we must take glances where we would fain look long, and make busy hours do the work of days.

Not far from our hotel is the cathedral, whither, of course, our feet first wend their way. Most marvellous and fairy-like is its architecture, and elaborated to such a degree, that it has the effect, at first, of a small and delicate edifice seen through a powerful microscope, which brings out all the intricacies and ornamentation. When this first impres-

sion passes away, and you obtain a more correct idea of the great size of the building by walking through and around and above it, (for of course you go upon the roof,) you are bewildered by the innumerable calls upon the eye to examine in detail, and let the general outline go again. Some exquisite cornice, some carved doorway with its delicate wreath-work, some odd caprice in a supporting bracket or pendent water-spout, demands your attention, and separates your thought from all the rest of the huge church. The grandeur of the effect is much lessened in this way; and wonderful as the Milan Cathedral is, it does not, after all, impress the imagination so profoundly as many smaller churches which are simpler in outline and less profuse in ornamentation. Many of the six thousand statues which adorn the exterior, and fill niches and archways, and stand upon the dizzy pinnacles, and give to the church a museum-like effect, would be quite as appropriate in a hundred other places. Some of them are in themselves very admirable. That of Napoleon the Great, sculptured by Canova, from the purest Carrara marble, stands on one of the principal pinnacles, and holds in its hand the lightning-rod. The visitor is shown over the marble roof, as through a grand gallery, and it is only by walking over it that a fair idea of the immense area covered by the building can be attained. Here is a

graceful statue, there a marble flower of colossal proportions, but finished workmanship; now we come upon a balustrade fretted into all sorts of convolutions, and now upon a series of grotesque monsters woven into various architectural uses, till the marble seems to reveal all forms of vegetable and animal life, under some strange, unearthly spell. Bas-reliefs of exquisite finish are nearly out of sight over some obscure doorway, and many a space which from the street below seems but a smooth marble slab is found to be covered with traceries which are the labor of many days. The interior of the cathedral is imposing, from its vast extent and lofty height. We were there during the performance of high mass, and the whole space of those high arches and dim aisles resounded with the notes of the grand organ, flooding the solemn air with its billowy sound.

Beneath the church is the renowned shrine of San Carlos Borromeo, which holds in sacred darkness the bones of the patron saint, and the countless treasures which his faithful worshippers have accumulated on his tomb as the slow years go by. No description is able to give an adequate conception of the elaborate decoration of this little many-sided room, the sides of which are said to be of silver altogether, and are wrought in bas-relief representing scenes in the life of San Carlos. The coffin

in which the remains of the saint repose is of rock-crystal, which reflects the light like diamonds, and is encased by a ponderous silver cover, which is lifted and replaced by machinery. This outer coffin is ornamented in the same way as the sides of the room. The saint, clad in costly vestments, lies in his lonely resting-place, and above his hands is suspended a large cross of emeralds and diamonds, which flash a living radiance from out their dreary prison-house, and shame the feeble luster of the lamps which strive to light up their dark abode. The amount of wealth shut up here from the light of day is the accumulation of many years, and the offering of many wealthy, if not pious, hands. Princes have presented costly jewels, and pilgrims and dying sinners have purchased the prayers of the Church by quite substantial payments. The shrine is kept under strong lock and key, and covered from all chance of vulgar gaze, except upon high festival days, when, from a railed aperture in the church above, the public are allowed to gaze down into its splendor. As a fee paid to the priest redeems the stranger from all imputation of vulgar curiosity, and makes even the possibility of heresy tolerable, we easily obtained entrance to the shrine, conducted by an attendant, who donned official robes for the occasion, and went through the showing of the relics with dignified gravity and politeness.

From the cathedral we drove to the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, which is much defaced by time and war, and of which the dome is by Bramanti, the architect of the great dome of St. Peter's. This church, however, obtains a visit chiefly because of its vicinity to the building in which is the great painting of Lionardo da Vinci, "The Last Supper." This picture occupies the end wall of a large hall, formerly the refectory of the Dominican Convent, to which it belonged. It is said that it was at one time used as a stable, and, though it has long been rescued from such desecration as that, it is a most forlorn and desolate-looking place still. But the thought soon wanders from all connection with the locality, lost in contemplation of the masterpiece upon its wall. This painting, at first glance, appears hopelessly dilapidated; but as you look long and well upon it, the injuries of time seem to disappear, and the picture to come forth anew, so marvellous is the power of those defaced outlines. The face of Christ, less injured than the rest, retains its heavenly beauty and godlike serenity; and as you gaze upon the group, the figures become more distinct, the colors glow afresh, and the whole picture asserts itself to the imagination, till we wonder how we ever dared to deem it a ruin. Certainly no other painting could ever so re-create itself to the beholder.



The Brera Gallery is filled with fine paintings, among which Raffaele's "Marriage of the Virgin" stands pre-eminent. The names of some of the religious paintings one meets with are sometimes a little strange to the uneducated ear, and terms are used in description which appear reverential only to minds imbued with saint-worship. Upon the roof of the cathedral I was attracted by a beautiful bas-relief, and the guide, observing that I paused before it, remarked, "That is the Nativity of God." The phrase, thus nakedly put, seemed to make a sword-thrust through the kindly cobweb which metaphysical theology has wrapped around the proposition it involves.

From the roof of the cathedral a fine view of the city is obtained; and from the spire — which rises high in air, and to the various divisions of which the weary climber mounts by many steps — the eye ranges over the wide plains of Lombardy, and delights in the peaceful prospect of fertile fields. The plains keep no record of the invading hosts that have so often overrun them, and forgivingly cover up the scars which many battles have made upon the soil. The Triumphal Arch erected by Napoleon, however, recalls the memory of other days, when far different sounds filled the air from that which now tells of the approach of the peaceful train of cars arriving from Como or from Venice.

On our return from Milan to Como, we passed over the same glowing fields of Lombardy, now flushing beneath the full glory of a cloudless summer afternoon. The vines were drunk with sunshine, the mulberry-trees hushed their leaves to voluptuous repose, and the broad plains seemed to emit a quivering breath from their heated breast. We reached Como before sunset, and returned to our quarters at the Albergo only to rest for a moment; for in spite of the warning of the landlord that the night-air upon the lake was very dangerous to strangers, we determined to spend a portion of the evening upon its waters. We selected a boat and two stout oarsmen, and were soon out in the lake, enjoying the intense beauty which was above us in the sunset sky, beneath us in the rippling waves, and around us upon those charming shores. We floated past the villas of Pasta and Taglioni, and I know not how many noble mansions; and watched — what was far more interesting in our opinion, though by no means in that of our boatmen — the gathering gloom of twilight, the lighting up of stars, and, later still, the rising of the now waning moon.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Unhealthiness of the Climate of Italy in Midsummer. — Malaria and Cholera. — From Como to Laveno. — Monte Rosa in the Distance. — The Borromean Islands and Lago Maggiore. — Arrival at Baveno, and Comfortable Quarters there. — Diligence to Duomo d'Ossola. — Long Delay there. — Passage of the Simplon. — Varieties of Climate. — Night Travel in the Diligence. — Martigni.

THE climate of Italy in midsummer is always very trying to travellers ; but this season the danger was doubled by the unusual prevalence of cholera, so that even our flying trip to Milan, and rapid visit to Italy's laughing lakes, could not be undertaken without running serious risks. But to turn back upon the threshold would have been too much for human nature ; so we disregarded the warnings we received on all sides, and fortunately accomplished the excursion without any serious ill effects. We were obliged to give up Venice, however, the accounts from cholera there being altogether too palpable and alarming to admit of our increasing the chance of laying our bones upon a foreign soil. A Scotch gentleman, who went no farther and stayed no longer than we, was taken very ill at Martigni, and, as the only chance of saving his life, was car-

ried in a litter up into the mountains, away from the fatal miasma of the valley.

The unhealthiness of this portion of the country is a serious drawback to the enjoyment of its redundant beauty at the very season when hill and vale are in the full splendor of field and forest, when vegetable life is in riotous enjoyment of the very air that kills the unwary traveller. Malaria lurks by the shores of the beautiful lakes, night-dews are poisonous beneath a moon that “queens it o’er the night,” the miasma rises from all the low, close valleys, where no fresh, vital air finds entrance, and cholera steals through the crowded streets and dirty lanes of town and village. The limbs grow weary and the head grows faint, a deadly languor prostrates all the energies, and the sooner one gets back to the bracing air of the mountains the better, — too soon he cannot go. In the Swiss valleys there is also much to dread, and even in the passage through them to the high lands many are subdued by the malaria which scourges the picturesque and attractive country.

We left Como early in the morning of a lovely summer day, warm but not oppressive. Our seats were in the *coupé* of the diligence; the passengers were few, the post-road smooth as a marble floor, the country like a dream of Paradise; — so, leaning luxuriously back upon the cushioned seat, we gave

ourselves up to indolent enjoyment of the pleasant influences around us. Monte Rosa, grand and beautiful in the distance, wore its whitest snow-mantle in the morning sun; sweet valleys opened on our right and on our left, with cosey villages of white houses staggering under the weight of their red-tiled roofs, and clustering around the tall campanile of the parish church. From amid the green foliage of the hills gleamed forth at intervals the white walls of a convent, or some pretty villa, and we looked out from our shady nook in the *coupé*, lazily but fully enjoying the varying beauty. At noon we reached Laveno, a sleepy little village, apparently in the midst of an unusually agreeable siesta. Here we left the diligence, and were obliged to wait more than an hour, since the authorities of the place considered it needful to examine our passports with great care before allowing us to sail upon the beautiful lake. This important matter settled, we took a four-oared boat with a white awning, and were soon upon our way to Isola Madre.

Floating over the silvery bosom of the Lago Maggiore in the dreamy stillness of an August noon-day, — your boat the only moving object beneath the glowing sky, and every dip of the oar bringing you nearer to the Eden islands, — is an experience quite unique, and which takes you out of the region of ordinary realities, and gives you a passing



glimpse of that sweet fairy-land in which, as children, we all devoutly believe, but of which we seek in vain for the realization when we, like our adored heroes, go forth into the world "to seek fortune." A thought of this went through my mind as I sat in the little boat, and I speculated internally upon my chance of finding the great roc's egg on the island, or the winged horse in the court-yard of the palace.

If in describing the lake and its wonderful little islands, as seen upon this voluptuous summer's day, I bring upon the reader's head an avalanche of superlatives, and transcend the limits of a quiet and prosaic description, it must be urged in excuse, that everything in this locality exists in the superlative degree, and disdains the restraint of any limitations whatever. The lavish luxuriance of nature and of art demands an equal luxuriance of speech, and simple epithets are too poor to express the redundant wealth of beauty. The mind is not lifted into the region of silent awe, but becomes loquacious through the multitude of prettinesses, and the charms of harmonious and picturesque environments. The midday sun poured down upon us all the fervor of his beams, but a sweet, fresh air gently rippled the burnished surface of the lake, and prevented the heat from being oppressive. The oarsmen rowed us lazily over the water, and, as we

floated slowly on our way, the soft Italian words fell from the rowers' lips, as they discussed the additional price they should demand for rowing us across in the heat of the day. Terrestrial as their subject was, their words were as sweet, and their tones as musically modulated, as though their theme had been of heaven's joys. Their indolence was completely in consonance with the serene and quiet beauty of the scene ; any appearance of effort or of hurry would have marred the exquisite repose of the hour, and introduced a discordant element into the general harmony. We sat beneath our sheltering awning, therefore, little disposed for conversation, but occasionally giving utterance to some interjectional expression of admiration. At length we reached the landing-place at Isola Madre, and stood upon the marble steps, on which, of old, brave knights and fair ladies may have disembarked. Up the ancient palace-stairs we mounted, and entered at the open door, where no retainers save a forlorn old *cicerone* awaited us. The palace is dilapidated and uninteresting, but the gardens are full of flowers, and of huge trees which cast their embowering shade on those who walk beneath. Rare and beautiful blossoms are in rich profusion ; the air is heavy with their perfume. The cool shade wins us away from the flowers, and the flowers beguile us again into the sunshine, while the music

of the rippling waves, and the soft murmur of the light breeze among the trees, fill the air with soothing sound.

But we could not delay at Isola Madre when Isola Bella was beckoning to us ; so we went again on board the boat, and soon found ourselves in a still fairer Eden than that we had just left, and amid a more lavish beauty, a more glorious luxuriance,—almost, it would seem, a more torrid clime. From the cedar of Lebanon to the pine of Norway, from the hardiest shrub that confronts unflinchingly the blasts of a northern winter, to the most fragile flower that blooms beneath the equator's heat, all are here, and all apparently are equally at home. The island is so small that every inch is in use ; and from the ten terraces, constructed, with great labor, of soil brought from a distance, spring up hedges of orange and lemon, clusters of laurustinus, and oleanders twenty feet high, laden with odorous blossoms. Camellias of giant growth spread their shining leaves in the sunlight, pendent fuchsias hang like glittering rubies among their shining leaves, and delicate heaths and gorgeous geraniums, and a thousand rare and beautiful flowers which are the cherished darlings of our hot-houses at home, enjoy the air of heaven and the breeze of evening with delight in this favored spot. Among the trees an enormous cork-tree rears its head, and shows its scarred and

ugly trunk ; a camphor-tree thrives as in its native east ; a *Magnolia grandiflora* lifts its huge leaves as the air sweeps through its branches ; and oaks and maples mingle their foliage with myrtles and orange-trees. Even the stiff and awkward cactus of New Holland finds a place, and the prickly pear of Mexico protrudes its leaves like weapons of war among its more gentle neighbors. But the most famous tree on the island is the great laurel, whereon remains the scar caused, it is averred, by Napoleon's carving upon the bark the word "*battaglia*" a short time before the battle of Marengo.

The palace is an immense pile, standing close upon the water's edge. It has a fine effect as a whole, though there is little that is elegant in the details of its architecture. The interior is very sumptuous, and is shown freely to all visitors. At the time we came, several members of the owner's family were residing in the palace ; yet we were allowed to see all except a few private rooms, which counted for almost nothing in the vast establishment. The state apartments are rich in gilding and tapestry and marble ; hall succeeds hall, and gallery follows after gallery, each possessing treasures of historic interest or of artistic beauty. The rooms occupied by Napoleon, when he visited the then Count of Borromeo, are shown, and remain, in furniture and adornment, as they were during

his stay. The bed in which he slept stands there, gorgeous in crimson and gold. One of the most beautiful of the many works of art collected here is a centre-table of mosaie, presented by Leo XII. to the ancestor of the present Count. The design of the top is a large bouquet of beautiful flowers, so life-like that one involuntarily bends down to inhale their perfume. It is a gem of art of enormous value, and was a fitting gift from a Supreme Pontiff to the man who could afford such an expensive playground as Isola Bella. The galleries and saloons contain many fine paintings and mosaics, and a large number of paintings on marble. There are several tables of verd-antique, and in one room a chimney-piece of the same costly material. There is also a basement suite of apartments of a most whimsical character, though quite in keeping with numerous other oddities which the island exhibits. They represent a grotto, and are all paved with stones and shells of different colors, arranged in patterns, which, by the stiffness of their designs, contrast queerly with the imitation of Nature in the main idea. Floors, walls, and heavily-arched ceilings are all encrusted with pebbles and shells, relieved occasionally by specimens of marble. In these rooms there are several fine statues: a sleeping Venus lies in one, a graceful Galatea adorns another, and a fair Flora is the presiding goddess of



a third. The effect of these rooms upon the eye, especially after wandering through the lofty and elegantly furnished apartments above, is peculiar rather than pretty ; but there are so many of them, and the design, such as it is, is so thoroughly carried out, that the whole is relieved from the paltriness it might otherwise possess.

A great deal of wit has been exercised on Isola Bella by the travellers who have visited it, and certainly it can lay no claims to grandeur and sublimity ; but it is, for all its fancifulness, quite a charming little spot. People are very apt to attack the objects of their criticism from points of view from which they were never intended to be judged, and, because they are not stupendous or magnificent, deny them praise for their indisputable prettiness. Isola Bella is a toy, but it is a pretty one, and quite fit for royal hands to play with, which is all it was ever intended to be. Emerging from the coolness of the grotto, you come again into the gardens, and mounting from one terrace to another over the time-worn marble steps, you reach the highest point, from which there is a charming view of the lake and its picturesque shores. The hills are rich in vineyards and in groves, villages dot the shore-line with their houses shining in the sun, convents and villas gleam here and there, and the lake lies at your feet smooth and glittering as a mirror. Around you are the immediate fascinations of the

gardens and the palace, various enough to suit every taste. The air is heavy with perfumes, the parterres are gay with many-hued flowers, the sunshine glows and quivers, warming the blood of the most inactive temperament; and if you weary of this warmth and brightness, the cool shade of the huge forest-trees invites you to repose, and the breeze which murmurs through their eloquent leaves woos you into slumber with whispered tales of their native land. The northern pine has a legend of ice and snow and wintry skies which its neighbor, the palm, refuses to believe, and which the aspen shivers even to think of. To dream away the noontide hours in the sweet shade, to listen to the little waves that come cooing and lispings up the shore, and when the fierce sun has softened his fervid beams, and grows gentler as he prepares to visit "the under world," to come out into the glory of a sunset, or to float in a tiny boat over the twilight waters,—all this is an experience quite in unison with home ideas of Italy. The fires of the western sky faded into paler tints, the soft air of evening was still sweeter than that of the day, and by and by the moon stepped into the heavens to see if the world had really left all its prosaic realities for a little while. We crossed over the lake to Baveno, passing the third island of the lake, Isola del Pescatore, which seems set as a foil to the pretentious show of its two neighbors.

The visit to Lago Maggiore takes the traveller a little off the main line of travel from Milan, and affords a pleasant contrast to the crowded conveyances and noisy bustle we have been in of late. The main route to Switzerland is resumed by means of a little diligence from Baveno to Duomo d'Ossola, which passes over a country every step of which is worth seeing.

At Baveno we found a quiet and most comfortable inn, the neat chambers which were allotted to us forming quite a different picture from those in which we have recently disposed our weary limbs. Our little parlor looked over the lake, and, having appeased the pangs of hunger, which had become absolutely clamorous from our long fasting, we all repaired to the balcony, and spent the early hours of the night in blissful ease beneath a sky of Italy's softest blue, and amid scenery which hardly knows of rivalry. The dreams of art that have won our admiration in these busy days faded into transient oblivion before this beautiful nature; but the images of both mingled amiably in our visions when we at last sought our pillows. Human strength cannot be fed even with such beauty as this, but craves the grosser aliment of dinner and of sleep.

A morning fair as those which broke in Paradise roused us from our dreams. The lake was glittering anew in the morning sun; the distant mountains

showed dimly blue against the horizon ; the waves plashed gently upon the sandy shore, repeating the same lullaby that had soothed us to our rest. But we were refreshed now, and ready for new efforts ; our eyes were once more glad to see, our ears to hear, and our limbs to move. The magic of that delicious slumber had been as a draught of pure elixir to our lips, and all weariness had fled away.

We would have willingly spent a week in this quiet nook, and breathed for a while this air so soft and pure, so fragrant and so full of life. The inn stands close upon the shore of the lake, and one has but to step a little way from its piazza to the boats, which unobtrusively suggest the pleasure of a trip upon the water. At ten, however, we bade adieu to Baveno, and looked our last upon Lago Maggiore, which smiled quite as sweetly when we turned away from it as when it seemed to offer us a welcome at our coming. It was careless of our homage, and remembered not our praise ; and thousands will follow us, who, like us, will tell unto the unheeding air, and to the unsympathizing water, the admiration that the fair scene inspires. As well expect the light mist-wreath which the south-wind blows across the sky to leave the imprint of an eternal shadow on the sunshine of the lake, as hope that your inspiration can leave a trace for other eyes to see. We fancy sometimes

that the sympathy we find in certain aspects of nature with our own prevailing mood cannot be altogether accidental, and magnify our own inner thought till it seems to have impressed itself upon our external circumstances ; and sometimes the affirmation of the simple fact that we make the sympathy out of our own imagination, is strangely jarring to our feelings. It so often seems as if the sunshine were really brighter for our happiness, the rain more sad for our tears, the wailing of the wind more mournful for our woe ! And the fair places of the earth which awaken such emotions in us seem, in greeting us with sunshine, to have prepared themselves for our coming, and to spread themselves consciously before our eyes. But after all our appreciation of the beauty of Lago Maggiore in the gorgeous glory of a summer noon, in the softened splendor of a sunset stillness, and in the pale serenity of moonlit peace, we were forced to acknowledge that only to our own hearts had our coming and our going been of any importance. Perhaps, to be sure, the landlord of the little inn may have experienced some sense of satisfaction in regarding the substantial coin which testified of our having passed, when our corporeal presence had faded from his sleepy sight ; but Mother Nature was indubitably obtuse to her children's worship, and the sun stared at us with more curiosity than sympathy.



We drove, upon the top of the coach, to Duomo d'Ossola, where a vexatious delay of twelve hours is necessary in order to resume the main highway of travel from Milan. The country on the way is charming and diversified, and in spite of our conviction of the indifference of Nature to us as individuals, we enjoyed the delicious weather to the utmost, and drank in new life at every breath. We found the hotel at Duomo d'Ossola very neat and comfortable, and after dinner we strolled about the quaint old streets of the little town, and amused ourselves with speculations upon its inhabitants, most of whom look as if they had been baked in the sun. Murray pronounces Duomo d'Ossola "a thoroughly Italian town;" and though it is so near the frontier, it seems to have preserved all its idiosyncrasies from the contaminating touch of foreigners. We penetrated into several shops, and bargained with the queer-looking old beldames whose wares were spread out beneath the heavy arcades, where dirt and rags seem to wage even-handed battle with humanity, and where the articles which find a market in the little town are assembled together in amusing confusion.

Three o'clock in the morning is not a favorite hour for rising, and, however conscientiously one may have slept from bedtime till that hour, one does not feel exhilarated by the process of dressing

in the twilight of consciousness within, and of one small candle without. However, we made the best of it, and groped our way to the court-yard of the inn, which was busy in preparation, and noisy in confusion. The travellers from Milan looked even more sleepy than we, and in a few minutes the bustle and excitement waked us fairly into activity. Thanks to a judiciously-bestowed *douceur*, I found two seats reserved in the *banquette*, into which we mounted, much to the disgust of several inside passengers, who had hoped, through promptness, to obtain these much-desired seats. Indeed, crossing the Alps in the interior of a diligence is almost as bad as not crossing at all; and although, if the weather be not perfectly amiable, the *coupé* is the most comfortable seat, yet in fair weather the *banquette* bears the palm decidedly. In the first place, you are perched up in a most exciting manner, and your position induces you to feel a strong interest in the safety of the carriage, which, viewed from an altitude like yours, seems problematical, to say the least. As soon as you are a little accustomed to the idea of falling over the precipices on one side, or of having them fall on you from the other, and have decided within yourself that the strings which fasten the baggage to the roof of the coach are stronger than they look, and will not, upon the first emergency, allow an avalanche of trunks

and boxes to obliterate you from existence, you are able fully to appreciate the advantages of your position. The whole view is open to you : you can measure the precipice that yawns at your side, and peer over the side of the coach down into its fearful depths ; you can lift your eyes and see that the sky is actually higher than the cliffs which tower into the air before you ; and you can look back and estimate the perils through which you have passed, and learn to take those which are before you with equanimity. So we climb to our aerial height, and make ourselves comfortable in our snug quarters. Everything and everybody looks a little chilly in the early morning ; and some faces are cross, and some voices are very gruff, in spite of the bows and gesticulations of the waiters of the inn, who grow more and more heavenly-minded in their forgiveness of injuries as the time for receiving their perquisites draws near.

The diligence creaks and groans in its efforts to get started, which are a little spasmodic, as the horses do not all take the idea at once. At length we emerge from the court-yard, to commence a journey which, with its snow and ice, its wildness and sublimity, forms a striking contrast to yesterday's experience, when we revelled in the warmth of Isola Bella, and walked in the sweet gardens of that quiet isle. The dim twilight of the summer night melts

away before the glimmering dawn, and that in its turn gives place to the full glory of the summer sunshine, which gilds the mountain-tops and illuminates the valleys. We cannot grumble at the loss of our morning slumber; we even acknowledge gratitude to the arrangement which compelled us, in spite of ourselves, to look upon the Alps under so many varieties of light and shade.

We look back, now and then, to see the *cortège* of which we form the head, and it is worthy a prolonged gaze. Our clumsy diligence leads off, drawn by seven horses of every hue and condition, and is followed by four other vehicles, which baffle description. Their venerable forms are heavy with long-accumulating mud and dust, their locomotive powers weary and impaired by age and honorable service, and their whole mechanism in a state which threatens a break-down at every step. The harnesses are an odd conglomerate of leather, metal, and bits of rope, and the steeds are apparently contemporaneous with both carriages and harness. The drivers wear a livery more gay than tidy, and most of them seem to have outgrown their garments. They sit with an air of great dignity upon the box, gathering the reins as proudly as though they were the gilded ribbons of my Lord Mayor's own state coach; they execute with their long whips tremendous flourishes upon the scared air, of which, fortunately

for the horses, the result is, as in many other cases of bluster, “mere sound and fury, signifying nothing.”

Very slowly and painfully the poor beasts toil up the height, the ascent being accomplished by a series of zigzags; but we, who sit at our ease, are full of delight as every new step reveals to us fresh objects of admiration, or new groupings of those we have already seen. The great varieties of foliage and of vegetation attract our attention, and, turning to our guide-books, we read that the Alps are divided into seven regions; — that the vine grows from the valleys up to a height of one thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea; the oak, two thousand eight hundred; beech, four thousand; firs, five thousand; and pasturage is found one thousand feet above all these. Magnificent are these mountains, therefore, in their hospitality to man and beast; they scorn to make superior greatness an excuse for laziness, and do their part towards the world's work with cheerful good-will. They make welcome the cattle who feed upon their sweet, fresh grass, they bid the little flower look forth over the dizzy height, and nod to its kindred down in the valley. This beautiful verdure is refreshment to the eye, which turns from the dazzling sunlight on the high mountain-peaks to find new strength in gazing on the soft, green pasture-grounds. Flowers



of brilliant hue blossom on the very edge of the glaciers, and cheer the grayness of the mountain road.

Among the fifty passes of the Alps, one hardly knows which to choose, each having different charms to offer, and each its army of admirers to expatiate upon its superiority over the rest. If the traveller has abundance of time, let him see all the principal ones, of course; for the more one sees of this sort of beauty, the richer one is forever. But if he is in a hurry, let him at least take the Simplon thoroughly, for here he will see the union of art in its highest perfection with nature in its wildest sublimity. No one but the man to whom there was "no such word as impossible" could have planned and executed such a stupendous undertaking as the Simplon road. Even now, after so many years of new discoveries in mechanical forces, of seasons every one of which records some new victory of science over obstacles, it still inspires astonishment as well as admiration. Familiar as it is to most, the repetition of its story will never quite lose its freshness, or cease to excite interest. Six hundred and eleven bridges span the torrents and leap the ravines, while the road is by turns a mere shelf upon the side of the mountain, or a strip rescued from the ravages of the swollen streams. The road is, in fact, only less colossal than the Alps themselves; it winds

among the deep and narrow gorges which seem to shut the path before you with adamantine gates, or it clings to the precipice like a thing of life, folding about the mountain in its serpentine writhings, or rising and falling over hills and down into ravines. The fortifications of Nature have been stormed by Art, her strong-hold has been taken, and where the mountain torrent once found a rough, uncertain path, man has built up a safe and fair highway for the nations. Thirty thousand men, who labored at once upon this road, must have looked like an army of ants upon these hills. The mind of the traveller is kept in a state of continued tension; precipices yawn beneath, and craggy mountains frown above, while ever and anon the narrow defiles through which we pass seem to close in upon us, and threaten to crush us in their dark embrace.

For hours we ascend those dizzy heights; now passing some beautiful cascade, that comes leaping and dancing over the rocks, as if hilariously contemptuous of our snail-like motion; now buried in some deep ravine, whose "walls of granite" re-echo our voices, and from which only a strip of sky above us may be seen, or entering the gloom of a covered gallery, where the wheels make thunderous sound beneath the low arches, and the faint trickling of water is heard at intervals, like distant bells

upon the air, and tells of the torrent that is flowing over our heads. For a time we wind through a bleak defile, where half-detached masses of rock overhang our path. Our fancy can easily set them in motion; but we soon emerge in safety, to look upon a green hill-side, whereon the peaceful *chalet* stands, quietly telling of the neighborhood of man. The cottages are often perched, like bird's-nests, upon the merest shelf of earth, which projects from the mountain at a seemingly inaccessible height; the cows and sheep which make the owners' wealth graze peacefully and fearlessly upon the steep slopes, and crop the grass upon the edges of the slippery crags, while little children play before the doors, and the presence of human and animal life gives a pleasant, homelike aspect to scenes which else were lonely and desolate. The tinkle of the bells upon the goats, the lowing of the herds, or the distant note of an Alpine horn, breaks in from time to time on the stillness. Sometimes a stalwart peasant may be seen wending his way in the valley, or crossing on the stepping-stones of some little brook; or a group of men and women, toiling up the cliffs with immense baskets of new-mown hay upon their shoulders, the fragrant load towering high above their bent heads. The inhabitants of the country, so far as we can judge from the specimens we meet, are, like their own *chalets*, prettier at a distance than

on near inspection ; the women are said to be much superior in intelligence and appearance to the men, so that a proverb prevails among them to the effect that “ the hen is the better bird, all over Switzerland.”

We rest a little while at the different hospices which offer their humble hospitality to the traveller, and keep the relays of horses for the diligence. These clumsy and ponderous edifices, with their few small windows and massive roofs, prove, by the ugly solidity of their architecture, and the storm-battered aspect of their whole exterior, that all “ the days of their pilgrimage ” are not as propitious as that which smiles on us as we make their acquaintance. The enormous masses of ice and snow which flank the road in many places, and which never yield to the hottest summer sun, are confirmations of the same suggestion. We pay a willing tribute of admiration to the two Saint Bernard dogs that dwell in the hospice nearest the summit, and who walk out to give us greeting with eyes of benevolent sagacity. They are said, I know not how truly, to be the only full-blooded pair among the Alps at present. However that may be, they are noble animals, and their faces wear an expression only a shade beneath the human. Soon after bidding them farewell, we reach the wooden cross which marks the summit, and tells us that we are six thousand

five hundred feet above the sea. One long look at the utterly desolate scene which now surrounds us, and we commence the descent of the mountain.

This is as rapid as the ascent was slow; the wheels fly fast over the smooth, macadamized road; the driver cracks his whip more defiantly than ever, as we whirl rapidly round the sharp angles of the zig-zags, close upon the crumbling edges of precipices that urgently invite us down into their tremendous depths. We look doubtingly at the reins of rope so carelessly lying in the driver's hand, and at the clumsy wooden shoe which acts as drag upon one wheel, and at the straggling, many-minded beasts, whose rapid motions are even more extraordinary than their slow ones were. But we are too much excited with the spirit of the day's journey to feel fear, and come to the philosophic conclusion that "it is the way they do things here." We, however, become sufficiently interested in the problem of our own descent to look back at one of the carriages which breaks down behind us only long enough to see that nobody in it is killed, and that, though the vehicle seems to be resolving itself into its original elements, the passengers can be squeezed into the other carriages. Our elevated seat gives us a fine opportunity for observing how short a step there often is between us and destruction, as the top-heavy diligence reels beneath the load of lug-



gage on the roof. The inside passengers are blissfully ignorant of much of this excitement, or I am sure we should hear something from a fat old lady in the corner, who has previously made a great outcry over some of the minor dangers of the ascent. Fortunately, she has a seat on the safe side of the road, and, seeing only the wall of mountain at her elbow, forgets all about the chances on the other side, and cannot, as I do, see down those fathomless ravines, or estimate with me the inches of earth which intervene between us and the edge over which fall the loose stones which we dislodge as we rattle along. Thus we go on, with the eternal snows around and above us, the verdant valleys far beneath; and our rapid course would be frightful, if it were not so fascinating. The passage is made in safety, day after day and season after season, so that the danger is much less than it seems to be; but, after all, the possible contingencies are so many, and the protections against them so few and small, that one cannot feel quite sure but that this particular day is the one on which the exceptional accident shall prove the rule of general safety, and we be the small item of sufferers who shall count as but a percentage in the statistics which shall make those who come after us feel quite safe. A vicious or a frightened horse, a sleepy or a drunken driver, a break in the rude old harness, and the lumbering

old diligence would go down into those dark gulfs, and crush to atoms its living load. Peril glides along by our side like a phantom figure, lending a strange charm to our sensations, sharpening all our perceptions, and tinging with wildness all the emotions which the sublimity and the beauty around us awaken.

We pass through many different climates, too, in our journey this day; the cloaks and wrappers, which are but troublesome lumber, and provocative of some hard words from the gentlemen at starting, become wonderfully comfortable as we approach the summit of the mountain, and even prove insufficient as we pass through a chilling mist, or feel the winds blow keen and cutting from the vast fields of snow. Little by little, as we descend, the air grows genial, and our envelopings fall off one by one, till, again in the valleys, we gasp in the sultry heat, and yearn for one more breath of that pure upper air. As night draws on, we take seats inside the carriage, to avoid as much as possible any exposure to the night air in the now deadly valley of the Rhone. On through the long evening hours we wend our now weary way, for we dare not linger even for rest in this pestilential air. The night is not dark, but a soft, gray, cloudy atmosphere covers everything, and invests all that we pass with a strange, weird-like aspect. We go through a village

that a few days since experienced a severe shock from an earthquake, and the fallen walls and ruined houses seem quite in unison with the general gloom.

Sleep is nearly impossible in the closely-packed diligence, and after a few dislocating attempts we give it up, and resign ourselves to the joltings and jerkings which accompany our onward progress, and which bring us to our journey's end in very much the condition of mind and body which a boned turkey may be supposed to experience on beholding himself served up in his own jelly. At half past three, precisely twenty-four hours after starting, we tumble out of the diligence, and call upon "mine host" at Martigni for a bed. Having no words adequate to the expression of our exhaustion, we keep a mournful silence till our demand for rooms is complied with, and as soon as possible are fast asleep.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

Pass of the Tête Noire, and its Beautiful Scenery. — Approach to Mont Blanc. — Village of Chamouni. — Ascent of Montanvert. — View from La Flegère. — Drive to Sallanches, and Parting View of Mont Blanc. — Post-Road to Geneva. — Beautiful Scenery. — Arrival at the Hôtel de l'Ecu.

WE slept soundly till nine next morning, oblivious alike of dangers and of pleasures past and future. Having obtained breakfast, there was no longer any inducement to remain in the close and stifling atmosphere, which, to those so recently breathing the upper air, suggests its baleful intent at every inspiration of it into the reluctant lungs. We therefore lingered only long enough to buy a few carvings, such as we could put in our travelling-bags, our heavier luggage having been sent on to Geneva by the main road, the pass of the Tête Noire, which we were to take, being impassable for carriages. We found some active little mules, and a couple of intelligent-looking young men as guides, and set forth. The day was by turns misty and sunny; the foliage, dripping with moisture, shone brilliantly every time the sun came forth, and the air was soft with vapor for a while, and then all aglow with sun-

beams. The scenery of this pass is renowned even here for its rich variety and beauty, and the effect of it is enhanced for us by the temporary relief from all the usual responsibilities of travel in the way of luggage and of conveyance. We have but our *sacs de nuit* and our mules to attend to, and we are not obliged to arrive at a given spot at a given moment, the necessity of which almost always pursues a traveller's mind with a sense of obligation, even when he is personally indifferent to the matter.

We are very impatient to be at Chamouni, and to find ourselves fairly under "the shadow of Mont Blanc;" but our longing wish for the crowning beauty of Switzerland is kept quiet to-day by exceeding enjoyment of the loveliness in our path. For the whole day we wind through the tortuous bridle-path, which leads us among innumerable scenes of changeful beauty. We climb heights where even the mule can scarcely find a foothold; we descend into ravines of frightful roughness and wild gloom; we cross tiny bridges, which quiver over the fierce and noisy torrents that clamor scornfully at us; we enter into the solemn silence of primeval woods, or wind along the brow of bare and threatening cliffs.

At the summit of one of the peaks to which we climbed we came upon a little "office" for the examination of passports. The spot appeared to



be the frontier between heaven and earth only, and the necessity of anything resembling a custom-house seemed quite superfluous in such a locality. A very jolly officer came forth from the cabin, wearing a uniform decidedly the worse for weather, and greeted us with a condescending smile, and a "Bon jour!" adorned with many gestures. Inquiries were immediately made as to the necessity of getting our passports from their cases; but they were met with a shrug of the shoulders, and a "O no, gentlemen! but if you will taste of my very fine Curaçoa this morning." So we saved our passports and our *sacs* intact from his not over-clean fingers, by paying the expected fee as the price of a thimble-full of very poor liqueur.

At the cascade of Barberini we found what was called an inn, and tried to eat what was called a dinner; but both are forgotten and forgiven in virtue of the great feast which Nature offers to her worshippers in this garden-spot. Material food and physical rest are supernumerary objects here, where sight and hearing are all the senses one cares to use. The silvery music of the waterfall, the glorious luxuriance of forests and of flowers, the blueness of the sky which arches in this temple of beauty, were enough to keep every murmur quiet. So, without attempting to get the outward man into any better trim, we spent a couple of hours in wandering about

upon our own feet, while the mules rested theirs, and at the end of that time set out again upon our journey, in order to reach Chamouni before dark. One thing we did find at the inn, however, which was good of its kind, and that was the collection of minerals from the mountains; and we added largely to our stock, in spite of our contracted means for carrying them away.

Approaching Mont Blanc from some directions, it may be seen at a great distance; but here, in the heart of the hills, we shall be almost upon it before we can obtain a view of it. As the afternoon wears on, the clouds thicken, the rain falls at intervals, but fortunately not in large quantities, and the valley fills with mists. The near hills only are visible at sunset, and even their outline is not always discernible. We look mournfully up, from time to time, and the guide, who has seen our enthusiasm, says, sorrowfully, "Alas! Madame, there is no Mont Blanc for you to-day;" when, lo! the upper clouds alone are parted, leaving us in the valley still dull and dark; and far, far above and before us stands the white dome of the "monarch of mountains," and sunset hues of rosy light illumine the summit, as it rises high above the clouds and mists of our lower world, serene and still, like a pure soul beneath the smile of God. For some minutes the beautiful scene remained, as we stood still in admiration; and then

the last rays faded, and silence and darkness fell around us, as we entered the little town of Chamouni, weary and travel-worn, but filled with quiet thoughtfulness and reverent admiration.

Chamouni has been recently desolated by a large fire, which, in addition to the smaller dwelling-houses of the inhabitants, has destroyed a portion of the hotel accommodations. Consequently the place is crammed to discomfort with the influx of visitors, and the landlords and landladies (the latter generally the important personages in these parts) are in a state of mind bordering on distraction. We dismounted at the "Hôtel Royal de l'Union," — a title somewhat paradoxical to an American understanding, but which proved, upon further acquaintance, to be right worthily bestowed, since the fare was royal in quantity and quality, and brought about at the dinner-hour an unbroken union of pursuit among a heterogeneous crowd of persons of all nations and all tongues. All minor differences were hushed before the universal sympathy of hunger; for in the mountain air of Chamouni hunger is elevated into a very positive and respectable sensation, and ceases to be an unfashionable emotion. Even the sublimity around is made to wait a little till the first faintness is appeased; and I am sure that, if Mont Blanc had chosen to peep over my shoulder the first day after my arrival, he might

have seen me looking into the depths of a *vol-au-vent* with an interest which rendered me oblivious that he was waiting outside with his sunset garments on.

We reached the hotel about eight o'clock, and, having done justice to our bountiful supper such as it needed the experience of our last week's meagre fare and hard travelling to explain and excuse, we began to examine into our chances of comfortable rooms in this Babeldom. We were at first disappointed at learning that rooms at the hotel were out of the question, but we could all be lodged a little way down the street. Upon going to the house, however, we found very neat rooms; and, on opening the closed blinds of the windows, discovered that they looked out full upon Mont Blanc and the Needles,—a circumstance which made amends for all the inconvenience of lodging in one house and dining in another.

The air among the Alps is so exhilarating, that a degree of physical exertion which would exhaust one anywhere else is borne here almost without the consciousness of fatigue. Invalids, who lounge out the day in an almost inert existence in other places, catch here the contagion of activity, and mount on mules, or stroll about on foot, quite like other people. At an early hour in the morning our party was again mounted for an expedition to Montanvert

and the Mer de Glace. The day was again gray and showery ; but as we were to turn our backs on Mont Blanc, and as distant views were not of importance in our present expedition, we were little dependent on the weather. We wound our way up the steep precipices of the Montanvert in high spirits. As we emerged from a patch of woods which had enclosed the path for a little way, we gained the high ground commanding a view of the Glacier du Bois, and heard, above the dashing of the Arveiron, a mighty sound as of the rushing whirlwind. Our guide called out, "An avalanche! an avalanche!" and, as we looked where his finger pointed, we saw the mighty mass of snow and ice sliding, falling, and crashing along over the edge of the glacier, and strewing the valley below with its fragments.

The ascent of the Montanvert is exceedingly steep and precipitous ; the winter torrents wear and tear away the little path, till it is often in a very dangerous condition. One must take it as one finds it, however ; for to build or to repair is almost out of the question. So the torrents have it all their own way, and the only comfort is, that, if they often spoil the old path, they sometimes wash out a new one ; — in fact, much of the way is only the deserted bed of the mountain streams. Sometimes a little strip of earth is rescued from the steep mountain-side, and, only two or three feet in width,



forms the most comfortable, though by no means the safest, part of the road; for the mules, as is well known, always go on the outer edge of the path, no matter how wide it may be, and they have a demoniac kick in lifting up their hoofs, which sends the loose stones flying over the edge of the cliff, as if to show you how easy it would be to send you after the stones. But the danger is only apparent, and even the most timid learn entire confidence in the obstinate instinct of the animal, and admiration of the skill with which he surmounts the many obstacles in his way.

By climbing Montanvert immediate access is obtained to the Mer de Glace, which fills the vast ravine at the side of the mountain, and separates it from the opposite Needles. From the cliffs which overhang it, one gazes far up and down over the billows of the frozen sea. After resting awhile at the inn on the little table-land at the summit, and glancing over the usual interminable array of agates, cornelians, and Swiss carvings which flood every stopping-place in this part of the world, whether in the valley or on the hill, we descended the cliff, and wandered over the rough bosom of the Mer de Glace. The vast extent of billows, frozen at the moment of their stormiest commotion, stretched around us; the crevasses yawned at our feet, with the strange beauty of their blue-green depths, in which one

fancies strange treasures must be hidden, and the motionless waves, arrested for a while, seemed only waiting for the word of command to resume their mighty movement, — to burst their icy bonds, and rush forth a grand, impetuous, resistless flood.

Many visitors cross the Mer de Glace, and descend into the valley from Le Chapeau on the opposite shore. This involves a very hard walk across the sea, which at this, its narrowest part, is a mile wide, and a return to the valley on foot, which is not a very easy thing for the ladies of the party; so we contented ourselves with a prolonged exploration of the magic ocean, and made no attempt to cross its sullen breast. In spite of the rain, which fell in smart showers, we lingered and lingered, loth to depart. The monotony of coloring, increased by the chill grayness of the day, — the spell-bound silence to the ear of that which to the eye seems full of life and uproar, — exercised over us a strong fascination. Montanvert rises more than six thousand feet above the sea; yet when, upon its summit, we gaze upon the towering heights around us, we seem but to have climbed a little hillock. That loftiest peak, which looks down on Montanvert with such an air of conscious superiority, is the Aiguille Vert, — its sharp summit is still seven thousand feet above our heads. We could not climb its spire-like sides if we would; and it seems to say as much, as we

look up and admire its airy height and stately sublimity. Somewhat cruel, after all, are those fierce-looking and jagged cliffs, disdainful of all but perpendicular lines, and cutting into those soft, fleecy clouds with sharp, keen stroke, till the soft mists that would enrobe their naked heights move off to seek a milder greeting, and come rolling down the sides of the lower hills, to be kissed by the forests and welcomed by the streams.

The snow-line of the Alps is between nine and ten thousand feet above the sea, which still leaves, among the giants of the chain, a noble margin for unstained snows,—where immeasurable treasure-houses for the rivers are hidden high up beyond man's profane touch. What then must the Himalayan monsters be, that, ere they welcome the snow to a perpetual home, claim sixteen thousand feet of height?

After waiting till the last possible moment, we commenced the descent of the mountain. This performance, whether accomplished on your mule's back and with the assistance of his four legs, or attempted with the less elaborate machinery with which nature has endowed you individually, is, perforce, a very harum-scarum proceeding. Dignity of carriage is, in either case, quite out of the question. The most accomplished rider is jerked hither and thither in the saddle, as the mule steps down the steep, irregular rocks with his fore-feet, and drags

his mind ones after him with spasmodic violence; the most graceful pedestrian, after a few unpremeditated plunges, finishes with an indiscriminate rush, and a scramble among bushes and loose rocks, wide out of the course he had originally intended to pursue. If, as in our case, a heavy shower accompany the performance, the general effect is much heightened by umbrellas and dripping garments, as well as by the elevation of spirits which takes place in the mulish economy as external circumstances become more and more adverse. The nearer the mule approaches to the bottom of the mountain, the more extraordinary and the more uncontrollable are his gyrations; and one would suppose that the supper which awaited him must be a banquet fit for the gods, to judge by his eagerness to arrive at it. We are weather-proof travellers by this time, and mind a shower no more than a zephyr; or, if it produce any effect at all, it is only in the way of merriment. Wet and travel-stained we returned to our hotel; but the villagers of Chamouni are too much accustomed to see excursionists return in every possible variety of dilapidation, to bestow more than a passing glance at cavalcades that in our own land would be followed by a score of "young Americas."

Chamouni is a very gay little place during "the season." Every morning sees groups of people

setting out upon excursions in all directions, in carriages, on foot, or on mules ; — every evening sees them returning, with weary steps but cheerful countenances, as if well pleased with the day's work ; and the queer toilets which fancy, convenience, or necessity suggests, add much to the picturesque element of the scene. Quaint old vehicles arrive and depart at all hours ; guides and couriers assail you at every turn ; Alpenstocks and chamois-horns are thrust at you whichever way you walk ; and, indoors and out of doors, a confused jargon of French, English, Italian, German, and *patois* innumerable, sounds in your ears. Few remain long enough for any special localizing of themselves, and those who meet at breakfast disperse so widely during the day that little consolidation takes place among the visitors ; — besides, nobody looks at people when Mont Blanc is in sight, the only distraction from the Alps themselves being that to which I have already referred, — dinner. One can hardly find a place where people, as such, are of less consequence to you than here. The individuals who are necessary are lost, as persons, in the offices they fill ; those who have no position in this way are mere phantoms, catching the eye at times, but “ without form and void ” to the inner sense.

After our return from Montanvert the rain ceased, the clouds cleared away, and a glorious sunset



clothed the Alps in fresh robes of beauty. Long after the valley was shrouded in a soft twilight, the rosy hues lingered lovingly upon the snowy dome, to which all eyes turn with never-wearied admiration. Whether the tender rays of early morning tint the mountain-tops, or the full blaze of the meridian sun light up the crags, or the fading day lie gently on the summits, the beholder is ready to say, as each aspect succeeds another, “Ah! this is the *most* beautiful!” And when the mists gather from the valleys, and the clouds roll grandly on above your head, and the loud thunder roars among the hills, and flashes of lightning play over the upper heights and gleam among the dark masses of black clouds,—when the grandeur of serenity which delighted has given place to the magnificence of conflict which fascinates,—then are the Alps more than ever thrilling and overpowering. A storm among these giants is a thing to be remembered by all who have seen it. It is an “elemental war” indeed,—a strife ’twixt heaven and earth, in which the latter seems to play no trifling part. The thunder has a rival in the prolonged echoes from the walls of rock; the sullen plashing of the falling rain is drowned in the rushing of the swollen streams; and the lightning reveals an earth hardly less ghastly in its white light than the storm-driven clouds above it.

We climbed to the summit of La Flegère, which is

an excursion of little difficulty compared with the greatness of the reward. From the level spot before the little *chalet* on the top may be seen the magnificent panorama of Mont Blanc and the Needles; while the deep valley of Chamouni spreads out at our feet, and divides the range of hills of which La Flegère is one, from those which group around Mont Blanc. We went in excellent season, taking the freshness of the early morning, and catching the air pure from the newly-opened gates of Paradise. We thereby gained a view which did not wait for the lazier visitors who came after us. Not a cloud was in the sky; a sunshine intensely vivid lighted up the snowy peaks, and glanced far down into the deep ravines, which mark the mountain-sides as if with Egyptian hieroglyphics. Almost too radiant for the eye to rest on, rose high in the pure air the unsullied, dome-like mass of “the monarch of mountains,” — the pointed shafts of the Needles cut in sharp relief against the blue of heaven, like spires pointing to another world. Opposite us lay the Mer de Glace, its upheaved waves ever repeating the same contradiction of stormiest commotion in stillest rest, and ending in the Glacier du Bois and the cascade of the Arveiron. Beneath us wound the beautiful valley with its farms and villages, and the Arve threading its way along in many a fantastic curve. It is at this season only a small stream, but the broad bed

of blanchèd rocks and naked sand which borders its course tells of a fierce torrent when the snows are first let loose. The little village of Chamouni slumbered peacefully in the sunshine, as if feeling itself secure in the embrace of its mighty friends, who seem to smile upon its rest with patronizing watchfulness. The world does not possess many such panoramas as that it exhibits on La Flegère, nor does the wayward summer of the Alps give many such cloudless days as that on which we found ourselves before it. Even as we descended the mountain, within an hour's time from that cloudless azure which had canopied the view for us and crowned the hills with glory, the clouds gathered, the distant hills grew gray and presently vanished into obscurity, and as we reached the valley the big rain-drops began to fall, and the view from Flegère was over, for that day at least.

One more glorious sunset from the capricious sky, one more serene and starlit night, one more brilliant dawn, and our stay at Chamouni was over. At seven in the morning we mounted into one of the comical old carriages, which we have decided to be indigenous to these regions. At first we fancied this must be the purgatory of carriages defunct in other places; but the corporeal strength which sustains them through the hard usage they receive proves them to be still "in the body." Seven or

eight vehicles accompanied us, forming a procession utterly unique. Some held two persons, others four, and others again an indiscriminate number, known only to the clerk at the diligence office. Although it was August by the calendar, it was December by the thermometer, and we spent the half-hour before leaving in front of a huge wood-fire, wrapped in cloaks and shawls, endeavoring to "accumulate caloric" sufficient to last us till we should reach a less elevated, and consequently less chilly region. The valley is three thousand feet above the sea, and the atmosphere, which even at mid-day is cool and bracing, is in the early morning uncomfortably cold during the whole summer. What it must be during the winter, which commences in October and continues until May, with snow on the ground "varying in depth from three to thirteen feet," one would rather imagine than experience.

The road to Sallanches is considered practicable for carriages, and so it is for the sinewy vehicles which go over it; but, judging from the appearance of things upon it, one would say it must have been repaired by a recent avalanche. It seems to be merely the bed of some river, which has obligingly abandoned its course for the purpose of allowing people to go from Chamouni to Sallanches for a short time each season. A part of the way passengers are obliged to walk, the carriages proceeding empty

over the huge rocks ; — at one point in the route, we walked nearly a mile through the magnificent woods. The unhappy vehicles tottered along behind us, groaning piteously while making their painful way over what bore the strongest resemblance to a broken-down staircase of stone, which seemed of an interminable length. The views along the road are picturesque in the highest degree ; the path winds along at the foot of the Brevent, crosses the Arve several times, shelters itself in the valley, or dives into the deep ravines, with such an infinite variety of scenery that the bad road is almost unheeded, and the forced slowness of progress is rejoiced at.

At Sallenches the bad road ceases, the antediluvian vehicles are deserted, and the diligence swallows you up in its vast *intérieur*, or perches you, if you are fortunate, like a bird upon its roof. Where the proportion of inside to outside passengers is as ten to one, the few on the outside have every reason to feel elated with their elevation. By great generalship we secured seats in this locality ; and in spite of a high wind, which harassed us most amusingly now and then, we kept our position the whole day. The passengers fairly packed, the luggage arranged, the last buckle to the harness adjusted, away rattles the diligence, and with much clatter we start upon the journey to Geneva. But a stop is made in a few minutes to allow the travel-



lers to see one of the most admired of all the views of Mont Blanc. The point at which the carriage stops is on a bridge just out of the village, and the picture is one not easily forgotten. Some twelve miles behind you rises the mountain summit, so clear and sharp in outline, so massive and grand in proportion, so imminent in actuality, that it seems to be within a stone's throw. This is considered by many the noblest of the distant views of Mont Blanc, and is certainly a most imposing one.

The smooth post-road seems like an old friend to us, as we roll rapidly over it. The whole drive is a succession of beautiful scenes, both of the Alps that we are leaving, and the Jura which we are approaching; and in our immediate vicinity follow picturesque little openings in the road on either hand, disclosing silvery cascades leaping down the mountain-sides, or beetling crags assuming every form of wildness, and at last, as we emerge on the more level ground, fertile fields and ripening vineyards. Within a few miles of Geneva we come upon something we have not seen since we left America,—an immense field of red clover in full blossom. It would have looked still more like home had a stone wall or a rough fence enclosed it; but enclosures in Europe mean only parks or fortifications, and so our humble friends the clover-blossoms nodded their heads within a foot or two of the

horses' hoofs, and cast their odor on the air as defiantly as if they felt themselves beyond the reach of harm, and were accustomed to stand their ground against anybody. At Chesne our passports were examined, but we were not obliged to leave the diligence, nor was the luggage overhauled. We were all pronounced *en règle*, and allowed to proceed without unnecessary detention.

The blue of Lake Lemman is in sight, the sunset flashes over the misty masses of the Jura, and silence settles down upon the earth, as we enter the dignified and somewhat prim city of Geneva. Complete satisfaction also settles down upon us, when we find that there is still room for us at the crowded Hôtel de l'Ecu, at which we had been told to apply first for entrance, to which our heavy luggage had been forwarded, and which ranks first among the many fine hotels of the city. We were hardly aware of the restraint which limitation of wardrobe had imposed on us for a few days, until we felt the reactionary expansion consequent upon once more beholding our trunks, and inwardly resolved never more to cavil at abundant luggage.

## CHAPTER XV.

Geneva and its Lake. — Watches and Jewelry. — Crossing the Jura. — Return to Paris. — Reception of Queen Victoria. — Gay Doings of the Great World. — Imperial Equipages. — Balls at the Hôtel de Ville and Versailles. — Rush of Strangers in Paris. — Departure of the Queen. — Madame Ristori.

IN the matter of hotels Geneva deserves a pre-eminent reputation. In no city is the traveller more hospitably or more elegantly entertained. It possesses half a dozen first-class houses, all spacious, pleasantly situated, and kept upon a liberal scale. Our hotel stands upon the shore of Lake Lemman, so that from our seats at table we look out upon its dancing waters, and the air that enters at the window is fresh from blowing over its blue expanse. The *table d'hôte* is the finest we have seen since we left Paris, and the attendance, both at table and in the apartments, is prompt and noiseless. The chambers invite slumber, the breakfasts invite an appetite, and the dinners are made still more attractive by delicious music stationed in the lofty hall which adjoins the spacious dining-room. The hotel is full to overflowing, but the precision and order with which

everything is arranged prevent anything like confusion. The contrast which our present delightful quarters afford to our recent poor accommodations comes vividly before us from time to time. The difference between attacking a meal from a knowledge of the necessity of getting nourishment in order to sustain impending fatigue, shutting one's eyes and one's nose and swallowing in haste to avoid realizing the taste of what is taken, and having all the senses pleasantly regaled, and the palate delicately ministered unto, is most grateful to us. Diet has a moral or an immoral effect upon most persons, and temper and health are both affected by the preparation and quality of food partaken of. With the exception of our stay at Chamouni, our discipline in this respect has been somewhat severe of late.

One of the first visions which a foreigner conjures up at the name of Geneva is connected with its world-wide reputation in jewelry and watch-making. But the visitor soon finds that it has many other attractions and sources of interest. The scenery within and without the city, the near views of the lake, the distant ones of the Alps and the Jura, the drives in the environs, the fresh, pure, exhilarating air,—all are full of pleasant suggestions, and, added to the charms of a very agreeable society, make of Geneva a delightful summer home. The city is divided into two portions by the “blue waters of

the arrowy Rhone ;” and the bridges which serve to unite the shores are architecturally very pretty, and add largely to the picturesque effect of the place. The wonderfully rapid current of the river is indeed “arrowy,” and flows through the lake without appearing to mingle with it. The bridges are favorite resorts for promenaders, and any lover of fine scenery may enjoy at his leisure the beautiful prospects they afford. Far off on one side the Jura chain rises five thousand feet in height, clothed in solemn pines as in a heavy robe of sombre green ; and on the other side of the horizon towers the dome of Mont Blanc, fifty miles distant, but which in clear weather may be seen reflected in snowy whiteness in the bosom of the lake. The broad valley which lies between these mountain chains spreads out its fair and fertile fields, and from the rough and ragged edges of the hills flow forth the forty streams which feed the lovely lake embosomed in beauty. The valley, though lowland plain to the mountains around it, is itself more than eleven hundred feet above the sea, and consequently is always swept by healthy and invigorating airs. The lake is lashed into fury by the wild winds which come down upon it, and the steamers which cross it are tossed about so on the mimic sea, that the equilibrium of many who have crossed the Atlantic with impunity is here seriously disturbed.



The watches and musical boxes, the diamonds and mosaics, the works in gold and silver, and gems of all sorts, to be seen in Geneva, will repay for more than a passing glance. To such perfection is the manufacture of jewelry carried, that the taste finds a satisfaction in it akin to that felt in gazing on a picture or a statue. The triumph of art may be found in the delicate mechanism, the richly-chased mountings, the fairy-like adornments of the watches, and chains, and necklaces, that gleam in the windows, or conceal themselves in the cases of the manufacturers. The art of enamel-painting is carried to such perfection, and artists of such eminence are employed, that some of the watches adorned with it are more costly than if diamonds were employed in the ornamentation. The multitude and variety of these paintings render them almost wearisome, until one learns to ignore those which are merely ordinary, and to give to the best an appreciative admiration. Some idea of the importance of the watch-making trade to Geneva may be gained by a knowledge that more than a hundred thousand watches are annually made in the city, while many more are sold there which have been made in the adjacent mountains of Neuchâtel. The value of the jewelry exported to England alone is about sixty thousand pounds per annum. That sent to Paris must be worth even more. Many of the watch-makers of

Paris have the mechanism of their watches made at Geneva, and the setting and finishing done at Paris. They then receive the Parisian stamp, and pass for French watches.

In order to return to Paris over the Jura, which route we had determined to take, we were obliged to start at half past six in the morning, and travel till the same hour in the evening. The road does not pass through any very large or important places, and the passage, being taken at Geneva, must be held to Dôle; for, once lost, it would be almost impossible to resume it, every successive trip of the diligence having its own complement of through travellers. The scenery is very fine, and tempts many lovers of beauty; it also allows those in a hurry to get to Paris to strike the railway at Dôle, and thus reach the capital with speed and ease. So in the fresh morning sunshine we went forth from our last cup of coffee at the Hôtel de l'Ecu, where two days' sojourn and good cheer had rested and refreshed us. The diligence was full, but proved to be very comfortable in all its appointments. We climbed the winding ascent of La Dôle, and rested on the summit to admire the magnificent view behind us. The full extent of the valley of the Rhone lay fair beneath, spread like a map at our feet; the lake reflected the glowing rays of the August sun; the river wound like a band of silver among the fields

of ripening grain. The distant Alps give grandeur to the scene, and stand like faithful sentinels guarding the valley; Mont Blanc smiles farewell to us in the farthest distance, as the road winds round the height, and changes our point of view many times. Vast in its general effect, the prospect loses nothing by being studied in detail, and long examination reveals many new features in the scene. On either hand the harvests were ripening, and the people at work in the vineyards and the fields.

In the morning we seated ourselves once more in the rail-cars,—a method of conveyance which at this time possesses the merit of comparative novelty, so long have we limited our notions of speed to the possible accomplishment of quadrupedal effort. Whirled along upon an express train, flying with bewildering speed past field and forest, past town and river, over and under and across all things, we felt that we were returning to the practical and the business-like. Farewell to the dreamy quiet of the lovely Swiss valleys, farewell to the towering Alpine summits that daily drew our thoughts heavenward, and farewell to the slowness of mind and body which characterizes the dwellers in regions where railways are not! Back to busy, gay, fast Paris we hurry with lightning speed. Back to Paris, which shall be busier, gayer, and faster than ever; for it is to be the theatre of a grand event. England's

Queen will visit France's Emperor in his own home, and all France is interested that she shall have a right imperial welcome given to her. Hospitality shall grow into magnificent proportions when exercised between such potentates, and those who are on the spot shall see a pageant such as does not come on every fine day, even in Paris. All who come to see shall share in the ample welcome.

We reached Paris at midnight on Friday, and went directly to our rooms, which were doubly welcome after so much fatigue. How homelike everything seemed! Our late wanderings have given to our return to Paris the aspect of a rest, though every day will doubtless be full of busy activity. The city is so crowded that new-comers find it almost impossible to obtain lodgings, and we hear some very ludicrous stories of the pressure of strangers and foreigners upon the inhabitants. Everything is, of course, at a high premium; and some of the wide-awake Frenchmen and Frenchwomen will do a thriving business for a week.

The morning broke fair and radiant, with promise from the skies of sympathy with the expectant earth. Royalty might feel sure that its plumes could spread themselves in the sun. All day the busy preparations go on. The city is decorated in honor of the event with waving banners; and on the Boulevards, through which the royal carriages are to

pass, are erected triumphal arches adorned with beautiful flowers, with velvet, and with gold, and wonderful mottoes in what is meant for English. From the balconies hang rich stuffs of brilliant colors, and from the roofs and windows wave silken banners, with the emblems of all nations emblazoned thereon. The windows are filled with fair faces, that bend to look upon the crowds below. The whole city is in gala costume ; the sidewalks swarm with people of all nations ; flowers perfume the air, as the breeze sweeps over the triumphal arches ; and music from innumerable instruments swells and floats upon the summer wind. Two hundred thousand troops are under arms, and form a living pathway, through which the *cortége* is to pass over the six miles which intervene between the Strasburg station, at which the Queen enters the city, and the imperial palace of St. Cloud, where she is to spend the coming Sabbath. Perfect order, during all those many hours of weary waiting, rewards the efforts of the incomparable Parisian police, and all the thousands visible from our airy balcony on the Boulevard des Italiens remain patient and good-natured to the last.

With us patience was a lesser virtue, for we were comfortably seated in the shade, surrounded by pleasant people, nearly all Americans, and quite as agreeably situated as we could wish. But for those



who passed so many hours standing in the street, it must have been tiresome enough. Not until darkness was closing around us did the long-expected cannon thunder forth their welcome sound; and now all the spectators are on tiptoe, for the carriages will soon be in sight. The brilliant cavalry of the Guides, the Chasseurs, and the Cent Gardes escort the imperial carriages, which blaze with gold, and from which the almost indistinguishable occupants (for the twilight is now fairly upon us) bow, and are supposed to smile. White handkerchiefs wave from the balconies, hats are off in reverential acknowledgment, acclamations rend the air, the troops salute passing majesty with their ringing arms;—and soon the tramp of horses dies away, the vision fades, the pageant is over, and the hungry crowds turn their faces homeward to eat cold dinners, for the Queen has kept us waiting in a most unconscionable manner, and it is now eight o'clock. We are able, however, to say to those who ask us, that we have seen the Queen; though it is questionable whether the opportunity allowed the acquisition of any more valuable information than that the said Queen was a lady and wore a bonnet,—which some of us had suspected before.

For eight days that brilliant pageant lasted, varying in its details, but the same in lavish magnificence. For eight days the silken banners floated

on the air, and the eager crowd surged hither and thither in pursuit of the English Queen, and for eight days the cloudless Parisian sky shone fairer than anything it looked upon. Only once in all that time, and then only for a few hours late in the day, did the clouds lower and the rain fall, and the next morning the heavens were more brilliant than ever. All that wealth could procure, all that art could bring together or ingenuity devise, was concentrated into one blaze of pomp and festivity. Even the Queen of Great Britain may have been astonished at the sumptuous preparations made for her, the many and magnificent palaces belonging to her "cousin" the Emperor, the variety of the entertainments which followed each other in splendid succession;—more than all may she have been surprised at the festive appearance of the earth and sky, continued longer than she had probably ever beheld it before. In fact, no greater contrast could be found than that of the sunny and *riant* atmosphere of Paris with the chill grayness of an English sky.

To the two millions of inhabitants forming the usual population of Paris was added, during this time, another million of strangers; so that it was no wonder that houses and streets were alike filled with life. Immense sums of money were expended, and the shopkeepers reaped a rich harvest from foreign

purses, showing themselves by no means inexpert at the operation. Indeed, many of the stratagems resorted to were characterized by a "cuteness" which most people consider the exclusive birthright of the "universal Yankee nation."

One day, the Champ de Mars, alive with a hundred and thirty thousand troops, received the imperial party, and a grand review of the troops revealed to Victoria the excellent discipline of the French soldiers. Another day the morning was consumed in a visit to the Exposition Universelle, when a path was cleared for royalty, among the herds of ordinary humanity, by the indefatigable efforts of the police. The party moved slowly through the vast area, the Queen bestowing courteous attention upon whatever was submitted to her notice, and occasionally casting gracious glances on the attendant throng. A magnificent ball was given at Versailles, and another at the Hôtel de Ville, where the guests numbered ten thousand, and where all things were like a dream of fairyland, — where innumerable lights, countless flowers sweet with all the odors of Araby, fair faces, brilliant uniforms, gauzy floating draperies, and gay music united in one brilliant whole. And so the gay doings went on through that merry week. Wherever the royal guests went, the beauty and fashion of England and France followed in serried

ranks about their sovereigns, a little farther off came the mass of strangers, and at a still more respectful distance, hanging about the doorways and loitering upon the sidewalks, were the lower classes of Parisians, who seem always at liberty to leave off work to look at a show.

By no means the least brilliant part of the affair was the array of imperial carriages and horses, blazing with scarlet and green and gold, brilliant with plate-glass as the vehicles were, sleek, well-conditioned, and well-matched as the horses stood, waiting for their valuable burdens. The imperial livery of dark-green and gold was extremely handsome, the servants were quite a fine-looking set of men, and a stranger's eye might question the proper position in which to place them, judging only from the physical advantages of the different members of the *cortége*.

On Monday the Queen left Paris, and if the preparations for her reception had been brilliant, those for her exit were gorgeous beyond measure. It is said that even the days of Louis Quatorze never witnessed anything more splendid than the procession which attended Victoria to the station. The National Guard and the troops of the line protected both sides of the way for the whole distance, the Queen and her suite sat in carriages which had been finished since her arrival in France, and the

equipage of her departure outdid that of her coming in all the superior radiance of plate-glass, gilding, damask, and enamelled painting. The Queen's carriage was drawn by eight large bay horses, richly caparisoned and stepping with conscious pride, each one led by a gilded rein held in the hand of a footman, who walked beside them in the Emperor's livery. The coachman on the box and the four footmen clustering behind were a mass of gold-lace shining in the sun. A guard of honor attended the august travellers; among them the handsome uniform of the Guides and their long array of brown horses were conspicuous. Behind the carriages came the Cent Gardes, — the body-guard of Louis Napoleon, — a newly established corps, mounted on black horses, and wearing an odd-looking uniform of light purple and white, with steel cuirass and helmet. The music of the bands and the acclamations of the crowd made the air ring with sounds of joy, and the sun winked and blinked at the whole thing till he put the people almost out of countenance with his vivacious cheeriness.

With the last peal of music on the air ended the visit of the Queen of England to Louis Napoleon, and people turned away to moralize upon its meaning and possible consequences. To the sanguine it promises fair things for the future, to the grumblers it is but a fine pretence, and to the non-



committal style of wise men it brings occasion for a more than usually sagacious silence. Regarding it as a pageant, it has been without a flaw, and as a pageant we content ourselves with commenting upon it. If there ever is another like it, "may we be there to see."

Madame Ristori is playing at the Théâtre Italien. She is indisputably a very admirable actress, wonderfully effective in some of her efforts; but I do not see how any one can regard her as a dangerous rival for Rachel. The proverbial fickleness of the Parisians, coming upon a moment of disgust at their old idol, can alone explain the extravagant present popularity of Ristori. Everybody, in criticising her, sets out from the Rachel standard, and the strength of prejudice or prepossession intensifies the decision, by adding an element of pique or of antagonism. The Parisians, like the ancient Athenians, are always on the rush after some "new thing."

Several more visits to the Louvre only incite to fresh enjoyment of its treasures, and increase the desire to dive deeper and deeper into them. The same experiment in regard to the Exposition is attended with a similar result. To exhaust either would be impossible, and, though quite unlike in other respects, they produce a like impression of exhaustlessness.

One visit does for the "Château des Fleurs," or

the “Jardin Mabille,” as you please. Each is like the other, and both are (fortunately) unlike anything else. From them one learns the fact that there are persons that never weary of dancing and eating and frolicking. Such an “institution” is impossible out of Paris; and even here it is conducted with great outward decorum, as a general thing. The fine music, the sweet flowers, and the soft night air redeem the place to some extent from its baser reputation. These two gardens are open on alternate nights during the week; on Sunday night they are *both* crowded. Verily the Parisians care little which way they go, or where they are likely to bring up, so that they may sing and dance and be amused on the road thither!

## CHAPTER XVI.

Last Days in Paris. — Sèvres Porcelain. — Establishment of Monsieur Alphonse Giroux. — La Petite Trianon. — Universality of the Attractions which Paris presents to Strangers. — From Paris to London. — Custom-house Detentions. — Crossing the Channel. — A Night's Sleep at Folkestone. — Journey up to London.

As the time of our sojourn in Paris draws to a conclusion, new objects of interest start up to claim attention, necessitating a degree of physical exertion, and entailing an amount of fatigue, quite incomprehensible to any one who has never “travelled for pleasure” in solemn earnest, and almost incredible to those who have gone through it, when it is reviewed after a slight interval. Of course we ate, drank, and slept a little during our whole journey; yet where and when the time and opportunity for these operations occurred was forever after matter only for the wildest speculation.

We went, one warm and serene day, — the summer days here seem to be less oppressive and debilitating than at home, — to the imperial manufactory at Sèvres. The display of porcelain is very beautiful, — the beauty of design and delicacy of execution quite marvellous. There are dainty cups and sau-

cers, fragile as a rose-leaf, painted with flowers so delicately tinted that it seems as if a rude breath would wither them; there are plates on which lie pictured fruits that shame the ripest grapes and peaches, and tantalizingly urge you to put them to your lips; and there are vases glowing with landscapes and portraits and wreaths of flowers and enamelled scroll-work and arabesques and mouldings beyond number and description. Knowledge of the frail material in which so much labor and so much beauty are enshrined inspires a sort of tender feeling of protection in regard to them. They seem so helpless against violence, that one involuntarily moves gently among them, lest some inadvertent gesture may ruin forever the delicate work. The ware-rooms contain many articles for sale, but the price at which they are marked is sufficient indication that purchasers are not much wished for. The smaller articles, especially, were priced in such a way, that the larger and most elegant really seemed cheaper in proportion to their merit, though, under other circumstances, five thousand dollars would seem quite enough for a small centre-table, or one thousand for a *tête-à-tête* tea-set. Above the ware-rooms are many chambers filled with specimens of the pottery of all times and of all nations; an odd but quite interesting collection, — interesting partly from its very incongruity. There are specimens of

Sèvres ware from the commencement of the manufacture, and these are the most beautiful of all ; there are also beautiful articles of Dresden china, rough earthen ware from South America, brown pottery from Egypt, coarse jars from Spain large enough to contain barrels full of wine, and there are Bohemian glass vases fit for nothing but a fine lady's tears.

Another place well worth visiting in Paris is the variety-store — if we may profane a temple of art with such a name, simply because the articles in it are for sale — of Alphonse Giroux. The collection of bronzes includes innumerable beautiful objects, from the tasteful little vase of an inch or two in height to statuettes full of power. The prices range from fifteen francs to five thousand. Buhlwork cabinets and desks and tables fill another division, interspersed with show-cases of smaller but quite as expensive prettinesses, taking every form. In one room there are paintings of merit on the walls, and portfolios strewn around, filled with engravings and water-color drawings by many artists. You may purchase a painting by De la Roche large enough for your parlor for two or three thousand dollars, or content yourself with a pretty aquarelle for your portfolio at the more moderate outlay of a hundred. The room set apart for toys would make a child's heaven. It contains every conceivable invention in its line, and includes the simple imple-



ments by which infantine fingers are taught to do mischief, and the elegant complexities through which children of larger growth glide from childhood into science. The gentlemen and ladies in attendance (we use the words advisedly) manifest a degree of courtesy to visitors which is extreme even for Paris.

A farewell visit to Versailles, taken upon a quiet day, when there were few visitors, proved very satisfactory. We spent some time among the portraits, among which one of Louise de la Vallière and another of Madame de Pompadour interested me much; — the first, a fair, delicate blonde, with a sweet and amiable expression; the second, a full-length picture of a sprightly, piquant face, full of mischief and coquetry, and a figure of graceful proportions, the attitude allowing the display of the little hand of which its owner was so proud. Among the endless list of portraits of kings and queens, and brave men and lovely women of the past, there stared out at us, apparently not quite used to their present neighborhood, the familiar faces of Daniel Webster, Andrew Jackson, and James K. Polk.

Crossing the green and shaded park, which is fresh as new-mown fields far away in country places, we come to the palaces of the Great and Little Trianon. The latter is the more interesting in itself, and the more closely connected with historical events.

Much less ponderous in its magnificence and less interminable in its apartments than its neighbor of Versailles, it is still ample enough and sumptuous enough for an imperial abode. Some of the rooms, small as they are in comparison, are filled with gems of art that make them miracles of costliness. The bronzes are of the finest in the world; the Sèvres ware is the most delicate that even Sèvres can produce; the pictures are *chefs-d'œuvre*; the portraits are just those that hold one longest and fascinate one most, by the faces themselves or by the reminiscences they involve. The palace was a favorite residence of Napoleon, and many tokens of his presence and indications of his tastes are shown. In one room are several articles in malachite, of immense size and costliness, which were presented to Napoleon by his friend Alexander of Russia. Many of the chambers have been rendered still more famous by the great people that have slept in them, and through the whole palace there breathes an air of personality and humanity quite unusual in these mausoleums of confused memories.

Turning from the attractions within doors, the eye is feasted with the delicious gardens, on which the windows open, and in which flowers of every hue lie basking in the sunshine, and form a paradise of sweets. Memories of the hapless Marie Antoinette come thick and fast upon the mind, when standing on the very

spot where so many of her not over numerous days of happiness were passed ; and we can almost fancy that the air still holds the echo of her voice, the garden the imprint of her footstep. In the grounds near the palace are the Swiss chalets, which were built to allow her and her court to indulge in a dream of rurality. The dairies and the farm-houses in which they played their pastoral insipidities still stand in mute waiting for the absent ones ; they form a most touching monument in their very simplicity and apparent unconsciousness of the tragedies they suggest. They are kept in neatness and order, but there is a painful sense of desertion about them, and the *Laiterie* where the Queen's fair hands played dairy-maid is like a tomb, with its white marble milk-stands, on which her cipher is deeply graved. One is glad to remember that the tragedy as well as the comedy is over, and that the little lake is not more peaceful than the repose of those whose laugh upon its waters was followed by such bitter tears.

Then come the last shopping expeditions, the last promenades on the gay Boulevards, the last look at the gray old Tuileries and the glittering Palais Royal, the last drive up the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées, and the last look at the leaping fountains and the tall obelisk of the Place de la Concorde. We hate to leave the city in which we now feel so thoroughly at home, for there is no other city, prob-

ably, where this home feeling is of such rapid growth for the stranger. New fascinations spring up for us every day, and every day teaches us better and better how to obtain the most from what is around us. There is, in spite of all the grave objections which may be urged against the moral influence of a city like Paris, a strange and almost irresistible fascination in the gay and cheerful aspect of all its externals. Not as a home for the heart does Paris hold out the hand of welcome; not to the sorrowing does she offer repose and consolation; not to the struggling does she speak of aspiration. But when the heart is light and the pulse throbs firmly, when the health that bounds in the veins is equalled by that which keeps the mind in tone, — in a word, when the world goes well with you, and a season of allowed recreation is at hand, — go to Paris. The pure air shall fill your lungs with oxygen as clear as that amid the hills of your native land; the sunshine shall cheer you like the smile on a dear friend's face, and your eyes shall be feasted with all that nature can display or art create. The most fastidious and the most versatile taste shall find here the food it loves the best. The artist shall revel in the galleries of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and Versailles; though he have not a penny in his pocket, he may have golden hours with the Madonnas of Murillo, and wander at his ease through the landscapes of Claude, or rest in the

shadows of Salvator, or dream visions of spiritual beauty inspired by the pencil of Raffaëlle. The architect shall find, at every turn, some magnificent specimen of the art he loves, from the solemn towers of Notre Dame, and the rich tracery of St. Eustache, to the just finished front of the Bibliothèque Impériale and the restored beauty of the Tour de St. Jacques. Standing before the glorious Madeleine, he shall own that Greek art has found here a fitting type for modern eyes to gaze at ; and as he turns his steps to the unequalled Place de la Concorde, the Egyptian obelisk shall tell him stories of the vanished glory of ancient Thebes.

Does the visitor in Paris prefer the intellectual converse of books to the magpie chattering about him ? Libraries without limit open their wealth to him freely ; he may search the archives of the past, or amuse himself in the abundance of the present. Does the perfume of fresh flowers, or the waving of green trees, seem better worth than the hurrying multitudes ? The gardens of the Tuileries and of the Luxembourg stand like oases in the midst of the crowded city, ready for his pleasure ; or he may go to the Bois de Boulogne and lose himself from human sight in its green depths ; or he may combine opposite influences, and have the trees and the turf of the Champs Elysées, and still see crowds of people rushing hither and thither among the trees



and flowers. If his tastes are horticultural, or if he hanker after natural history, let him go to the Jardin des Plantes, where the hippopotamus will be happy to make his acquaintance, and the giraffe will nod to him from his aerial height. A thoughtful mood may take him to Père la Chaise, a tuneful one to the Italian Opera, a lavish one to the Boulevards, and a hungry one to the Palais Royal. It is his own fault if he be not suited somewhere and somehow, for even restlessness and uncertainty of aim are ministered unto by rambling among the busy streets. It is impossible to describe the variety of attractions which Paris presents, — each new-comer finds ample room and ample welcome. The wise liberality of the government places its treasures freely before the public, and maintains an aspect of especial hospitality towards the stranger. In any case a trifling *douceur* to the keeper is the only fee, and in most instances even this is forbidden. You may enter the churches every morning for curiosity, when others go for devotion ; the Louvre stands open for you six days out of seven, — closed, not, as the uninitiated might suppose, on Sunday as a day of rest, but on Monday as a day of cleaning ; and the palaces, with all their splendor of adornment, all their halo of historic interest, open their wide gates to the most republican intruder. Nowhere does the stranger, as such, receive such royal wel-

come as at Paris; nowhere else is there so much attainable without effort and without expense. One cannot walk the streets without constantly learning something before unknown, and new ideas spring up and develop themselves without the consciousness of study. Leaving out of the question the deep moral significance of much that even a careless eye must see, much that a kindly heart must grieve over, there results from a brief sojourn in Paris a great increase of intellectual activity, a great accession of practically valuable ideas. There is an exhilaration in all external influences, an activity almost joyous in the general tone of things and people, utterly opposed to any indolent supineness, and overcoming all laziness by the contagion of its presence. Too long continued, this might injure by preventing contemplation and self-study, and by substituting one impression for another without allowing the first to mature; but as an episode in a commonly thoughtful existence, it is of actual service. Pleasant recollections of all sorts cluster around our short Paris residence; the five weeks spent there seem like a highly-colored picture viewed under a strong light, in which are seen a sky of brilliant blue, a sun of unclouded splendor, an atmosphere of wonderful purity, above; and an unceasing tide of gayly-dressed men and women, of carriages and horses, of cavalry and infantry, of

show and pageant, below. Fountains playing, music sounding, horses prancing, diamonds flashing, and faces smiling, are the accompaniments of a walk through the streets. Out of the kaleidoscope of brilliant impressions a thousand combinations arise in the memory; but none of them are easily tamed into the mathematical precision of words, and it seems hopeless to endeavor to paint for others a picture which is yet forever so brilliant to ourselves.

The transition from Paris to London affords one of the most striking of the many contrasts which twenty-four hours in a European traveller's experience gives him. Having just emerged from the glow and sunshine of the first city, we will now see how the latter appears to one who looks at both in the same way,—that is, entirely from the outside. To those who, from circumstances of business or of previous acquaintance, are able to dive deeper into the humanity which belongs to cities, and to correct first false impressions or falsify first true ones, (for such a thing may be,) the accidents of external beauty or cheeriness of aspect may take a secondary place to the warm personal and social impressions received through contact with the inhabitants. But a stranger, who remains willingly a mere spectator of externals, and who spends a few weeks exploring a city, much as he may see that is worth seeing,

and sharply as he may examine what he does see, must remain in a position similar to that of one who stands gazing at a mansion with the owners of which he has neither time nor opportunity to become acquainted. It is amusing to note the audacity, however, with which some travellers rush into discussions concerning the social manners and customs of places, and how minutely they are able to describe the home-life in a city where they spent perhaps a busy month, hurrying hither and thither among churches and picture-galleries. Thorough knowledge of national habits and national character can of course be attained only by a long residence; but in the absence of any such experience, the cursory view from the outside commends itself more than the half-way acquaintance can do; the clear and defined outline of the picture formed in the mind has all the force of a spirited etching, where every line tells.

But as the fairy carpet, which used to waft people gently through the air and set them down without fatigue wheresoever they would rest, has never been found adapted to any but an Oriental region, it will easily be imagined that we did not fall asleep in Paris to wake up immediately after in London. On the contrary, the getting thither was most indisputably "an experience." The journey is said by the railway programme to be made in "twelve hours,

via Boulogne and Folkestone ;” but the traveller who is beguiled by such an announcement finds it, upon trial, only one more of those pleasant little fictions with which the travelling public are continually entertained. If delay were the only inconvenience attending the operation, one might put up with the addition of a few hours to its length ; but when the arrangements for crossing the Channel come under consideration, the good-nature of an individual is sadly put to the test. The steamers are too small to accommodate more than half the passengers they often carry,—the reason given for their small size being the difficulty in approaching the landing-places ; they are utterly unfurnished with protection against the frequently heavy sea which sweeps over the deck, and they apparently ignore the possibility of sea-sickness on the part of the unfortunate passengers. The large number of English people recently attracted to the French capital by the Queen’s visit there, crowded all the conveyances between the two countries to an unusual degree for some time, so that, when we made the trip, matters were of course in an aggravated condition of discomfort ; but even this allowance was quite insufficient to redeem the arrangements from the most hearty condemnation.

We left Paris at nine on Monday morning, and after a most wearisome ride of some six hours,



through an entirely uninteresting country, we came in sight of the long, low sand-plains near the coast, and were soon after landed in the custom-house at Boulogne. Then came the endless and pointless annoyances of the passports; and baggage-tickets became mysterious title-deeds, and transfers and permits grew into matters of state importance; and a general condition of bewilderment and vexation pervaded the crowd. I sat for more than a hour on my own hat-box, fortunate beyond my neighbors in having one strong enough to bear my weight, seats being a luxury unknown in the bare and desolate government building. In the mean time the people were almost fighting for precedence with the officials, omnibus-loads were setting off from time to time, thus reducing the numbers of the belligerents, and all was hubbub and confusion. These preliminaries for our leaving the country without danger to the persons or the purses of the Emperor or the Queen being adjusted, we also took seats in the friendly omnibus, and drove to the haven of our present desires, the quay, where the homely proverb of our childhood came back to us with a force to which the most fastidious refinement must have surrendered, — we had indeed “jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.” On our way, however, we got a view of part of the town, and of the military works of the first Napoleon. The quay was more

crowded than the omnibus, the steamer more crowded than the quay ; but we pushed our way among noisy porters, dirty sailors, agitated travellers, and frightened women and children. Puzzled Frenchmen were shouting and gesticulating at English officials, and equally puzzled and equally unintelligible Englishmen returning the compliment to French *employés*. Load after load of passengers was poured from the carriages into the little steamer, and when she threatened to tip over with her uneasy freight of human beings, the huge baggage-wagons arrived, as if in the wake of an army. The baggage was slid over a sort of sluiceway, leading apparently into the very bowels of the vessel ; and it was quite painful to see the dangerous celerity with which a lady's hat-box would slide down the steep descent, closely pursued, with demolishing intent, by three or four huge trunks, — the panting hare pursued by the furious hounds. The heterogeneous collection was rapidly disposed of in the vessel's maw, and in fact underwent during the voyage a process very like digestion. The passengers uttered helpless exclamations of dismay as they caught sight of favorite articles of their own mingling and crushing in the *mêlée*.

But concern for one's luggage is soon superseded by more immediate and urgent concern for one's self. The confusion of trunks and boxes, the plunging

hither and thither of valises and carpet-bags in their time of trial, is as nothing to the pell-mell scrambling of men and women when the English Channel is really in earnest. Almost always rough and disagreeable, it seems determined to make up for the shortness of the time it has you in its power by the variety and intensity of the torments it inflicts upon you. Apparently aware that our party had cheated it out of one passage by going direct from our own country to France, it made Jonahs of our innocent selves, and heightened its usual surliness of demeanor into absolute unbearableness. An unusually crowded steamer, an unusually high wind blowing right in our teeth, and consequently an unusually heavy sea, produced a state of things not conducive to serene contemplation or poetical dreaming. Discomfort and sea-sickness reigned paramount, and minutes seemed hours. Every few moments an impertinent wave struck the vessel in the face, scattered large quantities of spray over the deck, and drenched everybody upon it. It came in so much faster than it could run off, that there was an inch or two of water standing upon the deck, forming a general foot-bath, and, wherever any special obstacle intervened, deepening into pretty little ponds, in one or two of which I saw men sitting, so utterly sea-sick and miserable as to be quite indifferent to the matter.

The cabins were so small and so close that not more than a dozen or two of the passengers could remain in them, — one set of first-class and another of second-class, for, as Mrs. Nickleby has it, “we must be genteel or die.” This I learned from rumors around me, having no wish personally to investigate their horrors. There are circumstances in which an occasional baptism of salt water is better than physical shelter at the price of mental disgust. The sounds that came from the miserable victims, and which occasionally overpowered the rushing of the winds and waves, told the story with sufficient clearness for any listener with tolerably quick imaginative power.

On deck the crowd was also great. Change of place was nearly impossible; the sea spent its malice upon us; umbrellas were absurdly insufficient, “impermeables” were no better than gossamers, india-rubber coats served only as conductors to convey the water more carefully to unprotected regions. Such a forlorn, pitiable, wretched crowd I never saw before. Not being overcome myself by the demon of sea-sickness, I was able to look about, from under my umbrella, at the unfortunate groups around me. The fair faces, of late so smiling beneath jaunty hats and flying ribbons, were now expressive of a physical distress that defied conventional restraints; and the hats and the ribbons shared in the

general dismay, and grew crestfallen and discouraged under repeated doses of salt water. The bows and smiles of the gentlemen were exchanged for rueful glances and elongated countenances; and sights and sounds which it is not pleasant to remember, or well to describe, made the three hours of the passage the most disagreeable which occurred during four months of travelling.

When we reached the English coast, we were so thoroughly subdued in spirits, and so completely soaked in body, that the idea of going to London that night, as most of the passengers did, seemed to us quite beyond human strength. Talk of the French invading England! Why, the poor seasick invaders could be annihilated without effort in the first hour after their landing! We meekly submitted to be snubbed by the custom-house officers, who demanded the gentlemen's knapsacks,—I presume my excessive humiliation saved mine, as it was permitted to pass,—and delivered our keys to the first commissioner who asked for them. Receiving from him a direction to a hotel, we left the English Channel with a faint exultation, and were soon in comfortable rooms, drying our garments and recovering our equanimity. Travellers soon learn to go through the latter process without loss of time, and become proficient in the art of “letting bygones be bygones.”



We did not repent our determination to remain at Folkestone, for from our comfortable room we could see the performances at the station, and listen to the protracted groans of the impatient locomotive. The spirit of delay was still in force, however, and the train, instead of reaching London at nine o'clock, as per contract it was bound to do, did not leave Folkestone till that hour, and the passengers must have arrived at the metropolis in some of "the wee sma' hours." A great part of this detention was owing to the examination of luggage at the custom-house. We had looked forward with great dread to this examination, having been entertained many times with tales of the strictness and rudeness with which it would be conducted, and of the opportunity it afforded for personal annoyance. We had been told that we might be subjected to personal search,—that our trunks would be turned topsy-turvy, and all extra or new articles would be likely to get taxed. We had sent a portion of our luggage from Paris direct to Liverpool, marked for the steamer we were to return in,—a method which saves a traveller all trouble, and exempts his matters from custom-house interference; but we had enough still with us to give the courtesy of the revenue-officers ample trial. We were most agreeably surprised to find that we were not obliged to attend to the examination at all; that no questions

were asked us as we passed along ; and that, in an hour or two after our own arrival at the hotel, our trunks followed us, apparently unopened. The keys and a polite message from the commissioner soon appeared, and all of my own sex will sympathize in the feeling of satisfaction I experienced on finding my fresh Paris hat unprofaned by the rude touch of masculine fingers. This topic of custom-regulations is an unfailing source of conversation among pleasure-travellers, who are, as a class, especially averse to having their purchases in one country disturbed in another, and who resent as a personal insult any assertion that such matters are "dutiable articles." We grew incredulous after experience had proved to us that there was little practical difficulty in the matter ; but were always told, when we ventured to defend the reputation of one place, that when we came to another we should find it very different. We were, however, never annoyed seriously, and met with courteous treatment from all the officials that we came in contact with. To be sure, the etiquette of the thing is altogether burdensome and absurd, and the passport system on the Continent is a piece of bother, and sometimes of expense ; but it might be made so much worse by rudeness, that we were glad to take it easily when it came in a mild form.

A cup of hot tea, followed by a long and sound

slumber, restored us to a salubrious condition, and we set out for London by the light of a brilliant sunshine. The country through which we passed was extremely pretty. The hop-vines, of which we saw large tracts, are much more graceful and delicate in effect than the vineyards on the Rhine. After the wild and picturesque scenery of Switzerland, English landscapes look very tame, and are much more suggestive of good soil and abundant crops than adapted to awaken enthusiastic emotions and sublime thoughts. Sloping undulations take the place of beetling crags, peaceful rivulets of rushing torrents, comfortable farm-houses of romantic ruins. It is said to be unwise in travellers who wish to appreciate the beauty of England to visit the Continent first; for the infinite variety of scene, the grandeur and picturesque beauty of Continental mountains and lakes and rivers, unfit the mind for the enjoyment of the quieter elements of English scenery, and dwarf its features out of their positive comeliness into comparative insignificance. Our visit was too hurried, and extended over too small a portion of the country, for us to venture upon any but a very limited judgment on the subject. What we did see, however, in going through the island, from the southern shore to Edinburgh, did not impress us as we expected, or as it probably would have done had we been fresh from our own

newer and rougher country. After the luxuriant glory of the plains of Lombardy, and the laughing fields of Southern France, the more simply utilitarian aspect of the English farm-lands seems prosaic and tame.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Arrival at London. — Vast Extent of the City. — Coldness of the Weather. — Westminster Abbey. — St. Paul's and the Strand. — Bank of England. — Tower of London. — Albert Smith's "Ascent of Mont Blanc." — Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean in Henry the Eighth. — London Docks. — Thames Tunnel. — Zoölogical Gardens. — Queen's Mews. — Hyde Park. — British Museum. — Madame Tussaud's Wax-Work Exhibition.

FROM the terminus of the railway to our rooms at the West End, it is some four or five miles ; so that our very first introduction to the city was calculated to impress us with a sense of its vast size. This sense never left me in London, and produced a feeling of dreariness and helplessness, a weighing down of loneliness in my individual self, a painful and intrusive conviction of the smallness and apparent worthlessness of any unit among so many millions, which lay like an incubus upon my consciousness. It tinged all my impressions as they arose, and grew into prominence with each day of our stay. Street after street winds its interminable length, its beginning and its end alike remote ; — in each the same human stream flows along, and the same sounds of business or of pleasure are to be



heard. Everywhere the buildings are smoky and defaced; and from the gray, damp sky above, and the gray, damp stones below seem to exude the same chill moisture, and the same thought of gloom. We are at the antipodes of our two-days-since experience. Everything is unlike the gay and brilliant metropolis in which so lately we walked about, amused and interested spectators of a thousand sights, and felt the sweet influences of sunshine and beauty warm our hearts. Though it is the first week in September, the weather is very cold and wet, and we meet people wrapped in cloaks, and even in furs. Out of season as this dreary wintry weather seemed to us, we were repeatedly congratulated upon having "such fine weather for seeing London;" so I suppose we did the climate no injustice by judging it from the specimen it presented to us. I asked the servant at our lodgings if it was not early in the season to sit by a fire. His reply was, "Why, no, ma'am; it's September." Anything short of a positive storm passes, it seems, for very good weather; and one soon ceases to wonder at the extraordinary construction of the articles called English walking-shoes, when a fair opportunity occurs for investigating an English pavement in bad weather. Certainly London, on a wet day, is the dirtiest, dreariest, and most disagreeable of places.

So many historical associations crowd upon the mind, and the past challenges the present with so much force in this wonderful city, that it is difficult to decide in which way to direct our first steps. Fortunately, whichever direction is decided on, much is encountered which books have made familiar to the stranger. The very names of the streets and squares are those we have read of all our lives; and we know the relation they bear to each other so well, that it seems as if we could find our way unassisted to any place. The more we wander, however, the more difficult do we find it to keep the large strings from tangling with lesser ones, and after a little while the whole becomes a labyrinth, requiring long familiarity to understand.

Our first expedition was a long visit to Westminster Abbey. The exterior of this noble edifice challenges admiration at once; and the sombre coloring which the smoke and dampness of London give to its walls is, in this instance, an improvement. The weather-stains of London usually fall upon the buildings with such a patchy effect as to sharpen rather than mellow the outlines, and they look dirty rather than venerable. The black dust accumulates upon cornices and projections of all sorts, just as ordinary dust accumulates in an unused room, and an impression

of untidiness on a very large scale is produced. The interior of the Abbey is cheerless and lonely, rather than solemn; and the dreary impression is heightened by the absence of kneeling worshippers and priests going about,—elements of life which impart to the Continental cathedrals a human and genial effect. The London weather seems to have installed itself in perpetuity within these time-honored walls, and the massive building to be a shelter for the cold and damp, instead of one against it. Sunshine cannot penetrate that gloom, or smile upon the marble monuments that tell of vanished glories and of long-dead heroes. The chapels are full of interest, and Henry the Seventh's is even more exquisite than words describe it; but everything in this locality is so well known, that it would be obtrusive to enter on any description.

One day we attacked and conquered St. Paul's, and the Royal Exchange, and the Bank of England, and ended with skirmishing in the Strand generally. This was a great expedition, starting from our quarters in St. George's Square, Hanover Street; and a drive down Regent or Oxford Street, in order to arrive at the first grand point, is full of an interest of its own. Well wrapped up in our thickest garments, and fortified with india-rubbers and an umbrella, we sally forth on daily excursions, and come home chilled and hungry, but not alto-

gether without satisfaction. Battling with a severe influenza formed quite an important part of my own employment, and introduced a strong personality into all my London sight-seeing.

St. Paul's is immense and ponderous ; — indeed, it overwhelms with its leviathan proportions, so that for a long while no other idea but that of size enters the brain. Turning to the guide-book for a start at the details of the matter, we find that “St. Paul's was forty years in building, and cost a million and a half sterling ; that its length is five hundred and ten feet, breadth two hundred and eighty-two, height of cupola four hundred and four.” Thus strengthened by figures, and posted in premises, we can proceed boldly. Viewed in its separate parts, St. Paul's presents much to admire. The porticos are very handsome, the dome is grand and elegant in proportions, the height of the edifice is imposing in the extreme ; yet, as a church, it failed to produce on my mind half the admiration or pleasure that many less pretentious buildings have excited. Gothic architecture is so much more graceful than any other in its combinations, so much more expressive of the emotions appropriate to temples dedicated to worship, and, with all the opportunity afforded for profuse decoration, so much simpler in the original idea, that a church like St. Paul's appears incongruous and confused

after the harmonious loveliness of St. Ouen, or the solemn glory of Strasburg Minster.

The Bank of England covers eight acres of ground, and therefore may be regarded as a tolerably substantial institution. The interior presents an endless succession of offices and galleries and receiving-rooms and disbursing-rooms and cabinets and vaults. All are exquisitely neat, and most of them occupied by grave-looking clerks or busy servitors. There was an air of solemn courtesy about everybody we met in our wanderings, which was very edifying. It was impossible to tell whether we were doing anything extraordinary in putting our heads in at the different doorways; nobody seemed astonished at our doing so, and nobody volunteered any information, or seemed at leisure to give us guidance; so we went on till we got tired, and then went out. The outside resembles a citadel, and looks as if Mammon had strengthened his own treasure-house, so that there should be no chance for the people to meddle with his hoards.

The Royal Exchange is a much more dignified-looking affair during business hours than its vociferous relative, the Bourse, at Paris. It is a handsome building, with a very imposing front. The General Post-Office is an enormous pile, of a style of architecture very appropriate to its uses. It is spacious and admirably arranged. This portion of London



has attractions at every turn, and the localities are so associated with interesting episodes in history, and it is so easy to reproduce the past when treading the ground on which they were enacted, that minutes lengthen into hours of wandering through these ancient streets and time-honored thoroughfares.

The Tower of London is, as it were, the key-note to a stranger's impression of the old parts of the city, and is connected with all that recurs to the mind in English history. Its appearance is quite in keeping with the melancholy tone of its associations. Sombre and heavy, gloomy and vast, it stands surrounded by its stout stone walls, a fitting memorial of old tyranny, a tangible assertion of the motto, "Might makes right." We have not been long in England before we discover that a different order of things prevails here for sight-seers from that in France. Fees, and those not small ones, are the only "open sesame" to anything. One of the scarlet-coated wardens of the Tower attached himself to me during all our perambulations about the place, though there were a dozen or more of visitors under his charge. Honesty obliges me to confess, that it was because our party looked, more than any other present, as if a fee might be forthcoming, rather than from any individual attraction. Well-timed directions for seeing what was to be seen, a

pretence of showing us a few rooms "not generally shown to visitors," &c., &c., established his claim to a fee; which he took with as much composure as if a strict prohibition of his doing so had not been, at that very moment, staring him and us in the face, in the largest of type, from the wall close by. We were told that money was expected at all the show-places, and that the government servants were always disappointed, and often uncivil, if visitors took in good faith the notices which forbid them to give fees to attendants. Probably they regard that style of printing as dead-letter. We sometimes paid a *douceur* to such very respectable-looking men, that on the first occasion I was fain to turn away my head when the critical moment came, so as not to see the indignant blush which I felt sure would rise. A sly peep, however, soon convinced me that my consideration was misplaced, and I did not repeat my magnanimity, but, on the contrary, watched the details of the phenomenon with complete nonchalance. Most of the better class of servitors in the show-places resemble grave clergymen acting a silent rebuke upon the chattering spectators about them.

The collection of armor in the Tower is extremely interesting, that in the Horse Armory especially. But every part of the establishment has an air of romance about it: each cell has been made interest-

ing by the misfortunes of those who have dwelt in it, and every window speaks of the sad eyes which have looked out from it. The crown jewels are guarded with as much care as any other state-prisoners; among them stands pre-eminent the Koh-i-noor, which fails — “Mountain of Light” though it be — to illuminate the cheerless apartment. The Regalia cannot be approached near enough to afford much satisfaction; all the treasures of crowns and sceptres and bracelets are enclosed with a high iron railing, which says, in the plainest Saxon, “We know that nine tenths of our visitors would steal us if they could, so we put ourselves out of harm’s way.” We visited, of course, the cell occupied by Sir Thomas More, looked out at the Traitor’s Gate, went up to the rooms where Lady Jane Grey was confined, and walked slowly across the court-yard, which has so often been wet with England’s best blood.

The season being over, there is, of course, “nobody in town,” which probably accounts for the scarcity of first-class amusements in the evening. The most thoroughly peculiar entertainment which the city ever affords is, however, fortunately for us, in full force. This is Albert Smith’s “Ascent of Mont Blanc,” at which we spent an evening in laughing till the tears ran down our cheeks. It is certainly the happiest mixture of amusement and

instruction, the most successful attempt at being irresistibly funny and at the same time conveying a great amount of information, that has ever been made. Mr. Smith's wit lighted up every sentence that fell from his lips, and the little "Egyptian Hall" was filled with a closely-packed audience. On another evening we went to see Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean at the Royal Princesses' Theatre, where "Henry the Eighth" was very superbly got up, and had a run of a hundred nights. Mrs. Kean's Queen Catharine was admirable, and Mr. Kean as Cardinal Wolsey was most satisfactory.

We obtained tickets for the London Docks, and penetrated into their subterranean depths till our feet ached and our throats were full of cobwebs. Besides, what was the use of counting thousands of pipes of port wine, when not one drop of all that abundance was for our parched lips? For miles and miles of solid archways these vaults extend under the bed of the Thames. Furnished with a flaring lamp apiece,—the said lamp being fastened to the end of a long stick, so that we could poke it here and there in the gloom as we pleased,—we followed our conductor, and met, at several turnings, other groups as spectral-looking as ourselves. The darkness is profound, and the sand and sawdust with which all the passages are covered deaden every foot-fall. A party of people approaching us

from a distance, lit up by the lurid glare of their lamps, their voices echoing through the damp arches, brought to mind the last scene in the opera of *Don Giovanni*; and when they disappeared around a corner, the voices died away into low moans, and it was not difficult to imagine that they had entered the gates of hell. The tea ware-rooms, which we visited next, are stored with enough of the Chinese herb to supply half the world with a dish of tea; and should such a tea-party be arranged, the neighboring wine-vaults would accommodate the guests without squeezing. The silk and spice rooms are rich in their respective contents, and the ivory department is grim with the tusks and teeth of elephants and the horns of the rhinoceros. Large bags of vegetable ivory-nuts lay on the ground, and huge stacks of beeswax cakes from Africa were piled up nearly to the ceiling. The gentlemen in the offices were extremely courteous to us, and gave us all the information which our ignorance in such matters led us to ask for.

From the Docks we proceeded to the Thames Tunnel, which looks precisely as it does in the geographies of our childhood. We went down the long staircase, at the foot of which a little bit of a boy was playing on an accordion, and earning now and then a penny by his youthful music. In the recesses of the arches we found several little shops



spread out with humble wares. The humid air, one would suppose, would soon send the poor shopkeepers where shows are not; but in the mean time their existence must be decidedly amphibious.

We went to the Zoölogical Gardens, in Regent's Park, one comparatively pleasant morning. The locality is delightful, and the gardens are most admirably adapted to the purposes for which they are designed. They are very spacious, and abundantly stocked with animals. So far as it is possible to make the captivity of wild beasts humane, it has been done, and every effort is made to give comfort to the inhabitants of the forest and the jungle. The burly and hideous hippopotamus wallows about in his huge tank, as if it were the muddy water of his native Nile; the giraffe crops his food from the branches of a tree; the clumsy bear growls and snarls from the top of a tall pole; and the parrots and cockatoos have a large, airy room to themselves, which resounds with their noisy chatter. The walks around the gardens are extremely pretty, and the collection of plants is very fine.

The Palace of St. James is as ugly a building as one would wish to see, — gloomy and prison-like in effect, and without garden-grounds to relieve the naked aspect of the place. The interior, however, is said to be admirably arranged for the public receptions for which it is used. We made no at-

tempt to see the rooms, and should probably have been unsuccessful if we had; for the open hospitality of palaces in France does not prevail in colder England, and visitors are supposed to be much better employed in minding their own business at home, than in looking at their neighbors' premises. Buckingham Palace was impregnable, although the Queen was absent. It is a fine, stately-looking building, and we should have been glad to see the interior. The gardens are tolerably extensive, and may be very fine, for all the public knows to the contrary; for they are not surrounded with open iron railings, and furnished with wide gates for general entrance, like the Tuileries garden, but are enclosed with an impervious and unsightly wall, about ten feet high. The Londoners have not much share in the treasures of the aristocracy, and one misses the green trees and fountains of the Continent, even though Hyde Park does contain so many acres. The Queen's Mews (stables) we were, however, permitted to gaze at, after receiving a ticket, which probably guards against all treasonable actions, and which the American Minister was allowed to give his fellow-citizens. They are on a large scale, neatly kept, and contain some fine horses. One beautiful black mare stood in her stall, and turned upon us a look full of malicious intelligence. She was one of the most beautiful

creatures I ever saw, but was said to be almost ungovernable. The state carriages shine in all their glory of scarlet and gold. The grand vehicle of all weighs some four tons, and is covered with paintings too elegant for their locality. The harnesses, old and new, adorned with gold and silver, and saddles and bridles of every description, are shown with a generosity which demands admiration, and they bear with patience the reverent examination of common eyes. The exhibition is gone through with such precision of routine, such solemnity of manner, and such gravity of superiority on the part of the clerical-looking youth who condescends to accept your half-crown, that it is a little difficult to realize, on emerging from the gateway, which is locked as you stand upon the threshold, that it is after all only a carriage-house and a stable that you have been looking upon.

Hyde Park is very satisfactory in its vast extent of greensward, its noble trees, and its spacious drive. It is worthy to be deemed the breathing-place of a great city; only the poor people of London, to whom fresh air would be so grand a thing, have little leisure to sit in Hyde Park on weekdays, and on Sunday it is thought more advisable to send them to church — or the alehouse. During a great part of the year, however, the dampness of the climate must diminish the enjoyment of pro-

longed sittings in the open air, so that the parks of London, grand and beautiful as they are, could never become the gay pleasure-grounds so common upon the Continent.

At the renowned store of Storr and Mortimer — or, as Thackeray puts it, of “Morr and Stortimer” — may be seen some of the finest plate in the world, and some of the costliest jewels out of the hands of royalty. A visitor is received with kindness, and shown the wonders of the establishment with great readiness.

Under the guidance of Mr. Smith, a picture-dealer in New-Bond Street, we went one morning to see the collection of pictures at Stafford House. The paintings are most of them of rare merit. A Madonna by Guido fills the whole room with spiritual beauty, and haunts the memory with its sweet image. Raffaele’s “Madonna of the Palm” is here, a small picture by Salvator in a style unlike his usual sombre coloring, a Claude of about the same size, and several Titians and Tintoretts also. In the Dutch collection there is a small Paul Potter, as also a fine Gerard Douw. The original Chandos portrait of Shakespeare is in one room, and there are portraits by Lawrence and Lely, and a fine sea view by Turner.

The British Museum deserves more time than we were able to give it, but even a glance may serve to

fill the mind with some of its most attractive features. We passed rapidly through the apartments devoted to stuffed birds and beasts, to geology and minerals, to fishes and reptiles, and spent all our time among the statuary and bronzes and Etruscan vases. The Elgin marbles especially detained us, and we left them, at the last, with the greatest reluctance. A *douceur* to one of the keepers—evidently a deacon—obtained for us a sight of the Portland vase, which, since the whimsical smashing it received at the hands of an insane gentleman, has been kept sacred from danger. A drawing was made of all the fragments; and to the original interest in the vase is now added the proof it affords of the ingenuity of the mender, who has replaced even the minutest fragment, and united the broken ruin into its first strength and beauty. In the small room where it is now kept there are several other articles of value and beauty;—golden ornaments of very ancient date from Pompeii and from the bogs of Ireland; also a fine collection of antique cameos, and a golden snuff-box set with diamonds, with a miniature of Napoleon on the top.

But the oddest and most entirely unique place for a stranger to visit in London is Madame Tussaud's wax-work show. A whole evening may be spent in wandering over her rooms, which at a first glance appear only like rather pretty parlors, lit up for an



evening party, and furnished with guests whose taste in dress is somewhat various. But on examination, you find that, with the exception of a few more spectators like yourself, the guests are waxen figures, in all the attitudes of life. The Queen holds her court here through a waxen image decidedly better-looking than herself; the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of France have each their representative, and their pretty wives are also sitting in state in the principal group.

Anachronisms only add to the peculiar effect. Mary Queen of Scots and the Duke of Wellington, Lord Byron in his Greek dress and Mr. Disraeli in his curls, do not jostle each other, or appear astonished at their near proximity. Probably not one visitor in a hundred fails to mistake the sitting figure of Cobbett for an old-fashioned gentleman spectator who has forgotten to take his hat off. The dresses of most of the figures are elaborately correct, and the finish of the wax-work entitles them to the name of statuary.

One room is, with questionable taste, set apart as "the chamber of horrors," and is adorned with effigies of celebrated murderers and murderesses. This room is more dimly lighted than the rest, and a striving after effect is attended with very poor success, as, instead of being frightful, it is simply disagreeable, and instead of being impressed, you only

feel that you are among a set of very ugly-looking people. In another room an effigy of Napoleon lies upon a bed beneath a canopy, said, I know not how truly, to be the one on which he lay in state at St. Helena. Around the room are disposed many of the articles worn and used by him, and some French portraits.

In the next room stands the carriage of the Emperor, captured at Waterloo, and one or two other carriages used by him, as well as an interesting collection of weapons, garments, maps, and toilet articles which belonged to him. They seem in a strange neighborhood, among all the wax-work and finery of the other rooms. One small room is a precise copy of the chamber in which the Duke of Wellington lay in state. The pale face of the Iron Duke, so unmistakable in its lineaments, lies still and cold beneath the black velvet of the tall canopy, and black ostrich-plumes nod solemnly over him. However one's taste may revolt at the idea of seeing mere show representations of such matters, they are interesting from the fidelity with which all practicable details are carried out. But one's dreams are haunted, after a visit to Madame Tussaud's mansion, with a strange procession of gayly-dressed people, with very evil and unearthly-looking waxen faces. One cannot help a slight shiver of nervousness, after gazing at those glassy eyes and painted cheeks, with their elfish mockery of humanity.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A Visit to Windsor Castle. — Economical Preservative Arrangements of State Furniture. — Hampton Court. — Shopping in London. — Street Begging. — Contrasts in the Aspects of London and Paris. — Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

WE took a carriage for Paddington, and the train thence for Windsor Castle. The grand old edifice is very impressive in its outlines, and gives an idea of strength and solidity; though it is by no means compact in arrangement, but rambles over a large extent of ground in an independent sort of way, starting out, here and there, with a round tower or a battlemented wall. Of the state apartments my chief remembrance is of a number of rooms in a cheerless condition, brought about by rolled-up carpets, and furniture covered with linen bags. This was so injurious to the "palatial splendor," that it spoiled the effect of even that which remained uncovered, and made me nervous and uncomfortable, as if we were intruding into the home of some private gentleman. The excessive care taken of these things was in striking contrast to that at St.

Cloud and Versailles, where the costliest furniture, the rarest ornaments, are open to examination, and where the veriest clodhopper may walk over the exquisitely polished floors and marble staircases, or look his eyes out at couches and chairs covered with the marvels of Gobelin tapestry, and curtains of fabulous cost and beauty. Here we were hurried rapidly through the rooms, with a rattling explanation from the custodian, who had no patience at any voice but his own. Even the paintings, some of which one would fain linger over, were unable to detain him from the expected fee, which he could not hope to receive till the show was over. The famous picture of Charles the First, by Van Dyck, hangs in one of these rooms, and the sad face looks out from the canvas with its prophetic mournfulness. The guard-room has some fine old weapons of war in it, and a silver shield inlaid with gold, the work of Benvenuto Cellini. It was presented to Henry the Eighth by Francis the First, upon the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The Chapel of St. George is indescribably beautiful. The choir is a wonder of delicate embellishment. One can call up at will the pageant of an installation, so much does the place harmonize with its associations. The view from the top of the Round Tower is full of a sweet and tranquil beauty. It has no very grand features, but is extensive and cheerful. The Park

and grounds are beautiful ; the Long Terrace suggests a thousand pictures of the past.

Windsor Castle is a favorite theme for travellers, and always receives its meed of admiration. But stately as it is, and suggestive of royal life, it failed to impress me with half the delight I experienced in a visit we made to Hampton Court. This quaint old palace has a simple dignity about it which is irresistible, and quite effaced the image of Windsor Castle's more pretentious ponderosity. Odd and picturesque in architecture, venerable in aspect, pleasant in situation, it stands upon the river's bank, an image of respectable repose. There is nothing of parvenu display about it in any way ; everything within and without looks as if it had long been in the same condition as at present, and reminds one of what we modern careless ones call "a gentleman of the old school," — a little pompous and stately, but withal thoroughly well-appointed and genteel. The cloisters seem waiting for Cardinal Wolsey to walk over the stone pavement, the little fountain whispers plaintively of departed splendor, and the court-yard silence is more impressive than a crowd. Many of the apartments are occupied by the Queen's pensioners, but the state apartments are also very numerous. As the Queen never resides here, they may almost always be seen. They are scantily furnished, and sometimes sadly



cheerless and forlorn, but abound in paintings, many of which are very beautiful. State beds, whose former occupants are long since dust, stand in melancholy grandeur in some of the rooms. A few articles of royal furniture adorn some of the chambers, and the state canopy which shadowed the remains of the Duke of Wellington has been set up in one room. The Cartoons of Raphael cover the walls of a long and gloomy apartment, while the beauties of the Court of Charles the Second smile from the walls of another more cheerful room. These last possess undeniable beauty, but it is not always of a winning or elevated sort. There is a beautiful portrait of Madame de Pompadour, by Greuze, in one room. She is seated at an embroidery frame; her face is so full of life, and fresh, fair beauty, her attitude is so graceful, and the little white hands seem so ready to resume their labor when you shall turn away, that the picture is quite fascinating. Some of West's best paintings are here, and Kneller and Lely have many portraits. The ceilings of most of the apartments are richly painted;—the great banqueting hall, built by Wolsey, is hung with ancient tapestry, and lighted by very beautiful stained windows. The grounds and gardens around the palace are spacious, and kept in exquisite order. The trees are large and luxuriant

in growth, refreshing the eye after the stiff and formal trees of the French parks.

Shopping in London is quite an arduous affair, and requires much circumspection. The prices of articles vary a good deal, according to the locality in which they are purchased. In the aristocratic region of Regent Street you must pay more for what you buy than you will if you prolong your walk and postpone your purchases till you arrive at St. Paul's Churchyard, or the Strand. Also it is said that London, like Paris, has two sets of prices, wide apart from each other: one for the accommodation of London customers, another for the edification of all whose appearance indicates them not "to the manner born" and bred. Of course, strangers have little opportunity for judging of this by sudden contrasts in their own experience, as the two classes are never confounded together by the shrewd and sharp-eyed London tradesman. The high prices demanded, however, do *suggest* that some people must be able to supply their wants at a smaller outlay than you seem likely to do. A shopping expedition in London is not a pleasant operation; it is quite unlike the gay and exhilarating exercise of hovering about among the cheerful shops and smiling shopwomen of Paris. It was quite a merry matter to do the inevitable cheapening in Paris; the shrugs and ejaculations, the elevated eyebrows and the voluble protestations,

made you laugh, in spite of yourself; and if the result were not always satisfactory, it was difficult to get angry with such imperturbable good-nature.

The pleading earnestness with which the chatty and natty little shopwomen of that city persuade you into purchasing, by compliments upon your fine taste, and the manner in which they gradually, but certainly, yield, as it were, to your own superior judgment in regard to the matter, — lowering the price with a pleasant grace, “not to be disagreeable,” or “*pour vous engager*,” — all this is so piquant and irresistible, that the money is out of your pocket and the article addressed to your room before you are well aware how it all came about. Everybody concerned, however, seems to become exhilarated in the process, and you walk out of the shop convinced that in some way you have done a good thing. But the British Lion is apt to consider his shop as his castle, and to assume a belligerent attitude when a customer questions or examines too closely.

It is oppressive and discouraging to enter twenty or thirty of those sunless shops in London, to hear each merchant repeat the same stereotyped phrases, and assure you that “upon honor” he offers you an article at a lower rate and of a better quality than you will find it “in any other house in London,” when you have seen the same thing at the same price a dozen times before since you started.

Having occasion to go into an immense number of shops of all kinds in London, the decided impression we received cannot have arisen from inadequate knowledge. The only chance for deception in regard to the prices was involved in the very evident fact that our party was not English; but that fact was not sufficient to change any but the moneyed aspect. Of course, too, there are special articles which the London market affords at a cheaper rate than most places; among them, the most prominent that came under our observation were ready-made linen and cutlery. The exceptions to the experience described were too infrequent to do more than prove the general rule, and we continued to regard our shopping expeditions about the city as very disagreeable necessities.

Another experience which a short stay in London affords a stranger, contrasts as much as the shopping I have described with the same experience in Paris. I mean the street-begging, which in the two cities is as much unlike as the skies which overhang the two. There are a great many pertinacious beggars in each city, of course; but they go to work very differently. The Paris beggar rushes to shut the door of your carriage, to put his hand upon the wheel that your dress may not be dusty, — to do, in short, anything which there is no sort of necessity for him to do, — and then, in the politest manner,

and with a charming smile, requests a sou. Or, beneath your window a voice is heard singing some old ballad of love or war, and, on looking out, you behold a poor man, with at least one wooden leg, holding his hat in his hand, and assisted by all the children in the street in picking up the sous which fall from the windows. Or, again, you may see upon the Boulevards some poor, blind cripple, playing excruciatingly upon a violin, hoping to gain an honest penny from some lover of music. And when you enter a church for morning service, you will see one or two very old women sitting in wooden chairs near the entrance, so silent, so motionless, that they seem like statues, till some pitying soul drops a bit of money into that outstretched hand, and then the withered fingers close upon it, and muttered thanks issue from the wrinkled lips. Now, in all this poverty there is nothing which is absolutely painful and hopeless; you feel as if the trifle which you bestow were good for something, where so little is needed, and where thanks are so profuse. The beggars do not seem very unhappy, or in such extreme of destitution. But in London one is actually appalled by the haggard faces and despairing accents of the street-beggars. To walk a short distance in the evening is an experience from which a woman shrinks after the first attempt. It is said that much of this misery is counterfeit, and many who implore



you for a sixpence are mere professional beggars. But how is one to tell the counterfeit from the true ? Some of those tones must be wrung from the heart ; those wild eyes must have seen frightful sights ; those emaciated forms must have known hunger and cold. You feel so powerless to relieve, so helpless under such a mass of suffering, and yet so urged by impulse to give all you can ; but if you give a shilling to the pale woman who touches your arm and tells you of seven small starving children, up starts another woman who has nine instead of seven, and a feeling comes over you half of dismay and half of amusement, as you go through the different grades, and you cannot help thinking that the narrators are some of them more expert than trustworthy. The tales of woe get more and more thrilling, the applicants grow more and more urgent, and your landlady has told you that the professed mendicants are numbered by thousands ; so at last prudence pulls the strings of your purse, and you go home not knowing whether you have, after all, relieved misery, or only encouraged vice.

To turn from the sad to the fanciful, and at the same time retain the idea of contrast between London and Paris which is inevitably recurrent to one who sees both cities for the first time within a short interval, we will say that London seems like a huge black spider, toiling away forever in a cob-

web of smoke and fog, looking at the cold, damp ground for worms and flies, heedless whether the sky be blue or no ; while Paris is like a gay butterfly rejoicing in the sunshine, thriftless but happy, and which, if it ever light at all, will touch but a moment at some fragrant rose or gaudy tulip. The same fantastic resemblances may be found for the inhabitants of the two places ; — the people one meets in London have a heavy look, like mastiffs and bull-dogs ; while the streets of Paris are full of chattering groups, that rush hither and thither in jocose vociferation, like parrots and mocking-birds.

If any of my readers are as vague in their ideas of what the Crystal Palace at Sydenham really is, and what it is intended to illustrate and promote, as I was before visiting it, some description of its many wonders may not be wholly without interest. Viewing it from no particular point of prejudice or prepossession, and with no bias of attraction in one direction to the exclusion of appreciation in others, it is impossible to regard it as anything less than a magnificent grasp after great results, already rewarded with a good share of success, and in a fair way to arrive at the perfection at which its originators aim.

The palace itself is the same building which stood in Hyde Park, and contained the World's Fair of 1851. It has been transported to Sydenham, dis-

tant about twenty minutes, by the railway, from London Bridge. The site chosen is very beautiful, and the position very commanding. The original building has been enlarged and improved in many ways. Its height has been increased forty-four feet, and on the garden side, by which visitors from the city approach it, its elevation is still greater, as the ground on which it stands slopes so rapidly as to allow of a basement story. This story has been made use of as a storehouse for agricultural implements, and also affords a fine opportunity for commodious arrangement of the machinery which is exhibited in motion.

There is also, behind this basement, a tunnel, or shaft, twenty-four feet wide, through which a railway is laid, upon which are brought in and carried out all the heavy articles connected with the exhibition,—an admirable arrangement, which prevents all confusion in the main building.

But before entering the palace we must take a look at the grounds, which are laid out in an attractive and beautiful manner. The park, as it is called, is an irregular oval, comprising about two hundred acres of land, with many pretty undulations and little turfy knolls, that break the monotony agreeably. It is well wooded with handsome trees, and by means of the water-works connected with the palace is supplied with many fountains,

cascades, and miniature ponds. Flowers of every hue meet the eye. Large clusters of geraniums, in robes of living flame, gleam out from the fresh green of the closely-shorn turf. Verbenas of different colors are arranged in many figures over beds of green ; and sometimes a series of circles, one within another, is ingeniously disposed, so as to exhibit all the shades which the rainbow might display, if lying down to rest upon the grass. The great preponderance of green over the brilliant tints of the blossoms prevents the eye from becoming dazzled or weary with much gorgeous coloring, at the same time that it sets off to the greatest advantage the flowers themselves, which rise as if from a velvet carpet.

The gardens are laid out in two different styles, known as the Italian and the English Landscape. The distinguishing features of the first style are terraces ornamented with vases and statuary, flower-beds cut in mathematical figures, trees pruned into formal shapes, and walks laid out in straight lines. The English landscape garden, on the contrary, is planned in accordance with the luxuriant variety and graceful forms which Nature herself assumes. In the Sydenham grounds, a happy mixture of the two styles has been adopted. Some of the prettiest features of the Italian are seen in the terraces, which spread before you, as you step from the front of the palace. The broad,

smooth alleys, with their long perspective of statues and vases, are relieved from stiffness by abundant foliage and undulating greensward; and from this, through a transitional and blended style, you pass into the full luxuriance of branching trees and shady nooks, and all the untrammelled growth of the so-called English garden.

The fountains and reservoirs form a most attractive feature of the park. Ten miles of iron pipes supply them with water, which is taken from an Artesian well, built at great expense. In the two immense towers which stand at each end of the palace, and which when entirely finished will be two hundred and eighty-four feet high, are the great tanks which furnish the fountains, holding over three hundred thousand gallons each. The central basin or reservoir in the park is a hundred and ninety feet in diameter; the cascades beyond are four hundred and fifty feet long, and the tallest fountain throws its spray to a height of more than two hundred feet. This delicious abundance of water spreads a charm over the gardens, which even the beautiful trees and gay flowers would be insufficient to produce without its aid. And that lovely green of the incomparable English turf, so smooth, so closely shaven, so velvety to the tread, so refreshing to the eyes, — one never tires of that, never grows weary of admiring its emerald glow.



A portion of the grounds is set apart for the illustration of geology, and in it may be seen many specimens of rock and coal formations, arranged as they occur in the places where they originate. The old and new red sandstone, the limestone and ironstone beds, are also represented. Great quantities of materials have been brought here, and the idea is intended to be carried out with care, and developed largely. This portion of the plan is, as yet, in a very unfinished state. Huge models of extinct animals, the giant inhabitants of the once young earth, adorn this portion of the grounds with ponderous frames and wonderful shapes. These antediluvians have names as long and as unmanageable as themselves; any attempt which I might rashly make to spell them out would result in my own disgrace, and the discomfiture of all but scientific readers. We will leave them, if you please, and turn towards the palace itself.

The railway from London runs through one corner of the park, and stops under a large, glass-covered station, from which a long gallery conducts you to the palace entrance. This gallery is, in fact, a sort of green-house, eighteen feet in height and about seven hundred long, and is filled on both sides with climbing plants, whose delicate blossoms send forth rare fragrance. A high flight of steps leads to the main floor of the palace, and you enter at

once into such a bewildering variety of attractions, such a lavishness of wonders, such an overwhelming abundance of strange and beautiful and interesting objects, that the memory almost refuses to classify them, but retains a shifting and changing but brilliant picture of each only as it helped to form a blended whole. The most careful reading of the elaborate guide-book failed to give me a clear idea of the relation which one portion of the building bore to another. I only know that one court followed another, through all the vast area; that architecture and sculpture had each a grand display; that flowers bloomed from the ponds edged with marble, or floated their leaves upon the air above from hanging vases. In one of the huge tanks the monstrous leaves of the *Victoria Regia* lay like green islands, and many other lovely water-plants bloomed freely as in their native rivers. An indescribable air of freshness is imparted by the profusion of flowers; and the singing birds add to the illusion which the soft, warm air has already suggested, that we are fairly in the tropics.

In one part of the building is a telegraph and post-office; in another, a reading-room; in another, a printing-press hard at work. Passing by these matters, as not exactly what we have come to see, giving only a glance at the forlorn and stiff plaster images of the kings of England, which stand up as

straight and nearly as much alike as the pikes in an armory, we look for the courts which represent the orders of architecture. One of these courts is a facsimile of one of the houses unearthed in the excavations at Pompeii. Another is the "Greek Court," wherein stands the largest and most perfect model which has ever been made of the Parthenon; it also contains copies of the famous Niobe group, of the Venus de' Medici, and of the beautiful Psyche from the Museum at Naples. Near the Greek Court stands an imposing array of statuary,—copies of all the best works of Greek art which have been handed down to us. It is wonderful how much beauty lies in the mutilated fragments of those Greek statues, even in the eyes of persons who lay no claim to rank as artists. One turns back, again and again, with lingering looks, and almost doubts if the whole statue or bas-relief be not really before the eye, so completely does that which remains suggest that which is gone, or satisfy the taste even in its incompleteness. I remember that, after gazing awhile at the lovely Venus Victrix in the Louvre, I lost entirely the idea of her having no arms, and now can recall her as perfect more easily than I can reproduce the breaks in the marble and the deficiency in the arms. One reason of this I believe to be that the Greek artists so far excel all others in combining the two impressions of

action and repose,—they do not jar each other by the slightest contradiction, but the whole figure expresses precisely what each portion of it expresses, and the result is a harmony and a power which we find nowhere else. This is most especially the case in the magnificent Elgin marbles at the British Museum. You stand before a broken trunk, headless, footless, and handless; yet you cannot but feel that there is vitality in what remains,—the mutilated form speaks so plainly, through muscular development, that you do not hesitate to pronounce it beautiful. Those Elgin marbles are absolutely wonderful; it is impossible to feel angry with the manner in which they were obtained, because you feel so grateful for the privilege of seeing them. Those broken bas-reliefs, those headless bodies and bodiless heads, win your very heart, and you leave them, at last, with a feeling of regret, and an infinite longing to return. There is a horse's head there, of life-size, of such ideal beauty that it haunts the memory with its image; those who have seen it will not, I feel sure, accuse me of extravagance.

The multitude of casts at the Crystal Palace, though necessarily only imperfect suggestions of the magnificent originals, are extremely interesting, and well worthy of study from those to whom the originals are unattainable. The completeness which

the collection has already arrived at deserves the highest praise. It is intended that no work of art which the judgment of the world has pronounced worthy of admiration shall fail of a representation at Sydenham. The number of copies pertaining to the Greek Court alone amounts to two hundred and sixteen.

There are, in all, eighteen different courts on the main floor. It takes several quite large volumes to describe the wealth of objects they contain. It would be hopeless for me to attempt to classify or describe, except in the most general manner. We spent a whole day in most industrious examination, and many more might fail to inform one of all their contents. Yet it is astonishing how expert the eye becomes, after a little apprenticeship at sight-seeing. One's perceptive powers construct a railroad of their own, and, flying at lightning speed past miles of objects, stop only at those which are most in consonance with their own tastes. One glance will tell a practised eye if there be anything among a hundred objects that will reward examination.

One of the most interesting of the architectural courts is the Egyptian. Advancing up an avenue of lions, you see before you the walls and columns of a temple, with capitals of palm and lotus leaves, with hieroglyphics and sunk reliefs. Near by is a dark tomb, dated 1660 B.C. Then comes the rock



temple of Aboo Simbel, from Nubia, with its stern, yet sad, sitting statues. This model is only one tenth the size of the temple, but in the northern transept are precise copies of the two large statues of Rameses the Great and his wife, the same figures as those which, in smaller size, adorn the temple entrance. The statues measure sixty-four feet in height. They sit there, gazing out upon space, just as they have sat for ages looking over the desert sands. There is a kind of fascination in their huge features: a feeling of serenity steals over the mind of him who studies their gigantic calmness and their grand repose. Enormous and massive, they are yet not monstrous; strangely colored with peculiar tints, they possess artistic beauty, and retain a degree of the human element which it would seem, at first, their colossal proportions would interfere with. From these we turn to take a look at a portion of the Hall of Columns from the renowned Temple of Karnak. It would take longer time than we can spare to study out all the close fidelity with which these ancient hieroglyphics and these strange paintings have been copied for our untravelled eyes to look at. Egypt is brought to London, and at Sydenham it is easy to take very long journeys in time and space.

We enter the Assyrian Court, and are impressed with its fantastic aspect. Winged bulls of enormous

altitude stare at us in a distressing manner. Giant hieroglyphs are painted on a light-brown ground ; strange sculptured men and women, with Jewish-looking faces, seem to walk the walls. They are all accurately copied from excavations at Nineveh. This is the largest of the single courts, owing to the great space necessary for the representation of a few objects ; and we turn away from the ponderous copper-colored monsters, to find relief in the delicate elaborations of the Alhambra Court.

This is a reproduction of the Court of Lions, the Tribunal of Justice, and the Hall of the Abencerrages. It is hopeless to attempt in words to convey an idea of the exceeding beauty and richness of this specimen of Moorish art. The coloring resembles the illuminations upon old parchment missals ; the roofs are formed into the most graceful arches, which seem like fairy handiwork. The roof of the Hall of the Abencerrages is fringed, as it were, into crystallization, and is, in the original, composed of five thousand separate pieces. The colors are brilliant and various ; floors, walls, and ceilings glow with the delicate mosaic-work, and the whole resembles rather the minute inlaying of a lady's work-box, than the usual ornaments of architecture.

Then come courts which, for want of space, we can do little more than name. There are the German and the English and the French Mediæval

Courts, each rich in specimens of architecture, in copies of gateways and church-doors, in tombs and monuments, equestrian statues and lordly effigies. There are windows from cathedrals, and arches, and screen decorations, and altar railings,—in fact, all examples of the beautiful decorations with which our forefathers loved to adorn the house of God. The Renaissance Court is loaded with the excessive ornament of its style of architecture,—statues and fountains, cornices and pillars, each more elaborate than the last, and each suggestive of the years of labor which were bestowed upon them. So full of scroll-work and tracery and foliage and grotesque shapings is the whole, that not an inch of plain surface seems left for the eye to rest upon. The Italian Court contains fine copies of the ornamented walls of the Roman palaces, a beautiful altar from the Cathedral of St. Mark, Venice, and some exquisite water-color drawings after the old masters. The Birmingham and Sheffield Courts are full of cutlery and plated ware, and so on through the long array.

We have not described the tenth of what is to be seen on the first floor. There are the second floor and the galleries! On the second floor there are little stalls, where a great variety of things may be purchased; toys and jewelry, perfumes and toilet articles,—in short, almost anything which may

be carried away in a carpet-bag. The number of bogwood bracelets and brooches is positively alarming; one would imagine that the whole of Ireland was in process of cutting up, to make ornaments for the rest of the world. There are Scotch pebble ornaments enough to build up a mountain that would look down on Ben Lomond.

We have taken a hasty dinner at one of the tables, which are kept constantly supplied with meats and coffee, and ale and pies; we have heard the Crystal Palace band, which numbers sixty performers, play the English and French national airs, followed by applause which brings us up suddenly from our researches in Nineveh, to remind us that it is A. D. 1855, and that Sebastopol has been taken. This very week the news has come to thrill all England and all France; and in each country may be heard mingling, almost in one strain, the grand old music of "God save the Queen" and the sweet air "*Partant pour la Syrie*."

We have left almost unnoticed the innumerable industrial objects of the palace; we have only glanced, in passing, at the Natural History department, where uncouth animals and still more uncouth New-Zealanders figure; we have not examined as we would the rare exotics which grow as if at home, nor watched half long enough the nightingales and thrushes, the linnets and cana-

ries. We have, however, paid our respects to the wonderful white cockatoo, who shouts out: "How d'ye do?" as we go by him. We are very weary, and we have seen enough to satisfy us with one visit. So, with one more glance over the beautiful park, we hurry away in season for the London train.



## CHAPTER XIX.

Night Train to Edinburgh. — Picturesque Beauty of the Scottish Capital. — Stirling Castle, and a Sunset on the Grampian Hills. — The Trossachs, and Lakes Katrine and Lomond. — Glasgow. — Night Train to Liverpool. — City of Chester. — Bangor and the Tubular Bridge. — Return to Liverpool. — Day of Rest. — Voyage Home.

WE left London in the express train for Edinburgh, at nine o'clock in the evening. In this way we gained time at both ends of the journey, — and time was now becoming very precious to us, — and lost only that tantalizing and unsatisfactory glimpse of the country that is obtainable through the windows of a railway-car. We also had an opportunity of experiencing the much-vaunted English railway speed, as we rattled off at the rate of some fifty miles an hour, and not unfrequently made our mile a minute for many successive miles. The distance between the cities is over four hundred miles, which we accomplished in eleven hours, running time. The cars were commodious, and as no change was made on the way, we were able to establish ourselves comfortably, and to remain without disturbance to our journey's end. The excitement of dashing through the country, shrieking and thun-

dering along so rapidly, and apparently so recklessly, had a fearful fascination in it. It seemed as if, like "the night train" which Dickens so graphically describes, we too were hunting down some miserable predestined victim, whose fate was none the less certain that it was delayed awhile. The darkness of a night on which neither moon nor stars were shining was about us; the sickly light of our own lanterns shed feeble glimmerings on each side, and at times the weird flames of forge-fires and chemical works glared through the blackness. The stations were chilly and lonely, as we stopped to take breath; there were no screaming news-boys and no pertinaacious apple-women, no idle loungers and no perplexed way-passengers eagerly looking for seats. The forced wakefulness, the increasing fatigue, the never-ceasing rumble of the cars, made the whole like a long-continued nightmare. As the early twilight began to reveal the objects about us, we found ourselves involuntarily opening our sleepy eyes, and gazing with some curiosity into the dim and misty morning. The air was chill, and a cold dampness seemed to cover everything. But the fields were deliciously green, and the stone cottages, which clustered together in the secluded nooks, seemed as if their repose had been undisturbed for centuries. Now and then an old castle, or a picturesque ruin, drew our attention, or a flowing river

ran between hills whose rough and bleak aspect told us that we were in Scotland.

The repose we so much needed we found at the Waterloo Hotel, and in a few hours we were ready to commence our exploration of Edinburgh. This is certainly one of the most picturesque of cities, — full of cliffs and crags, of valleys and hollows, on which and in which ancient, melancholy-looking houses cluster together, seeming to look suspiciously at newer comers, whose broader and more showy architecture tells of later days. Salisbury Crag, with its rocky battlement, looks down upon the city; Arthur's Seat towers high in the air; and beneath them both, the old palace of Holyrood mocks at the passing years. The city, though large, is arranged in such a way that the objects of greatest interest to a stranger may be seen in a short time, and with little fatigue. The newer portion of the place is more spacious and more like other cities, consisting of broad and handsome streets, with elegant and substantial blocks of houses. But it is in the "Old Town" that the tale of the past is told.

From the top of the Nelson monument, which crowns Calton Hill, there is a fine view of the city with its environs, and also of the country beyond, with the Frith of Forth, stretching far away to the sea. But it is from the battlements of the Castle, which stands on a high cliff in the midst of

the city, that the best view of the Old Town is obtained. All its dark and narrow streets, all its pell-mell architecture, all its quaint sights, are spread beneath you, and many a narrow lane, or, as it is called here, a "close," may be peered into by the inquisitive. The "close" is often not more than four or five feet wide, intended, of course, only for pedestrians, and diving down into depths of dirty tenements, or climbing heights of dismal abodes, whence issue forth reeking odors of filth and disease. We thought the houses at Rotterdam tall, when we looked at their seven and eight rows of windows, but in Edinburgh we counted ten and eleven stories; we even heard rumors of one house eighteen stories high, which, however, we were unable to find. The public buildings of the city are, most of them, built of granite,—are large, showy, and somewhat pretentious in style. In looking at them, one so far agrees with Ruskin as to allow that their architecture does not in the least indicate the purposes they are intended to serve.

The localities of Edinburgh call up very vividly the novels of Walter Scott, and the lofty monument erected to his memory comes very naturally and pleasantly upon one who has just wandered through the Canongate. This monument, a handsome and elaborate structure, occupies a fine position in the handsomest public square. The City Prison, nearly

opposite our hotel, is a castellated building, or rather a collection of buildings, the use of which would never be guessed from the appearance or position. It consists of four handsome stone edifices, surrounded by a high wall, and standing on an elevation above the present grade of the street. One building is for debtors, another for female prisoners, and another for criminals. The fourth, somewhat smaller, and resembling a miniature feudal castle, is the residence of the Governor of the Prison. From the midst of the whole there towers up the shaft of the "Martyrs' Monument," which adds to the peculiar and conspicuous effect.

We took a carriage, and drove through the Park of Holyrood, over what is called "The Queen's Drive." This drive winds over the Salisbury Crag, and affords beautiful views in each direction, ascends nearly to the summit of Arthur's Seat, and descends by the Palace. Leaving the carriage at the highest point in the road, we climbed to the top of Arthur's Seat, to be charmed with the splendid panorama spread around.

The palace of Holyrood is full of romantic interest, and the excellent preservation in which the place is kept adds strength to the illusions which fill the mind when wandering over the old chambers. The Quadrangle is very fine; the picture gallery, though not rich in gems of art, is inter-



esting from its associations, and from the oddity of some of the pictures. In the ball-room, next the gallery, were held the festivities of the ancient court, the last ball having been given in honor of the unfortunate Charles Edward. But the most interesting portion of the whole is that part of the palace most intimately associated with Queen Mary. The bed-chamber, with the furniture she used ; her presence-chamber, where stern John Knox frightened her with his anathemas ; her little cabinet, where Rizzio was murdered before her eyes,—all are there, altered only by age, and one cannot resist the spell which lingers over them. How often and how sadly the poor Queen looked out of those little windows, or, gazing round those low and dreary chambers, sighed for her “sunny France” ! Darnley’s apartments are next these ; the little winding turret-stairs, by which the conspirators mounted to the Queen’s closet, still seem chilled with the remembrance of that deed of darkness, and prepare us to receive with implicit faith the story that the dark spot at the landing of the grand staircase is the blood of the poor Italian. The whole atmosphere of Holyrood breathes of the name of Mary, and all its earlier and all its later associations fade away before the deep tragedy of that one life. The newer apartments of the palace are tolerably handsome, for the Queen of England re-

sides there during her visits to Edinburgh ; the park is green and pretty ; the court-yard airy and spacious ; but the fascination of the place is all in those few dark chambers. The ruins of the Abbey, so familiar to us through pictures, are worthy of long study ; each fragment of sculpture, each groined arch and slender pillar, and each stone tablet, possessing something of beauty, or something of sad interest. The large window is a most beautiful specimen of the Gothic style ; it seems hardly credible that such airy and graceful lines, such delicate and intricate mouldings, should be carved out of stone. They stand out in such pure and clear outline against the bright blue sky, that one ceases to regret the stained glass which once adorned them, and the heaven above seems, after all, the fittest roof for such a still and haunted sanctuary.

Two days in Edinburgh, though not sufficient to exhaust its “lions,” are enough to allow one who makes the most of the time ample opportunity for storing the memory with images, and for impressing on the eye a thousand picturesque and beautiful scenes. There is so much of what we call “character” in each of the views which a walk or a drive affords, that they hang themselves as separate pictures in the gallery of memory. We left in the four o’clock train for Stirling, hoping for just what we were so fortunate as to obtain,—a sunset view of

the Castle and the valley which it commands. We stood upon the Castle walls, bathed in the golden radiance which flooded the whole scene. Beneath us, at our very feet, lay the still valley, through which the little river Forth winds so tortuously, that, in flowing eighteen miles, it only gains six miles of progress towards its ultimate destination, which it seems in no hurry to reach. Far off in the west, and in the very heart of the sunset splendor, rose the high Grampian Hills, seeming to stretch farther and farther into the illimitable ether, the longer we gazed at them. I shall not soon forget that Scottish sunset. The Castle is a fine, romantic old place: the guide, if you are as fortunate as we were, will tell you tales about it as long as you will listen, and quote the poetry of Walter Scott with great fluency, and with apparent appreciation. We lingered about the place till the air grew chill; and then, returning to our carriage, rattled over the old pavements and through the narrow streets of the city to our hotel. In the evening we wandered out again, and dived into some of the funny little shops, which, however, did not often prove very tempting.

Next morning we secured our seats on the top of the coach bound for the Trosachs and Loch Katrine. How charmingly the Scotch heather bloomed along the road-side, seeming to beg us to gather it for its

own relief! The Trosachs means "the bristled territory," and most certainly the name is well chosen. Large and small hills seem to be actually jostling each other, protruding out of each other at all sorts of odd angles, sharp and stiff as if accustomed to have their position disputed, but none the less determined to maintain it at all hazards. The expression of pertness in some of these miniature mountains was absolutely laughable. The whole drive was charming, in spite of the piercing chilliness of the mountain air; we were continually exclaiming over some lovely glen, or some hill-side bit of scenery, or some odd mountain profile, or some still lake embosomed in the hills. The day was variable, and the alternation of sunshine and cloud gave ever-new shape and coloring to the landscape.

We looked long at the high Ben Ledi, or "Mountain of God," which is seen to advantage from the deck of the little steamer which took us over the bosom of Loch Katrine. The lake itself is somewhat ordinary, and even a sight of "Ellen's Isle" did not suffice to make us unmindful of the Scotch mist which was gathering about us. It seemed as if we were destined to crowd all possible atmospheric experiences into our short visit to bonny Scotland; for the clear coldness of Edinburgh had been followed by the soft, sweet, sunny warmth of the sunset hour at Stirling, to be replaced next

day by a shifting temperature as changeable as a woman's mood. When we landed from the steamer, and took our seats in the high wagon which was to transport us over the rough six miles between us and Loch Lomond, a smart shower came pouring down upon us, putting in requisition all the umbrellas, water-proof cloaks, and plaids which the party could muster. But when people travel for pleasure, they endure with cheerful gayety what would be martyrdom to them under other circumstances; so we all laughed at the rain-drops, and peeped out from under the umbrellas at the prospect, while the water trickled from the tips of our noses. By the time we reached Loch Lomond the weather was again tolerably clear, and we glided over the lake very peacefully, able to sit on deck and watch the mists go trooping up the hill, like vanquished armies. From the foot of the Loch a short railway — of which the chief recommendation is that it gives you a charming view of Dunbarton and its “castled crag” — takes you to the banks of the Clyde; a large steamer thence lands you at the big city of Glasgow.

Glasgow is full of shops and factories, with now and then the relief of a pretty public square, and, removed from the business part of the city, where the hotels are situated, there are fine streets laid out for residences. We confined our explorations



to the portion more immediately about us, and spent a day pleasantly among the picture-shops and in the public streets.

Once more in a night train, we rushed off at top speed for Liverpool, where we arrived at five in the morning. Taking breakfast at the Adelphi, (a locality familiar to everybody who has crossed the Atlantic,) we decided to accumulate sufficient fatigue to make us fully appreciate the inactivity of the life on board ship we were so soon to commence, and indulge ourselves with a trip into North Wales. So in three hours we were again in the cars, stopping at the ancient city of Chester, famous as having been besieged by Cromwell. We explored completely the vast old Cathedral, which has seen so many changes, and which Cromwell made use of as a stable for his horses. It is a splendid old edifice; it bears the scars which time has inflicted on it with dignity, and seems above and beyond desecration. We resumed our seats in the cars in a couple of hours, and pushed on for Bangor and the Tubular Bridge over the Menai Strait, our ultimate destination.

The road passes through the most enchanting and various scenery. For a while the track winds within a stone's throw of the sea, which comes solemnly up the shore, seeming to rebuke, with its deep monotone, the noisy vociferation of the engine. On the

other side, rising abruptly from the narrow strip of level ground which sometimes nature and sometimes art furnishes for the railway, there are huge precipitous crags of dark slate rock, which frown upon you as you fly by. Anon a fair and verdant valley lies sleeping at the foot of the hills, and you fain would rest there for a little while, and revel in the utter isolation it offers you; but while you are longing, the scene shifts, and you plunge into a dark ravine, where the mists that gather on the hill-tops give you a sprinkling as you pass, and where you are deafened with the reverberations from the rocks. This conducts you to a long tunnel of Egyptian darkness, through which resounds the shrill whistle of the engine, till your ears are agonized into insensibility. Emerging from this disagreeable state of things, there beams upon you a sunny little nook, in which a little stone cottage shelters itself among its wealth of hay-ricks, often much higher than itself, or a cosey hamlet, which seems to “snuggle” its houses together, as if afraid of those bold, black hills. We have seen nothing, since leaving Switzerland, so picturesque as this day’s ride.

The Tubular Bridge is a wonderful structure, and in its construction involves, as such mechanical successes always do, a very simple principle, carried out into grandeur by the immense scale on

which it is cast, and the great results its achievement brings about. We viewed it from the shore, above which it looms vast and ponderous, resting on its huge piers, which stand like feudal towers on their solid base. I could give many figures involving the length, height, breadth of the bridge, and data of construction, time occupied in building, &c., &c.; but really, with the bridge before me to turn to every moment, I found the figures in my book so puzzling, and productive of so much injury to the picturesque effect, that I was glad to shut up my description, and enjoy the beautiful whole without disturbing myself with “girders” and “braces,” or heights or lengths. We walked into it, and examined its great strength. It reminded me of some fabulous dragon, whose mighty coat of scaly mail was impervious to sword-cut or spear-thrust, magnified in this instance into supernatural dimensions, and guarding, not a palace with a sleeping beauty in it, but a vast country with its hoards of wealth. The amount of freight carried over this bridge is astonishing. I hardly believed there were so many head of cattle in all Victoria’s realm as we were assured were transported weekly over this bridge. A little distance farther up the Strait is one of the handsomest suspension bridges in the world, hanging lightly and almost tremulously over the gulf. These two bridges, viewed from above,

make fine points for the eye to rest on, as it travels over the wide landscape. Returning to Bangor, about three miles behind us, we took dinner, and spent several hours in exploring the green village, laughing every time we heard the uncouth Welsh dialect. The greater part of the town seemed to consist of a long, straggling sort of street, the houses and shops about two centuries behind the age; at intervals some mansion belonging to the gentry was visible through an opening, holding itself aloof from vulgar contaminations, or some pretty cottage, covered with woodbine or climbing roses, spoke of a pleasant home. Returning by rail, we reached Liverpool at eleven in the evening. A day and a night of continued travelling was no trifle, and I stranded on the shore of my bed at the Adelphi, a complete wreck. The next day, in which I had intended to "do" Liverpool, was spent in unbroken communion with my pillow, and in endeavors to get the fragments of my "physique" into a sufficiently compact state for crossing the Atlantic.

Next morning, however, brought some slight renewal of strength, and a walk through some of the streets enabled me to see all that circumstances allowed of the busy and flourishing city. At twelve we were driven to the wharf, put on board a small steamer, and conveyed down the river to the good steamer "Pacific." Our exultation was great at

ascertaining that, in spite of our negligence in making arrangements in Paris at an early date, we were really to luxuriate in one of the best state-rooms on board. At half past four the signal gun was fired, and, with a full complement of passengers, we started on our way.

Then followed the ceaseless jarring of machinery, the creaking of timbers, the rolling of the vessel, and the rushing of winds and waters. Then, too, for most on board, came the hideous nightmare of sensation, sea-sickness. So important a part of the voyage is this to all who suffer, that to one who performs it without this experience, the trip is very much like the play of Hamlet with the *rôle* of the Prince of Denmark omitted. For the greater part of the ten days which we were upon the water, the sea was terribly rough; and the September gale, which we feared we might encounter, had preceded us just long enough to prepare for us a continuous swell. The leaping and plunging of the steamer over the huge waves was wearisome to mind and body; her onward motion was, however, modified a little by a rotary movement, (caused probably by the narrow build of the vessel,) which swung us under and over as if we were following the windings of a colossal corkscrew. Some of the passengers kept up their energy and their appetites through the whole, however. Performances of all



sorts were undertaken to while away time, and one evening we even had a lecture from a reverend gentleman on board, upon the crowned heads of Europe and the meaning of the war. But how could people feel much interest in crowned heads, when their own were laid low in mortal anguish? — or how should the aspect of a distant war move those who had a Crimea, a Black Sea, and a blowing up of Sebastopol in nearly every state-room? I need hardly say that the lecture was thinly attended, and that the chief reflections it awakened in my mind were caused by the gyrations which the speaker was obliged to make as the sea pitched and tossed in uncertain motion.

Still the ocean has its charms, and the voyage its pleasures. My romantic friends will pardon me if I mention among them an excellent appetite, by which the exhaustion of land travelling was rapidly repaid. We make great runs each day, and count the miles with ever-fresh interest. Some of the passengers are very agreeable people, and social intercourse grows pleasant. The vessel is commodious, the weather, in spite of the wind and heavy sea, pleasant, and we are drawing near home every day.

At last our eager eyes see land, — not the faint, shadowy cloud which we were told was Cape Race, the day that we passed where the poor Arctic lies, but the solid shore of Long Island. Though we

gave the tribute of a sigh to the Arctic, we had no presage of the fate which awaited, in little more than a month, the vessel we ourselves were in, and which flew over the waters as if no thought of danger could come near her. We crowd on sail and steam, for our captain is a daring sailor, and we have done so well that we must make a short voyage of it. Sometimes it has seemed as if we were more likely to run under than over the waves; but on the evening of the tenth day we are off Sandy Hook. Here we have to stay all night, in a state of mild exasperation at finding no pilot; are nearly run into by a big ship, for the night is very dark; but at last welcome a bright and sunny morning. The pilot comes, we go gallantly up the harbor, the forts salute us, the tedious formalities of the custom-house are at length over without detriment to us or our belongings, and we rush for the St. Nicholas, glad to be once more at home in America.

We bid farewell to our fellow-passengers, those we knew best having agreed to dine together at the hotel; take a walk on Broadway, and compare our own big city with those we have seen abroad, and conclude that, for a comparatively new thing, New York need not be ashamed of herself; and so the voyage is over, the home-life beckons us, and Europe with its sights and sounds grows dream-like, — and the summer is a thing of the past.

# I N D E X.

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| <p>Abelard and Heloise, Tomb of, at<br/>Père la Chaise, 111.</p> <p>Alhambra Court, (the,) repro-<br/>duced, 338.</p> <p>Alpine Passes, 208, 237.</p> <p>Alps, 188, 236.</p> <p>“ Dangers of crossing, 241.</p> <p>“ Descent of, 254.</p> <p>“ Hospices among, 240.</p> <p>“ Passes of the, 237.</p> <p>“ Storm among, 257.</p> <p>“ View from La Flegère, 259.</p> <p>America represented at the Expo-<br/>sition, 58, 59.</p> <p>Amsteg, 207.</p> <p>Amsterdam, 154.</p> <p>“ Fockink's Curaçoa Manu-<br/>factory at, 156.</p> <p>“ Museum, 156.</p> <p>“ Stadt-House, 155.</p> <p>“ to Arnheim, 156.</p> <p>Antoinette (Marie), 73.</p> <p>“ Marriage of, 42.</p> <p>“ Memories of, 283.</p> <p>Antwerp, Bourse, 139.</p> <p>“ Cathedral, 137.</p> <p>“ Church of St. Jacques,<br/>138.</p> <p>“ Docks, 139.</p> <p>“ from Brussels, 136.</p> <p>“ to Rotterdam, 139.</p> <p>Armor in the Tower of London, 308.</p> <p>Arnheim, 157.</p> <p>Art, Assyrian, 338.</p> <p>“ at Hampton Court, 322.</p> <p>“ at Sydenham, 334.</p> <p>“ Attractions of Paris, 286.</p> <p>“ Dutch and Flemish, 147.</p> <p>“ Egyptian, 336.</p> <p>“ Greek, 334.</p> <p>“ Moorish, 338.</p> <p>“ Objects of, in the Exposition,<br/>58.</p> | <p>Art, Works of, at Stafford House, 315.</p> <p>Assyrian Art, 338.</p> <p>Avalanche, an, 251.</p> <p>Baden-Baden, 186.</p> <p>Barberini, 247.</p> <p>Barentin, Viaduct of, 25.</p> <p>Basle, 193.</p> <p>Baths at Wiesbaden, 178.</p> <p>Baveno, 228.</p> <p>Beethoven, Statue of, 166.</p> <p>Beggars, importunity of, 183.</p> <p>“ in London, 325.</p> <p>“ in Paris, 325.</p> <p>Bella, Isola, 224.</p> <p>Bellinzona, 210.</p> <p>Bethman Museum, 180.</p> <p>Bingen, 174.</p> <p>Blanc, Mont, 248.</p> <p>“ Albert Smith's Ascent, 309.</p> <p>“ Last view of, 262.</p> <p>Blue Moselle, 172.</p> <p>Bohemian Glass, 281.</p> <p>Bonaparte (Joseph), burning of<br/>flags, 68.</p> <p>Bonn, 166.</p> <p>Books of Travel, their publication<br/>defended, 4.</p> <p>Borromeo, Counts of, Palace, 225.</p> <p>Bougival, Village of, 99.</p> <p>Boulogne, 292.</p> <p>Brera Gallery, Milan, 217.</p> <p>British Channel, crossing the, 291.</p> <p>British Museum, 315.</p> <p>Brumaire, the 18th, 45.</p> <p>Brussels, 127.</p> <p>“ Book-stalls, 132.</p> <p>“ Cathedral of St. Gudule,<br/>129.</p> <p>“ Festival at, 126.</p> <p>“ from Paris, 123.</p> <p>“ to Antwerp, 136.</p> <p>“ Zoölogical Gardens, 132.</p> |
|--|---|

- Canova's Statue of Napoleon I., 213.  
 Carlsruhe, 186.  
 Cartoons of Raphael, 322.  
 Castle of Edinburgh, 348.  
 Castle of Heidelberg, 185.  
 Castle of the Dukes of Baden, 187.  
 Cathedral of Cologne, 163.  
 Chamouni, 249, 255, 259.  
 Charles II., Beauties of the Court of, 322.  
 Château des Fleurs, 277.  
 Cholera in Italy, 219.  
 Climate of Italy unhealthy, 219.  
 Clover, a rare sight, 262.  
 Coblenz, 167, 172.  
 Cologne, 163.  
     "    Shops, 165.  
 Como, 210, 218.  
 Corday, Charlotte, picture of, 70.  
 Chester, 352.  
 Cornelissen, Count, mansion of, 130.  
 Coronation Robes of Napoleon I., 78.  
 Cromwell at Chester, 352.  
 Crossing the Channel, 291.  
 Crown Jewels in the Tower of London, 309.  
 Crystal Palace at Sydenham, 328.  
 Custom-House Troubles, 297.  
  
 Dangers of Mountain Travel, 242.  
 Delinquent Passenger, 6.  
 Departure, 7.  
 De Ruyter, Sword of, 147.  
 Descent of the Alps, 254.  
 Dentz, 162.  
 Devil's Bridge, 207.  
 Diligence Travel, pleasures of, 233, 261.  
 Dinner at the Café Guichard, 21.  
     "    the first, on board the Steamer, 9.  
 Disembarkation, preparations for, 16.  
 Distance, reckoned in time, not miles, 179.  
 Donkeys, 169.  
 Dreariness of the Alpine region, 208.  
 Dresden China, 281.  
 Duomo d'Ossola, 232.  
 Dusseldorf, 158.  
     "    to Cologne, 162.  
 Dutch and Flemish Art, 147.  
 Edinburgh, 344.  
     "    to Stirling, 348.  
 Egyptian Art, 336.  
 Ehrenbreitstein, 167, 172.  
 Eleven Thousand Virgins, Church of, 164.  
 Employments on board ship, 14.  
 Enamel Painting at Geneva, 267.  
 English Channel, 16.  
     "    Language, its tenacity of life, 181.  
     "    Railways, 342.  
     "    Scenery, 299.  
     "    Turf, 331.  
 Excitements and dangers of crossing the Alps, 241.  
 Exhilarating effect of mountain air, 250.  
  
 Faido, 209.  
 Flowers, beauty and abundance of, in France, 26.  
 Fluelen, 205, 209.  
 Folkestone, 297.  
 Fountains at Sydenham, 331.  
     "    at Versailles, 47.  
 Frankfort, 179.  
     "    to Homberg, 182.  
 French invasion of England physically impossible, 296.  
  
 Gambling at Baden-Baden, 188.  
     "    at Wiesbaden, 177.  
 Gardens at Sydenham, 330.  
 Geneva, 263, 265.  
 Glacier du Bois, 251.  
 Glasgow, 351.  
 Gobelin Tapestries, at St. Cloud, 97.  
 Goethe, reminiscences of, 180.  
 Grampian Hills, 349.  
 Greek Art, 334.  
     "    Chapel at Wiesbaden, 175.  
 Gutenberg, Monument to, 193.  
  
 Hagne, the, 146.  
     "    Bazaar Royal, 151.  
     "    Palace in the Wood, 151.  
     "    Palace of Prince Frederick, 149.  
     "    Palace of William II., 146.  
     "    Royal Museum, 146.  
     "    Steengracht's private Picture Gallery, 150.  
     "    to Amsterdam, 153.  
 Hampton Court, 321.  
 Havre, City of, 21.  
     "    Port of, 18.

- Heidelberg, 184.  
 Hofgarten of Dusseldorf, 160.  
 Holland, Farewell to, 157.  
 Holyrood Palace, 346.  
 Homberg, 183.  
 Home again, 358.  
 Hospices among the Alps, 240.  
 Hotel Bill, intricacies and astonishing total, 22.  
 Hotels, extortions practised at, 182.  
 Hot Springs at Wiesbaden, 175.  
 House, what constitutes a "nice" one, 159.  
 Houses, lofty, in Edinburgh, 345.  
  
 Impositions of Landlords, 182.  
 Italian Inns, 211.  
  
 Jackson, Portrait of, at Versailles, 282.  
 Japanese Curiosities at the Hague, 146.  
 Jewelry and Watches at Geneva, 265.  
 Jews' Quarter at Frankfort, 181.  
 Josephine and Hortense, Tombs of, 98.  
 Jura, Approach towards the, 262.  
  
 Katrine, Loch, 349.  
 Kean, Mr. and Mrs., 310.  
 Kur Saal at Baden-Baden, 187.  
     " at Homberg, 184.  
     " at Wiesbaden, 177.  
  
 Lace Manufactory, Brussels, 131.  
 La Flegère, Summit of Mount, 257.  
 Landlords, impositions of, 182.  
 Laveno, Village of, 221.  
 Lemane, Lake, 263, 266.  
 Liverpool, 355.  
 Lombardy, 211, 217.  
 Lomond, Loch, 351.  
 London, Approach to, 299.  
     " Arrival at, 301.  
     " Bank of England, 306.  
     " British Museum, 315.  
     " Buckingham Palace, 313.  
     " Docks, 310.  
     " Elgin Marbles, 316, 335.  
     " Fees expected by servants, 308.  
     " Hyde Park, 314.  
     " Immensity of, 301.  
     " Looks of the people, 328.  
  
 London, Palace of St. James, 312.  
     " Pictures at the Stafford House, 315.  
     " Portland Vase, 316.  
     " Regent's Park, 312.  
     " Royal Exchange, 306.  
     " Royal Stables, 313.  
     " St. George's Chapel, 320.  
     " St. Paul's Church, 305.  
     " Shopping, 323.  
     " Stafford House, 315.  
     " Storr and Mortimer's, 315.  
     " Street Beggars, 325.  
     " Thames Tunnel, 311.  
     " Thames, Vaults under the, 310.  
     " Tower, 307.  
     " to Edinburgh, 342.  
     " Tussaud's (Madame) Wax-Work, 316.  
     " Weather, 302.  
     " Westminster Abbey, 303.  
     " Windsor Castle, 319.  
     " Zoölogical Gardens, 312.  
  
 Lucerne, 195.  
     " Lake of, 196, 197.  
  
 Madre, Isola, 223.  
 Maggiore, Lake, 221.  
 Malmaison, Chateau of, 99.  
 Mantes, 35.  
 Martyrs' Monument at Edinburgh, 346.  
 Mary Queen of Scots, 347.  
 Mayence, 179.  
 Menai Strait, 352.  
 Mer de Glace, 252.  
 Milan, 211.  
     " Cathedral, 213.  
 Montanvert, 251, 253.  
 Mont Blanc, 248.  
     " Last and finest view of, 262.  
 Moorish Art, 338.  
 Moore, Sir Thomas, Cell at the Tower of London, 309.  
 Mules, instinct and skill of, 252, 254.  
 Munday, Sergeant, the Waterloo Guide, 133.  
  
 Napoleon I., Coronation of, 46.  
     " Coronation robes of, 78.  
     " Remains of, at the Invalides, 68.



- Napoleon I., Statue of, by Canova, 213.  
 " Triumphant Arch erected by, at Milan, 217.  
 Napoleon III., his immense energy, 93.  
 " his wonderful career, 53.  
 Nationality of the Steamer passengers, 8.  
 Nelson's Monument at Edinburgh, 344.  
 Night Ride to Edinburgh, 343.  
 Nineveh reproduced, 338.  
 New York, 358.  
 Opera at Paris, 107.  
 Orleans, Duke of, 117.  
 Pacific (Steamer), 355.  
 Paris, Appartements Meubles, 51.  
 " Approach to, at night, 101.  
 " Arrival of the Queen and cortége, 272.  
 " Attractions of, 285.  
 " Beggars on church steps, 83.  
 " Bois de Boulogne, 114.  
 " Boulevards, 39.  
 " Champ de Mars, review of troops, 274.  
 " Champs Elysées, 63, 116.  
 " Cheap shops, 89.  
 " Churches, 37, 71, 72, 74, 76, 80, 81, 82, 84, 93, 117.  
 " Cirque de l'Imperatrice, 62.  
 " Column of July, 93.  
 " Conciergerie, 73.  
 " Crowded state of, 270.  
 " Decorations for the fête, 271.  
 " Exposition Universelle, 53 et seq. Visited by the Queen, 274.  
 " from Geneva, over the Jura, 268.  
 " Giroux, Variety Store of, 281.  
 " Gobelin Tapestry, manufactory of, 104.  
 " Gorgeous display at the Queen's departure, 275.  
 " Hippodrome, the, 109.  
 " Hôtel de Cluny, 103.  
 " Hôtel des Invalides, 67.  
 " Hôtel de Ville, 107.  
 " Jardin des Plantes, 105.  
 " " Latin " Quarter, 92.  
 Paris, Libraries, 286.  
 " Louvre, 118.  
 " Luxembourg Palace, 69.  
 " Madeleine, Church of the, 37, 93.  
 " Morgue, the, 75.  
 " Notre Dame, Cathedral of, 76.  
 " Notre Dame de Lorette, Church of, 82.  
 " Opera, 107.  
 " Palais de Justice, 73.  
 " Palais des Beaux Arts, 59.  
 " Palace of the Chamber of Deputies, 66.  
 " Palais Royal, 38.  
 " Panthéon, 83.  
 " Place de Grève, 108.  
 " Place de la Bastille, 93.  
 " Place de la Concorde, 37.  
 " Preparing for the visit of Queen Victoria, 270.  
 " Queen Victoria's visit to, 272, et seq.  
 " Quiet of the streets at night, 50.  
 " Railway Station, quiet of, 35.  
 " Rue de Rivoli, 53, 92.  
 " Rue du Temple, 92.  
 " Return to, 269.  
 " Roman Baths, ruins of, 104.  
 " Sainte Chapelle, 74.  
 " Ste. Elizabeth of Hungary, Church of, 82.  
 " St. Etienne du Mont, Church of, 84.  
 " St. Eustache, Church of, 81.  
 " St. Ferdinand, Chapel of, 117.  
 " St. Germain l'Auxerrois, Church of, 80.  
 " St. Roch, Church of, 72.  
 " St. Sulpice, Church of, 71.  
 " Shopping experiences, 88, 323.  
 " Sumptuous preparations for the Queen, 273.  
 " Théâtre des Variétés, 37.  
 " Théâtre Français, 119.  
 " to Brussels, 123.  
 " to London, 289.  
 " Tower of St. James, 81.  
 " Tuileries Gardens, 37, 52.  
 " " Palace, 37.  
 " Variety Store of A. Giroux, 281.

- Parisian Crowd, characteristics of, 101.  
     " Dinner, 36.  
     " Police, 271.  
 Passes of the Alps, 237.  
 Père la Chaise, 110.  
 Pescatore, Isola del, 228.  
 Pilatus, Mount, 196.  
 Pius VII., Visit to Paris, 78.  
 Poissy, Village of, 35.  
 Polk (James K.), Portrait of, at Versailles, 282.  
 Potter, Paul, Paintings by, 147, 156.  
 Preparing to depart, 5.  
  
 Queen's Visit to Paris, 274 et seq.  
  
 Rachel, 119.  
 Railway from Havre to Rouen, 23.  
 Railway Travelling in England, 342.  
     " " in France, 125.  
 Railways in France, admirable management of, 26.  
 Raphael's Cartoons, 322.  
 Rembrandt's Paintings, 148, 156.  
 Repose, the delicious feeling of, aboard ship, 10.  
 Rhine, 158, 166, 194.  
 Rhone, the, 266.  
     " Valley of the, 243.  
 Righi, Mount, 196.  
     " Ascent of, 198.  
     " View from summit, 200.  
     " Descent from, 203.  
 Ristori, Madame, 119, 277.  
 Robespierre, 73.  
 Romish Worship, 95.  
 Rotterdam, Arrival at, 141.  
     " Museum, 143.  
     " St. Lawrence, Church of, 143.  
     " to the Hague, 145.  
 Rouen, Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, 30.  
     " Church of Nôtre Dame de bon Secours, 33.  
     " Church of St. Maclon, 31.  
     " Church of St. Ouen, 28 — by moonlight, 32.  
     " Drive about the City, 33.  
     " Flower Market, 32.  
     " Hôtel d'Angleterre, 26.  
     " Mount St. Catharine, 33.  
     " Museum of Antiquities, 31.  
 Rouen, Pont Neuf, 32.  
     " to Paris, 35.  
     " Tour de Bourse, 31.  
 Rubens, Altar-Piece by, 165.  
     " Descent from the Cross, 137.  
     " Tomb, 138.  
 Rueil, 98.  
  
 St. Bernard Dogs, 240.  
 St. Cloud, 95.  
 St. Gothard, Pass of, 206.  
 St. Louis, 74.  
 St. Peter's Church, Cologne, 165.  
 Sallenches from Chamouni, 260.  
 San Carlos Borromeo, 214.  
 Santa Maria delle Grazie, Church of, Milan, 216.  
 Scheldt, aquatic view of, 140.  
 Sebastopol Besieged, at the Paris Hippodrome, 109.  
 Sèvres Porcelain at St. Cloud, 97.  
     " " manufactory of, 279.  
  
 Scotland, 343.  
 Scott's Monument, 345.  
 Shopping in Paris, 88, 323.  
     " in London, 324.  
 Shops at Cologne, 165.  
     " at Wiesbaden, 176.  
 Simplon, Crossing the, 235.  
 Smith's (Albert) Ascent of Mont Blanc, 309.  
 States-General, opening of, 46.  
 Stolzenfels, 169.  
 Storm among the Alps, 257.  
     " at sea, 11.  
 Strasburg, 191.  
     " Cathedral, 188, 191.  
 Street Beggars, 325.  
 Sunday in Paris, 112.  
 Sunrise from Mount Righi, 201.  
 Swiss Guards, Monument to, 196.  
 Sydenham Palace, 328.  
  
 Tannus Mountains, 176.  
 Tell's Chapel, 204.  
 Tête Noire, 247.  
 Thorwaldsen's Monument to the Swiss Guards, 196.  
 Tombs of Josephine and Hortense, 98.  
 Travel, fatigue of, 64.  
 Traveller, each, sees something new, 2.

- Traveller should "read up" in advance, 3.  
 Travellers, hasty conclusions of, 290.  
 Travelling, method in, 173.  
     " the rule of life, 1.  
 Trianon, the, 283.  
 Trosachs, the, 349.  
 Tubular Bridge over Menai Strait, 352.  
 Valenciennes, 125.  
 Van Tromp, cuirass of, 147.  
 Versailles, 40, 95.  
     " Ball given to Victoria at, 274.  
     " Farewell visit to, 282.  
 Viaducts and Tunnels, great number of, between Havre and Rouen, 25.  
 Victoria's (Queen) arrival at Paris, 272.  
     " Departure from Paris, 275.  
 Victoria Regia, the, 333.  
 Vosges Mountains, 186, 188.  
 Voyage home, 356.  
 Watches and Jewelry at Geneva, 265.  
 Waterloo, Field of, 133.  
 Webster, Portrait of, at Versailles, 282.  
 Weggis, Lake, 197.  
 Wellington Statue, 314.  
 Wiesbaden, 174.  
 Wolfsbrunnen, 186.

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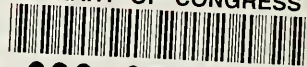








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